DEC. 24,
1938

Liberty

5¢

THE FUTURE OF THE JEWS

by
H. G. WELLS

WHEN HIRLEY TEMPLE GROWS UP

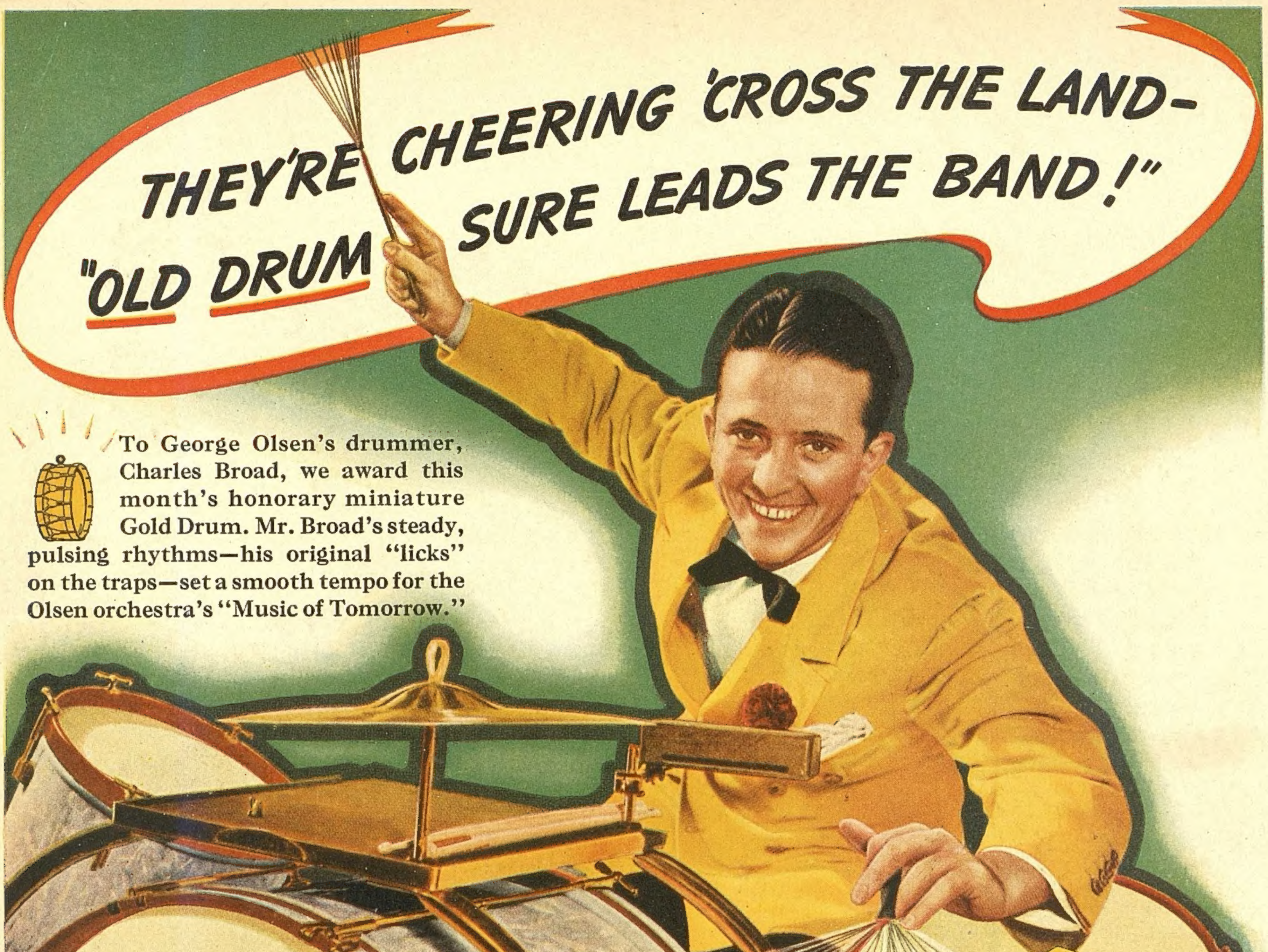
by Her Mother

WARMER TONIGHT

A Short Novel of a Girl with a Frozen Heart

WHAT THE IES COMMITTEE OVERLOOKED

Mother
Dad
Bob
Mother
REVERE F. WISTEHUFF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"OLD DRUM SURE LEADS THE BAND!"

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THE PERFECT DRINK FOR ALL YOUR FRIENDS —OLD DRUM WHISKEY—KING OF BLENDS!

Here's the perfect gift at holiday time—Old Drum! Blended with master skill. Any lover of fine whiskey will tell you it's "tops" in flavor and quality. So on this happy holiday, give smooth, mellow Old Drum to your friends—and yourself, too!

ITS THRIFTY PRICE IS HARD TO BEAT; THAT'S WHY OLD DRUM IS SUCH A TREAT!

OLD DRUM
WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

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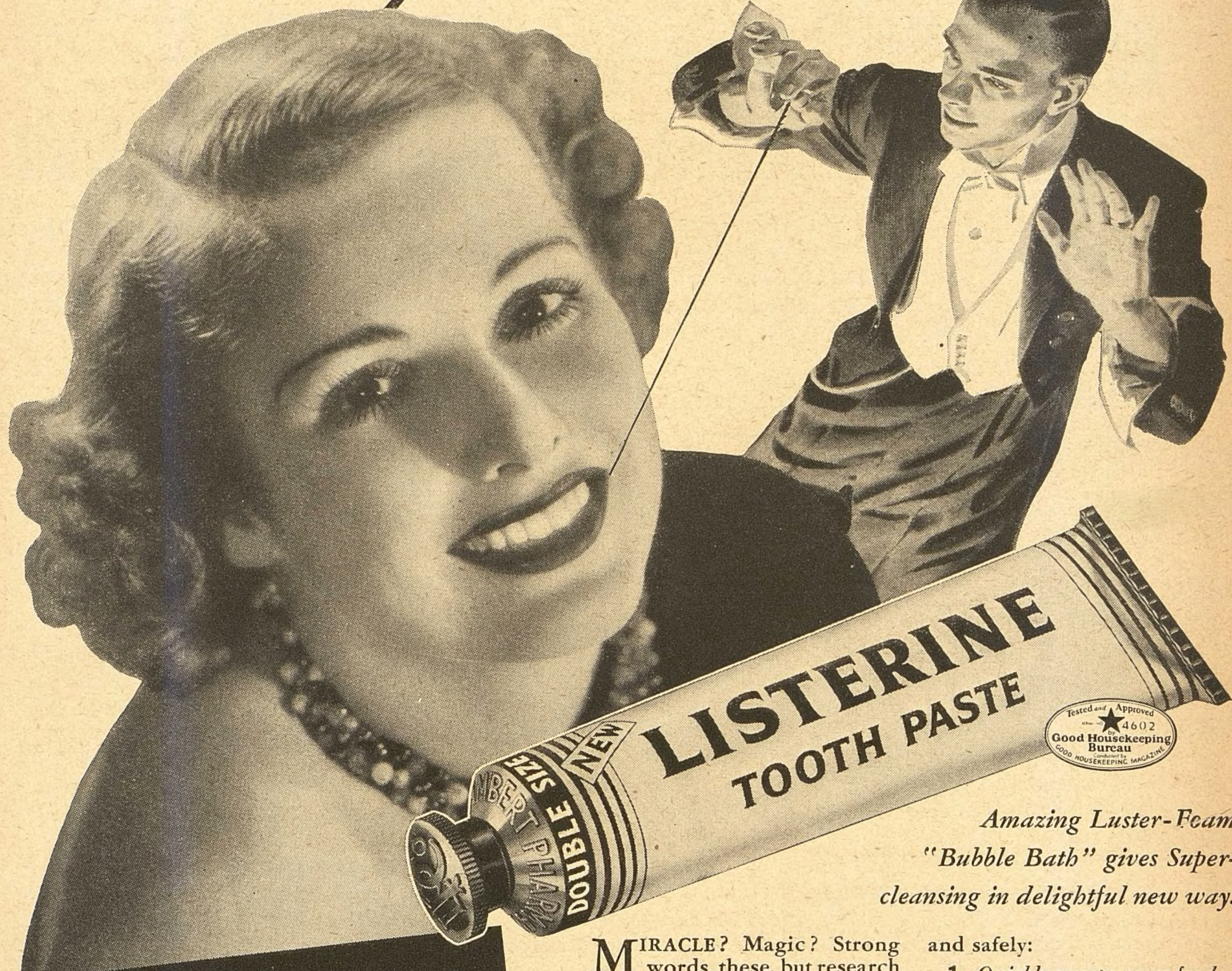
IS IT *Magic*– IS IT A MIRACLE?



Amazing Luster-Foam "Bubble Bath" gives Super-cleansing in delightful new way.

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TOOTH PASTE

supercharged with

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MORE THAN **1/4 POUND** OF TOOTH PASTE IN THE DOUBLE SIZE TUBE **40¢** *REGULAR SIZE TUBE* 25¢

MIRACLE? Magic? Strong words, these, but research men say Luster-Foam deserves them. Even more important, thousands of everyday women and men agree. We hope that you will also, when you try the new formula, Listerine Tooth Paste, super-charged with Luster-Foam detergent.

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If you want luster that dazzles, if you want to guard against decay intelligently, start using the new formula, Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam.

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Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

DECEMBER 24, 1938

Liberty

VOL. 15, NO. 52

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RAILROAD WORKERS—Do They All Want Government Jobs?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The railroads of this country, which at one time were looked upon as gilt-edged investments, are now gasping for financial breath. Many of them are in receivers' hands.

Before the World War they were high-grade money-making properties, and in this titanic struggle we all had to work together. Wartime requires the instant action of a dictator, and all the railroads of this country were taken over by the government.

The railroads were supposed to be released at the end of the war, that they might conduct their affairs in accordance with business principles; but they were compelled to continue in the control of a Washington commission, and as a result we have the all-round wreckage of this great American institution.

Millions of stockholders have invested their money in railroads, and hundreds of millions, even billions, of dollars have been lost by these investors, due partly at least to governmental interference.

To be sure, many of these railroads might have become bankrupt if the government had not intervened; but some of them at least would probably have been absorbed by other roads, and in some instances these stockholders would have saved at least part of their investments.

The railroads recently requested a substantial decrease in wages. To continue to pay present wages means that they will sink still deeper in the financial mire. You cannot get blood out of a stone, and no business can continue to pay wages it cannot earn.

But the request of the railroads to reduce wages has been denied by the Washington commission, and doubtless many of the railroad workers are elated at this decision. But that will mean more and more indebtedness, and ultimately the government will have to assume complete control.

And then what will happen to the workers and their unions? Will they have the same leeway in their endeavors to regulate wages? Will they have the privilege of using the strike as a weapon?

Every intelligent railway worker knows that when the government takes over a railway union domination is ended, and although the government may continue to operate a railroad at a loss for a brief period, it cannot continue indefinitely.

We are all inclined to commend the policy of maintaining wages at a high level, but the wages of any business organization, if jobs are to be permanently secured, should be paid from earnings.

The present disgraceful unemployment record has been caused partly by the demand for wages beyond the earning power of the business in which the workers were employed.

Literally thousands of businesses have gone into bankruptcy due to this cause. Millions of workers have lost their jobs.

The automobile and the airplane have made huge inroads into the business of the railroads; but progress cannot be stopped, and if the government takes over the railroads, it will ultimately regulate wages on a basis that will enable it to continue the roads on a profitable basis, or abandon them.

It would be a good plan for the railroad workers to compare their wages with those being paid to postmen and other government employees, and then decide whether or not they wish to be put on the government pay roll.

For political reasons, in order to bring our great industrialists to their knees, strikes were apparently encouraged by some of our officials; but no one ever heard of a successful strike against the government, and railroad workers, by encouraging the officials in their apparent efforts to drive the railroads into greater and greater financial difficulties, are hastening the day when they will have to sacrifice their independence.

When the government takes over the railroads, the control of unions will cease absolutely . . . there will be no more effective strikes.

Bernarr Macfadden

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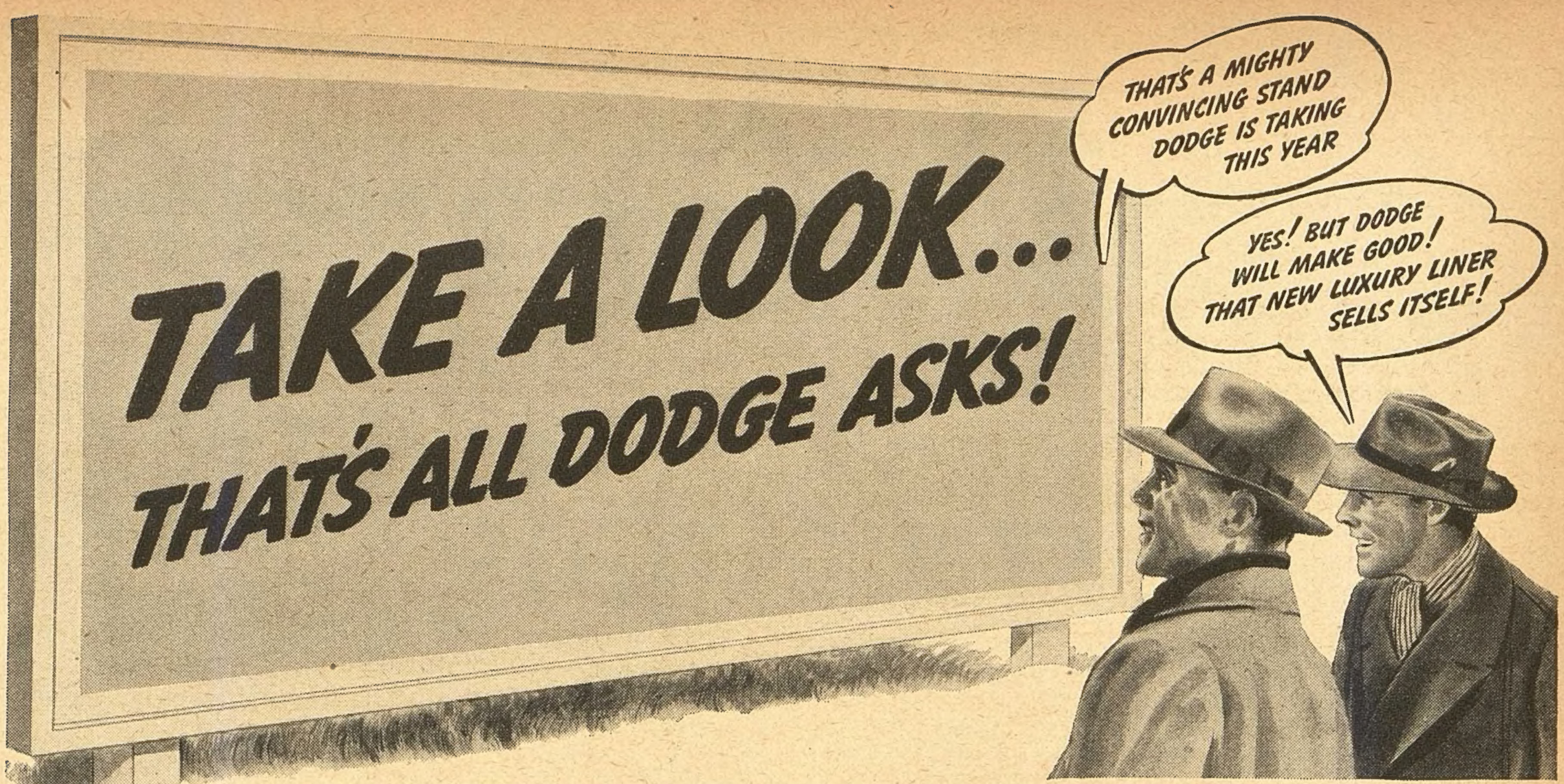

TAKE A LOOK... THAT'S ALL DODGE ASKS!
THAT'S A MIGHTY CONVINCING STAND DODGE IS TAKING THIS YEAR
YES! BUT DODGE WILL MAKE GOOD! THAT NEW LUXURY LINER SELLS ITSELF!

Read Why Dodge Can Afford to Say: "You Be the Judge!"

FRANKLY, we consider the 1939 Dodge such a standout in roominess, style, luxury and new engineering ideas that we think it sells itself far better than mere words can ever sell it!

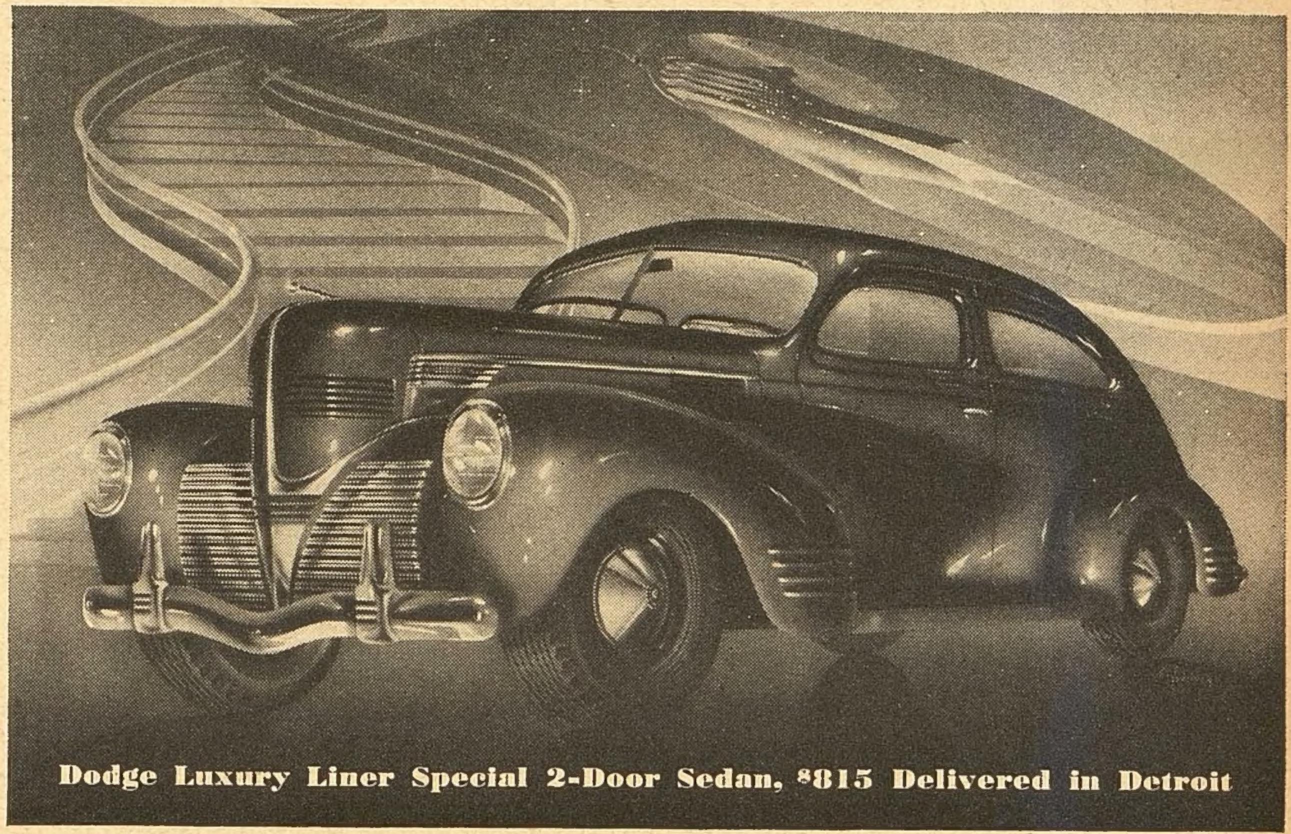
And so, instead of making claims, Dodge asks *you* to be the judge and says: "*Take a Look... that's all Dodge asks!*"

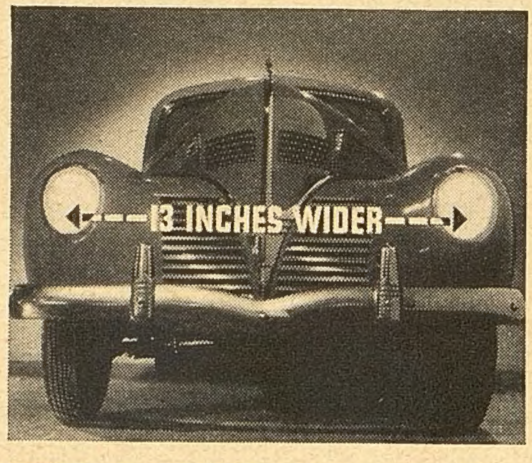
But when you take a look, don't stop with the pictures here. Go to your Dodge dealer and take a look at *every part* of this new Dodge... at its new windstreamed styling!... luxurious new interior!... new headlights for safer night driving!... new handy gearshift at the steering wheel!... new *invisible* luggage compartment, 27% larger!... new "Safety Light" Speedometer!

Take a look at all this and THEN ... take a look at the price tag. You'll get a thrill—for this new Luxury Liner is priced *even lower* than last year's Dodge!

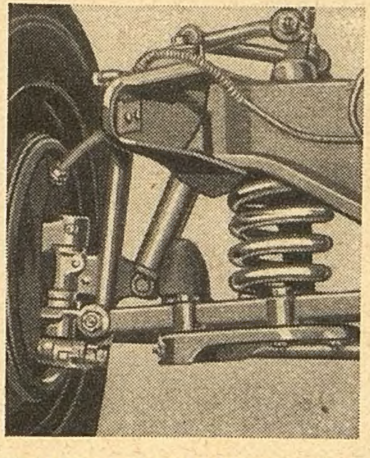
TAKE A LOOK
AT THESE NEW LOWER PRICES!
Coupes $756 and up
Sedans $815 and up
ALL FEDERAL TAXES INCLUDED
These are Detroit delivered prices and include bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel and tire, safety glass, fenders and sheet metal painted to match standard body color. State and local taxes, if any, not included. Transportation extra.
VISIT YOUR DODGE DEALER FOR DELIVERED PRICES IN YOUR LOCALITY

Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.


Dodge Luxury Liner Special 2-Door Sedan, $815 Delivered in Detroit



TAKE A LOOK! New headlights mounted in front fenders—13 inches wider apart and closer to the road—for safer night driving! Better visibility in rain, fog, snow and dust!


TAKE A LOOK! New Individual-Action front wheel springing, with coil-type Amola Steel springs, gives a thrilling, smooth ride!

TAKE A LOOK! New gearshift at steering wheel clears up front floor... plenty of room for three with no more straddling shift lever!

New 1939 DODGE *Luxury Liner*

THE FUTURE OF THE

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BY H. G. WELLS

I MET a Jewish friend of mine the other day, and he asked me, "What is going to happen to the Jews?" I told him I had rather he had asked me a different question: "What is going to happen to mankind?"

"But *my* people—" he began.

"That," said I, "is exactly what is the matter with them."

When I was a schoolboy in a London suburb I never heard of the "Jewish Question." I realized later that I had Jewish and semi-Jewish schoolfellows, but not at the time. They were all one to me. The Jews, I thought, were people in the Bible, and that was that. I think it was my friend Walter Low who first suggested that I was behaving badly to a persecuted race. Walter, like myself, was a university crammer and a journalist, competing on precisely equal terms with myself. One elder brother of his was editor of the St. James's Gazette and another was the Times correspondent in Washington and both were subsequently knighted. Later a daughter of Walter's was to marry Litvinov, who is now the Russian Foreign Minister. Nevertheless, Walter held on to the idea that he was treated as an outcast; and presently along came Zangwill in a state of racial championship, exacerbating this idea that I was responsible for the Egyptian and Babylonian captivities, the destruction of Jerusalem, the ghettos, auto-da-fés—and generally what was I going to do about it?

Mr. WELLS IS WRONG Says Mrs. ROOSEVELT

This unexpected challenge from Mr. Wells is bound to create much discussion in the United States and Europe. The other side of the questions he raises will be presented in Liberty next week by the wife of the President of the United States, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

What Mrs. Roosevelt has to say will, in our opinion, cause even more discussion at home and abroad.

My disposition was all for letting bygones be bygones.

When the war came in 1914, some of us were trying to impose upon it the idea that it was a War to End War, that if we could make ourselves heard sufficiently we might emerge from that convulsion with some sort of World Pax, a clean-up of the old order, and a fresh start for the economic life of mankind as a whole. No doubt we were very ridiculous to hope for anything of the sort, and through the twenty years of fatuity that have followed the Armistice the gifted young have kept up a chorus of happy derision: "War to End War—Ya-ha!" In the last year or so that chorus has died down—almost as if the gifted young had noticed something. But throughout those tragic and almost fruitless four years of war Zangwill and the Jewish spokesmen were most elaborately and energetically demonstrating that they cared not a rap for the troubles and dangers of any people but their own. They kept their eyes steadfastly upon the restoration of the Jews—and, what was worse in the long run, they kept the Gentiles acutely aware of this.

The Zionist movement was a resounding advertisement to all the world of the inassimilable spirit of the more audible Jews. In England, where there has been no social, political, or economic discrimination against the Jews for several generations, there is a growing irritation at the killing and wounding of British soldiers and Arabs in pitched battles fought because of this Zionist idea. It seems to our common people an irrelevance, before the formidable issues they have to face on their own account. They are beginning to feel that if they are to be history-ridden to the extent of restoring a Jewish state that was extinguished nearly two thousand years ago, they might just as well go back another thousand years and sacrifice their sons to restore the Canaanites and Philistines.

It is very unwillingly that I make this mild recognition of a certain national egotism the Jews as a people display, because I am acutely sensible of the misery and suffering to which great numbers of them are being subjected in many parts of the world. But it is fundamental to the Jewish Question that they do remain a peculiar people in the French- and English-speaking communities largely by their own free choice, because they are history-ridden and because they are haunted by a persuasion that they are a chosen people with distinctive privileges over their Gentile fellow creatures.

I know that the situation is hardening against them. In the days of my boyhood it was possible for an Englishman or a Frenchman or an American to answer the Jewish Question with one word: "Assimilate." We would declare we had no objection. Wasn't our civilization good enough for any one? As Joseph Choate said to me on my first visit to America in 1906, in regard to the flood of immigration, "Let 'em all come." Why keep up this separateness?

But we can say that no longer. Life has very suddenly and swiftly taken on a grimmer face to every one, but more immediately toward the Jew. The doors to assimilation are being slammed upon him. He is being driven out of countries where he had seemed to be secure. He is no longer free to escape to the countries which tolerate his kind. He is threatened very plainly with a systematic attempt to exterminate him—and to exterminate him brutally and cruelly.

Now, this intensification of the Jewish problem is not, I repeat, a thing in itself. It is a part of a swift and terrifying change which is coming over human affairs, and I do not believe it can be dealt with by itself or in any way except as a portion of the general human problem. The time has come for all sane men to sink their special differences in a universal effort.

The wisdom of our species was not enough to make the Great War of 1914-18 a "war to end war" or to achieve any solution of the economic difficulties that were pressing upon us. For two decades the Foreign Offices, the more they have changed the more they have remained the same thing. After 1918-19 they resumed the dear old game of conflicting sovereign Powers with gusto. The financial and business worlds could think of nothing better than to snatch back economic life from the modified public control under which it had fallen. There was a certain cant of reconstruction and rationalization, which was presently dropped.

Meanwhile a new generation of feverish young people without anything to look forward to grew up, and science and invention continually produced potential weapons of increasing range and power. Mankind became materially one community while still entangled in the dwarfish politics of nationalism and imperialism. In every country the disillusioned young turned their faces toward violent remedies for the economic disorganization that had robbed them of hope. War rose again in uglier and more destructive guise. The Fatuous Twenties gave way to the Frightened Thirties, and foreshadow the Fighting Forties. An immense dismay spread over the world. We

JEWS

France Closes Border to Jews
All Jews Driven from
Plans Ghetto
Slovaks Seize 2,500 in First Drive on Jews
Anti-Jewish Laws Approved
Cabinet Adopts Strict Racial Policy Drafted by Fascist Council
'Get Rid of Jews,' Danzig Is Told
Nazis Take 1st Step Toward Ghetto
Jews' Wailing Wall Desecrated by Arabs
Jews in Vienna Can't Buy Food
ITALY FAVORS SOME JEWS
22 Families Safe from Decree
Conference of Jews and Arabs to Seek Accord
Be Held Instead
PRESENTS PROBLEM

live in that dismay. So long as we are history-bound and stuck in our old patriotic traditions, we are going to live in that dismay. We are going to drift from war to war, and each will be worse than the last.

The need for a strenuous intellectual effort, for a vast renascence of education throughout the world, to raise the human mind and will up to a saner co-operation, is glaringly manifest. Before all things we have to modernize. At present we are about as competent to handle these problems that confront us as the chauffeur whose one idea of starting his engine was to say "Gee-up" to it. Many of us had counted on the active Jewish mentality and the network of Jewish understanding about the world for a substantial contribution to that immense mental task. Such greatly imaginative Jews as (greatest of all, in my opinion) David Lubin, Disraeli, Marx, and so forth, had given an earnest of the possibility of a self-forgetful race "sprinkling many nations," and giving itself—not altogether without recompense—to the service of mankind. We have been disappointed.

No people have caught the fever of irrational nationalism, epidemic in the world since 1918, so badly as the Jews. They have intruded into an Arab country in a mood of intense racial exhibitionism. Instead of learning the language of their adopted country, they have vamped up Hebrew. They have treated the inhabitants of Palestine practically as nonexistent people, and yet these same Arabs are a people more purely Semitic than themselves. Nationalism, like a disease germ, begets itself, and they have blown up Lawrence's invention of Arab nationalism into a flame. They have added a new and increasing embarrassment to the troubles of the strained and possibly disintegrating British Empire.

In all these things the Jews have been doing nothing that any other people might not have done in the same circumstances. They are not exceptional; they are typical. We are all being aggressive and different and difficult to each other. The Jews are not the only people who have been educated to believe themselves peculiar and chosen. The Germans, for example, have produced a very good parallel to Zionism in the Nordic theory. They too, it seems, are a chosen people. They too must keep themselves heroically pure. I believe that the current Nazi gospel is actually and traceably the Old Testament turned inside out. It is one step from the Lutheran Church to the Brown House.

When I was a boy I got a lot of the same sort of poison out of J. R. Green's History of the English People in the form of "Anglo-Saxonism." I know only too well the poisonous charm of such a phrase as Milton's "God's Englishman." Most history as it is and as it has been taught is a poisonous stimulation of the latent possibilities of suspicion, hate, vanity, and mob violence in the human make-up. The Jews are not so peculiar as they and many Gentiles suppose. But it looks as though the penalties of a cultivated racial egotism were going to hit them first and hardest. They are going to be hit much harder than they have ever been hit before.

We Gentiles, now and in the years ahead, are going to see, in the efforts and experiences of the Jews, a sort of selected and intensified anticipation of what is to follow for ourselves and our children. If Judaism is murdered and exterminated—and that is quite a probable thing now—it will be only the opening phase of an age of warfare, conquest, and extermination. The turn of nation after nation will follow. That is how things must work out at the present level of our ideologies.

It is quite possible that the Jewish story will end in forcible sterilization and death. But there is no reason why it should do so. There is no reason at all in most of this belligerence, persecution, want, and misery amidst which we choose to live. It might be stopped long before the Jews are overwhelmed. It is simply that we, as a species, lack the vigor to end this confusion. We cling to flattering lies, delusions, animosities, mean advantages. The accepted tradition of the Jews is largely nonsense. They are no more a "pure" race than the English or the Germans or the hundred-per-cent Americans. There never was a "promise"; they were never "chosen"; their distinctive observances, their Sabbath, their Passover, their queer calendar are mere traditional oddities of no present significance whatever. There is nothing to prevent their living in equal and happy intercourse with other equally civilized people, if only the world could get rid of an incubus of prejudicial mental matter. We need only a reasonable and possible elevation of the educational level of the world for the Jewish Question to vanish altogether.

The only way out from the present human catastrophe, for Jew and Gentile alike, is a world-wide conscious educational emancipation. In books, universities, colleges, schools, newspapers, plays, assemblies we want incessant, ruthless truth-telling about these old legends that divide and antagonize and waste us. We want a great massacre of stale beliefs and ancient grievances and claims, if we are to avoid great massacres of human beings. There are thousands of Jewish writers, professors, philosophers, journalists, publishers, booksellers, film magnates, capitalists of every sort, who might contribute enormously more than they do now to the release and enlightenment of mankind—if only they would forget they are Jews and remember that they are men. The future of the Jews is like the future of the Irish, Scotch, Welsh, English, Germans, and Russians—and that is, common humanity in one large and varied world order, or death.

THE END

Beginning

WARMER TONIGHT

A lively novel of laughter and chills, love and strange excitements—The story of a girl with a frozen heart

BY BRENDA UELAND

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

IN FOUR PARTS—PART ONE

STEPHANIE FLINDERS was so pretty that when strangers saw her you could tell that they were saying to each other: " Don't look now." They would slowly pivot. Then they tried to keep their eyes bent away but could not.

She had tan blondish hair, with a thick hank of bang loose over her black eyebrows. Her nose was daintily freckled. Her eyes were clear green. When she smiled her black eyelashes would mix in a single fringe and her face was so jolly you felt as though you had said something killingly funny.

She was fairly tall, easy and ambling, and her clothes were very stylish, dashing. That was one reason Blokestone became so crazy about her—her wonderful chic. Otherwise, I suppose, a horsy multimillionaire like that would never have looked at her twice.

She was twenty-three when the terrible thing happened. I was her best friend and married to her cousin Joe Flinders, and in order not to slump mentally, as women do after marriage, I was taking a course in psychology at the university, and that is why Stephanie always called me " Doctor ": " Any one married to a Flinders should have a Ph. D. in psychiatry," she would say.

As for Stephanie, she painted portraits of children for a living. Now, because she was such a beauty and so nice and so smart, we thought she should go to Hollywood or New York, or at least live in our city, where there were symphony concerts.

But she wouldn't. She lived a hundred miles out in the country, just over the Iowa state line, at a desolate crossroads that called itself a town and had the name of Star Prairie.

Now, Stephanie had one strange limitation. It interested me as a psychologist very much. That was her unadventurousness. She said she liked Iowa, where her grandparents had been farmers. She liked Star Prairie. Just the name alone was enough for her, it was so pretty, she would say.

About once in six weeks she would come up to our city and stay at our dullest and prosiest family hotel making sketches of children. Then she would take her sketches back to Star Prairie to finish them.

Another thing that made us mad: she charged only fifty dollars for a portrait. And if, for example, Mrs. Ponsonby, worth ten million dollars, would say:

" Miss Flinders, I *do* think you undercharge," and give her five dollars extra, Stephanie would blush to her hair as if she had been caught stealing.

" Oh, no, really! Because, heck! Mrs. Ponsonby . . . Honestly . . . Oh, I couldn't . . . Gosh, Mrs. Ponsonby, no! " and make her take it back.

In Star Prairie she lived in an old white wooden house; " a grandma house," she called it. It had pointed ogive windows, carved wooden icicles hanging from the eaves, a small conservatory with a glass globular roof, and there were red geraniums blooming in the kitchen windows.

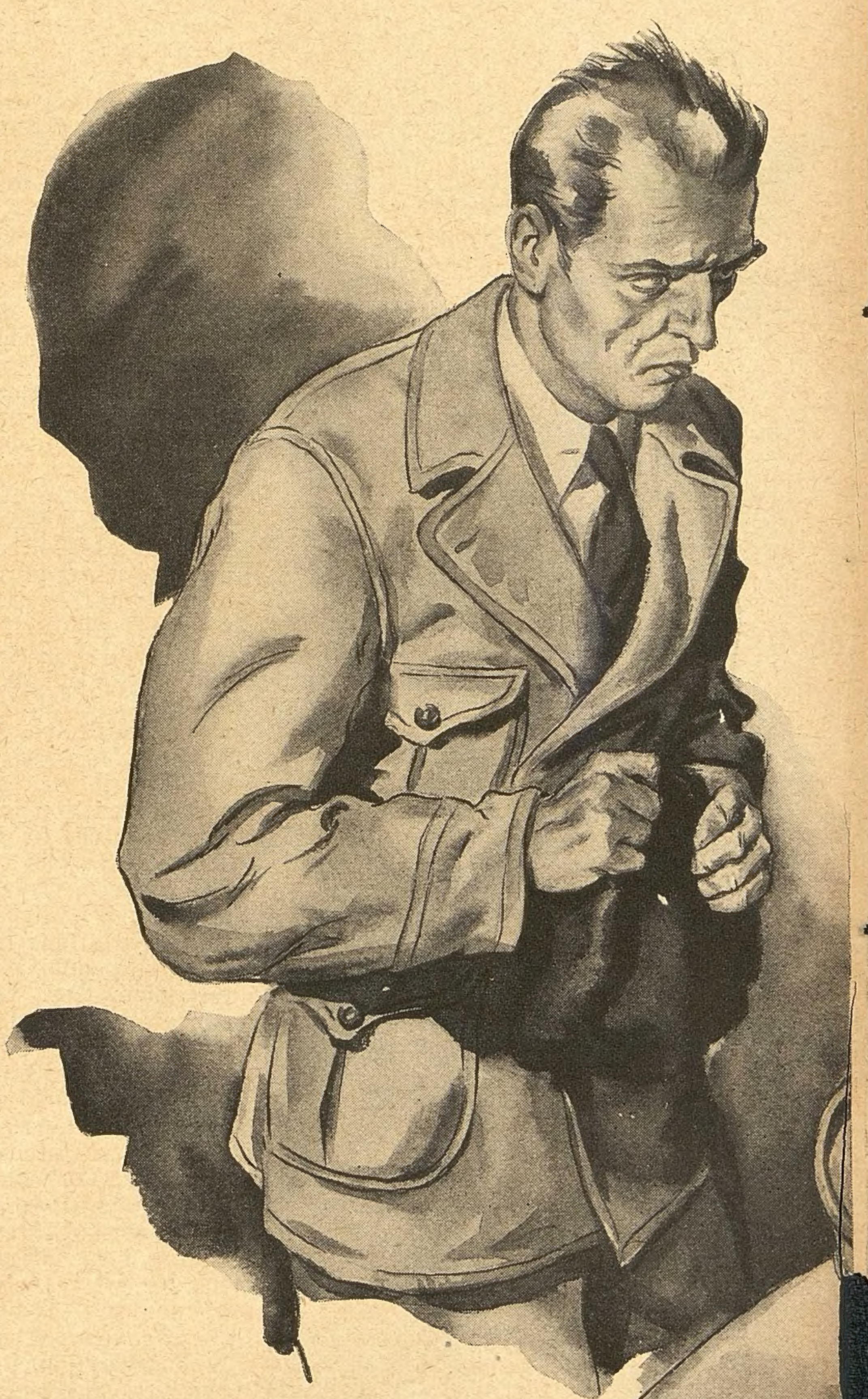
Her father was dead. She was the only child. Her mother was gentle, beautiful, intelligent. Now, if she had been one of those dumply little homebodies we could have understood Stephanie's clinging to home. But she was not at all. She went to Europe. She was a member of the board of regents of the university.

So I would say to Stephanie:

" And you can't say you stay home ' because of mother.' You must be a drag on her. No. You've no excuse for it. It is stick-in-the-mudism."

Absent-mindedly drawing, Stephanie would come to realize what I was saying, and wink at me or look cross-eyed.

You see, I thought there must be some psychic injury—say, her attachment to her mother—that kept her from marrying or even taking the slightest emotional interest



in this J. K. L. Blokestone whom our whole state was talking about.

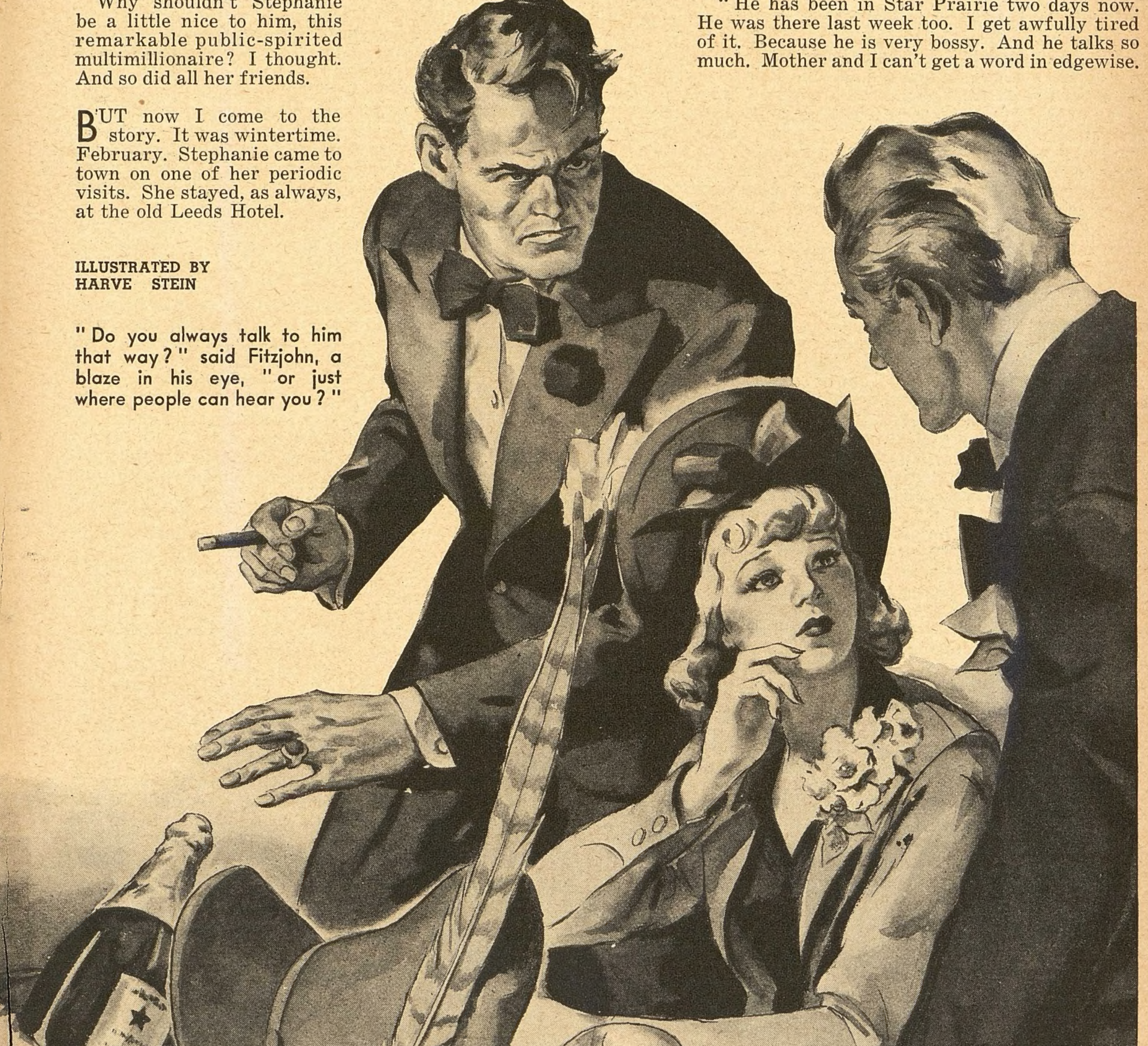
He was a big ex-athlete of a man between thirty-five and forty—genial, bluff, with a ruddy face and neck and bold piratical blue eyes. Everybody felt the force of his personality. He was the scion of a rich fashionable Long Island family. He had invested a large part of his enormous fortune in our state, and this had come about because of his friendship with our governor.

Blokestone (and everybody praised him to the skies for it) had come to believe that it was his duty to become a constructive power in politics and the labor movement. He chose our state and the Northwest. He believed that here was the beginning of a great national labor party.

Why shouldn't Stephanie be a little nice to him, this remarkable public-spirited multimillionaire? I thought. And so did all her friends.

BUT now I come to the story. It was wintertime. February. Stephanie came to town on one of her periodic visits. She stayed, as always, at the old Leeds Hotel.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVE STEIN



"Do you always talk to him that way?" said Fitzjohn, a blaze in his eye, "or just where people can hear you?"

Stephanie usually came to town on the train. But this time Jack Blokestone brought her up in his long shining car. Usually Stephanie did not announce that she was in town until evening, but this time she telephoned me at once.

"Diana, hurry right over here."

"What is it?"

"Some putridity in my psyche. I want to tell you about it."

This made me wild with curiosity, so I drove downtown at once. (I cut a simply fascinating class at the university on sex phobias.)

"What did he do?" I said, breathing hard, for I had avoided the wheezing old elevator and run up the stairs—three flights.

"He has been in Star Prairie two days now. He was there last week too. I get awfully tired of it. Because he is very bossy. And he talks so much. Mother and I can't get a word in edgewise.

Because he tells us so much about the famous people he knows and his big business schemes. And if we talk to *him,* his eyes go into neutral and it makes him very nervous. He has no ingoing wires on his apparatus. . . . If I take a walk, he wants to go too. You know how I like to walk five miles. Well, we start, and when we have gone a mile he says that's enough. He is awfully bossy."

"Well, what happened?"

"He has been saying, you know, that he is going to marry me. 'But I don't want to be married,' I tell him. He just laughs indulgently and says, 'That is because you have never known a real he-man.' You see, he is one, it seems. It seems he has known more beauties than you can shake a stick at. But I am the only one he has ever been game to marry."

"Then what?"

"Now he has begun to make love—to hold hands and all that."

"How abnormal!" I cried in derision.

"No, but really, Diana, it's no fun. It is really awful. Because I can't say 'You beast!' and cuff him. I just can't bring myself to be so schoolmarmish. But I just hate this affection business . . . from him. It gives me the pip. We drove up to town today. He insisted on holding my hand. I let him, was polite. I had to. But I felt as though I were holding a dead, very dirty mouse all the way, it was so unpleasant to me. Finally, when we got just to the outskirts of town, I could not stand it. I suddenly ground my teeth and yelled and threw his hand away. 'Quit that!' I just yelled. You know, he stared at me and turned white. I have never actually seen any one pale before, but he did: except for his scar, which turned red. 'I am sorry,' I said; 'but you don't understand what kind of a person I am at all.' He asked me to have dinner with him tonight. 'I am sorry, but I can't,' I said in a regular panic. 'I am having dinner with my cousins Joe and Diana and with the Smitherses.' 'I'll take you *all* to dinner,' he said. 'Oh, I am afraid not, Jack,' I said, lying. (Say you know I haven't lied in twenty years?) 'Because it will hurt their feelings, Jack,' I said. But I just could not bear to have him around tonight too."

I thought she was partly joking and partly talking through her hat. I did not know Blokestone then, but I had seen him at the Northwest Club, ruddy and powerful.

"*I* think," I said to Stephanie, "it is just pathetic. Here he is, humbly in love with you, a dynamic character like that. *I* think he is a regular empire builder."

That evening we all had dinner downtown at Struck's—Henry and Virginia Smithers and Stephanie and I. Joe Flinders, my husband, was not there. He was in Chicago.

Struck's is a big German restaurant with much plate glass and mahogany in it and a huge old-fashioned bar.

ABOUT eight o'clock three men came in and went up to the bar. All were in evening clothes. One of them, young and blond, wore a silk hat rakishly and elegantly. We turned and stared at these three men with interest; first, because a silk hat is uncommon in our Middle Western city; second, because one of the men was Oscar Glozeman. People said he was a racketeer. The third man was Jack Blokestone. Stephanie swallowed and said "Awk!" when she saw him.

"Blokestone won't see you, Stephanie," I said. "Just pull your hatbrim down."

But she was too proud to do that. Besides, her hat was the shape of a halo.

"How bad is Glozeman, anyway?" I asked Henry Smithers as we looked at that much-talked-of man. "Why is he considered so awful?"

Glozeman in his evening clothes was quite imposing. His huge face was a fleshy enlargement of Napoleon's and, throttled by his starched white shirt bosom, it was a muddy red and his black exophthalmic-goiter eyes sparkled at everybody in an affable way.

"Oh, he is one of our leading unjailable crooks," said Henry in his sleepy way. "The Grand Jury is trying to indict him now as a labor racketeer. But they can't find his brother-in-law McCook, who could tell them all about it. . . . Glozeman is a great friend of the governor's," said Henry sleepily. He did not like the governor at all.

While we were gazing at Oscar Glozeman, he tossed down his drink with a gulp, nodded at the blond young man, thwacked Jack Blokestone affably on the back, and left.

Then the blond man's eye fell on Stephanie. I was watching him. It was just fascinating to see the impact on him of that sensation. He was trapped, held, glued, bewitched.

"Who is she?" I saw the blond young man ask Blokestone.

Blokestone brought him over to our table. There were confused introductions all around. At once the blond man pulled up a chair beside Stephanie, though Blokestone did not like it.

"Here. Here. Sit here," he commanded gruffly, but he was not heard. Disgruntled and frowning, he found himself obliged to sit between me and Henry Smithers.

But the blond man was oblivious to everything. He began asking Stephanie questions. Who was she? Where did she live?

"But who are you?" asked Stephanie. She made him say his name again, so that she could be sure of it.

To our surprise, his name was John Fitzjohn. We found out then that he was the Fitzjohn who was the Moscow correspondent for a New York newspaper. He was quite a celebrity and we were pleased. He said that his paper had ordered him home because they wanted to transfer his post to Spain. In the interval they had sent him to our city on an emergency to investigate the labor racketeering trials.

BLOKESTONE was annoyed, almost irascible, because Fitzjohn received so much attention from the rest of us. And especially because he sat beside Stephanie. To draw attention to himself, Blokestone loudly ordered champagne, shouted to the waiters and sent one scurrying after the other with amended orders, and kept interrupting everybody and asking their preferences. I began to see why Stephanie found him trying.

And Blokestone, because he was so rich, would have cowed us. But Fitzjohn paid no more attention to him than if he were a child or a gnat; and this young Mr. Fitzjohn, with his absorbed lively face, was so interesting that we all kept turned to him and could not bear to miss a word.

We asked him about himself, about Europe, about war, about what was happening here in our city in the racketeering investigation.

"Is Glozeman feeling uneasy?" Henry Smithers asked.

"No. Not unless they find McCook."

"Waiter!" Blokestone growled, and gestured curtly that the glasses should be filled. "Stephanie, what's the matter with you?"

Wanting to drink a great deal himself, he was going to make everybody else do it. But Fitzjohn hardly touched his glass. Stephanie lifted hers to be polite.

Blokestone kept urging us to go to some livelier night club. But no one would budge. Before, I had admired his bold bloodshot blue eyes, the scar that cut across one sandy eyebrow, the nose broken in a famous football game, his booming friendly voice. But now I felt he was not friendly at all.

The strain grew all the time. Finally there was an unpleasant incident.

Blokestone was angry because his chauffeur was not waiting outside. He kept the waiters running out in verification of this fact and with orders to summon the man in as soon as he arrived.

At last the man appeared.

Blokestone upbraided him angrily. "You blasted numskull . . ." and so on. "I told you to stay out in front. What in blazes . . ." and so on and so on.

And the poor chauffeur stood there in the most surprising state of fright, his small dirty hands wringing his cap, and he looked down at us beseechingly as though he were rooted to the spot.

"Do you always talk to him that way?" said Fitzjohn, with a blaze in his eye, "or just in public where people can hear you?" He pulled a leather case out of his pocket and gave a card to the chauffeur. "Take this, buddy. If you want a better job I'll find it for you."

The man had to take it. He did not know what else to do. He seemed quite dazed and walked out.

Well, the rest of us were awfully uncomfortable. Fortunately, just then a waiter came up and told Blokestone he was wanted on the telephone; and while he was gone Stephanie said:

"Couldn't we go? I don't like him very well."

"Of course we'll go. I'll take you home," said Fitzjohn, and without more ado he helped Stephanie put on her coat and knelt and put on her overshoes.

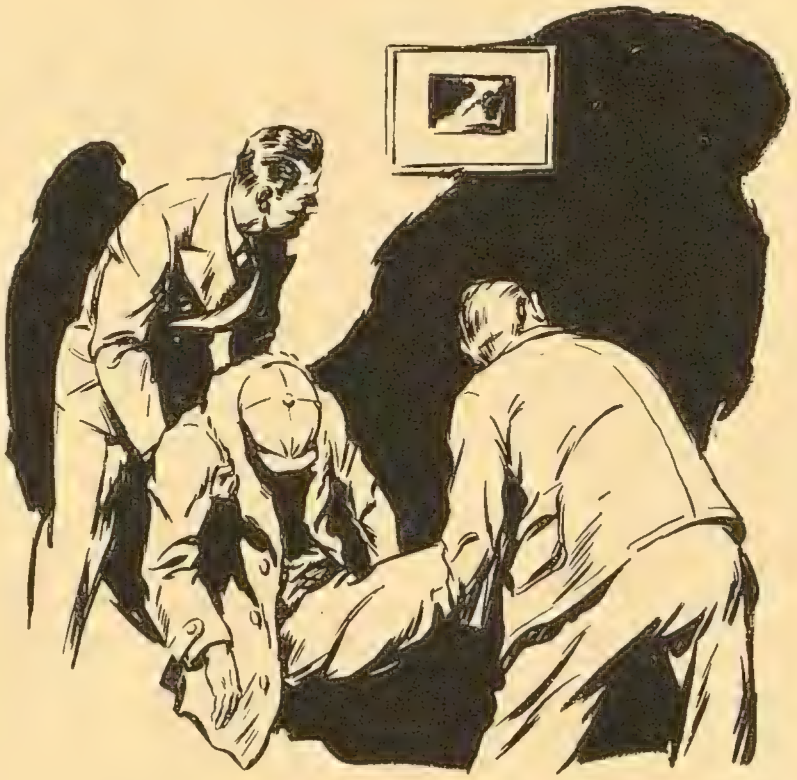
"What's the idea?" said Blokestone, coming back, in his booming bossy voice. "Here! *I* am going to take Stephanie home!"

"No you're not," said Fitzjohn, smiling with a cold lively light in his eyes. "I am going to. She asked me to. She wants me to."

"Who the devil are you?"

"She likes me better than you, bo. That's all I know," said Fitzjohn tranquilly.

Then he bowed politely, lifting his top hat, smiled his intelligent friendly smile at us, drew Stephanie's hand through his arm, and left.



Virginia Smithers (we always call her Ditty) and I all the time had been hurriedly putting on our coats and overshoes.

"Oh, we must go too!" we cried in sugary voices to Blokestone. "Thank you, thank you for the champagne, Mr. Blokestone. My, that was nice of you. My, that was just too lovely—scrumptious. Well, good-by. Thank you—honestly, just thanks ever and ever so much!"

"Just *loads!*" Ditty's voice sang out in a final burst of sappiness.

Henry (as all men fail us women) left us to fill the atmosphere with our deadly social gas while he merely looked coldly through his glasses.

As Ditty and I went galumphing through the barroom in our overshoes, Blokestone was roaring for waiters, and they crowded around him timidly. After Stephanie had gone he had forgotten our existence. We might have been chittering sparrows.

WE saw Fitzjohn every day after that. Wherever Stephanie was in the evening, he was there too. We were all glad to have him.

One nice thing about him—he was so well dressed. As every one knows, no American he-man west of Yonkers dares wear a pretty necktie. But Fitzjohn's neckties were pure sulphur yellow, or aquamarine, or steel blue, or faded pink, or poison green. He would wear the black velvet collar of his overcoat turned up, and tip his derby slightly awry, and this, with his broad shoulders, his light limber walk, and his merry blond face—why, he was as worth looking at as the ex-King of England. Stephanie called him Johnny Morningcoat.

He was to be in town for a month—talking to the police, telephoning G-men in Washington. In his rhapsodic condition he thought our city was more charming than Vienna—the concerts, the skating! He assumed that Stephanie would stay in town for a month too. But what happened? He went to Chicago one day. Returning in the evening, he came straight to the Smitherses.

"But where is Stephanie?"

"She felt she had to go home," I said.

"She has gone!"

For a split second I thought he was going to cry. He had a hard time smoothing the awful childish disappointment out of his face. He found she had borrowed a car and was on the road to Star Prairie.

And so, in the little drawing room of the "grandma house," they argued all night, until the sky grew pale through the Gothic windows.

Poor Fitzjohn!

"Care for me a little!" he said in a trembling voice. "Why, nature, biology could not work one-sidedly like that! I can't believe it! . . . I thought I liked adventure, freedom. The second I saw you, I knew that was all pose. All I care about is family life—with you."

Her argument was that she was too poky for him.

"Say we were married, and you were prowling among the gunmen and murderers as you are now . . . I wouldn't like that. Oh, Johnny Morningcoat, you poor guy, you poor bloke! You would find me about as exciting as a gunny sack full of cold boiled macaroni. You think you like my looks. Don't be fooled."

That was the way she tried to make him feel better. The truth was, she had no more feeling about him than if he were a wooden Indian. She liked him and felt sorry for him, but the love business embarrassed her. "Very repellsive," was her expression for it.

"I will give up my job. I will run a feed store in Star Prairie if I can talk to you three nights a week," he said. And he meant it.

She was horrified.

"If you do that I'll go to China as a missionary. I mean it."

"If you want to," he said angrily, "you could be the toast of London. Dukes would crane their necks to get a look at you."

"That is just what I don't like—social life. The compulsory drinking! The two-hour hairdressing! The crisscross talking! The dry-gash smile! The auditory fatigue!"

Poor Fitzjohn! Everything she said just made him a hundred times more in love with her. Of course she listened to him seriously, so as not to hurt his feelings. But then she could stand it no longer, and would have to joke or giggle, and this is hard for a man whose heart is breaking.

I wish I had overheard their conversation. It must have been like poor Dante trying to make love to Beatrice Lillie.

NOW, Stephanie, because no one kinder ever lived, had let him talk to her all night long. At eight o'clock in the morning the Flinders hired girl, Elvina Olson, in her pink starched uniform, came into the little drawing room and said in her sociable Iowa way:

"Say, Steph, what do you know about it? There's a long-distance phone call and it's Blokestone. Talk about your nerve!"

Fitzjohn jumped up and said, "Let me talk to him." But Stephanie was ashamed to evade anything. She went out to the telephone. This, so far as we know, was their conversation.

Blokestone said:

"Have you anything to say to me?"

"About what, Jack?"

"About the other night?"

For the life of her, she could not think of anything to say.

"I guess I haven't."

"It's your last chance," Blokestone said.

"Chance for what?"

"No man can cut me out with a woman, see? It's never been done—do you get me? No fooling, it's your last chance."

"How do you mean 'chance'? Chance for what?"

"Tell that two-cent squirt Fitzjohn to get out, and I'll come down and we can be friends."

"You go to thunder!" Stephanie cried, and hung up the receiver with a bang that must have hurt his ears.

IT was ten days later. Stephanie was safe in Star Prairie—until 1985, probably. Or so we thought. Fitzjohn and I were in our city at the Smithers house. In the middle of the evening Stephanie came in with a new pigskin bag. Fitzjohn sprang up as though galvanized.

“Well,” she said, sitting on the edge of a chair and tossing her tiny hat to a lighting fixture. She told us she was actually going to New York. That very evening. She was taking a train at eleven.

We could not believe it.

Yes, she was. An almost unknown great-uncle, she said, had died in Brooklyn and left a little property that could not be settled without her presence. His lawyers had telegraphed her.

Fitzjohn was silent. The rest of us began teasing Stephanie: “Good!”

“Well, at last you're blasted out of Star Prairie.”

BRENDA UELAND

was born in Minneapolis. Is a graduate of Barnard. A passionate feminist, she says she is the same kind of Socialist that Bernard Shaw is. Believes that courage is the greatest of virtues. Thinks Americans should develop aesthetic sense. She likes to play the piano.

We reminded her of the terrible things that might happen.

“I bet war will be declared with Japan and you will be interned in Peoria.”

We began to tell disagreeable adventures in sleeping cars, about murders in taxicabs.

“Where are you staying in New York?”

“At the Dolly Madison,” she said sedately. It was a huge new hotel for women only, on East Fifty-seventh Street.

“Remember, the Caddington murder took place next door,” I said.

“I hear there is going to be a white slavers' convention in the East soon,” said Ditty.

And soon, now that we were on the subject of horror and crime, we were making Fitzjohn tell us about the racketeering trials in town.

“The trouble is,” he said, “they can't indict Glozeman unless they find his brother-in-law McCook.”

“But why don't they find McCook?”

“He got away. They sprang a trap on him. But as the police came in the doors of his big house, McCook went out a window. He escaped across the frozen lake. They can't find him. The whole thing hinges on McCook. I wish they could find him. Then they could arrest Glozeman. Because Glozeman's the head of it. His gang have murdered about thirty men who won't keep in line. The hard thing is protecting witnesses. For ten days we have had two witnesses locked up in a hotel room downtown. It takes a half dozen policemen to protect them. They are really brave men, you know. If they weren't guarded they would be dead in ten minutes.”

So the evening passed until Fitzjohn took Stephanie to her train.

When he returned—we were all peacefully looking into the fire and eating apples—he appeared in the doorway with an odd expression and said:

“Don't be frightened. I've found a man on your front porch. He is beaten up. He wants to talk to me. I'm going to bring him in until he is warm. He's half frozen. Then I'll take him to the hospital.”

At once Henry Smithers followed Fitzjohn out to the front porch, where it was ten below zero. They carried the man in between them and laid him on the couch in the library—a dirty smallish bundled-up man in a cap and greasy sheepskin coat. His face was bloody and black around the eyes and his mouth was very much swollen. I rushed out and brought towels and warm water from the lavatory.

“Why!” I exclaimed when his cap fell off and I saw his stiff crisscrossed hay-colored hair and his young but prematurely wrinkled face and queer round nostrils. “Isn't he Blokestone's chauffeur?”

Fitzjohn did not answer. But presently, when he and Henry and Ditty and I were all in the other room, he said: “Yes, it is Blokestone's chauffeur. Your society-man friend likes to knock him around. That's why he has told me something very important. I tell you this so that you will never speak of what has happened here. *He has told me where McCook is....* Even Glozeman does not know.”

The three of us just stared at him solemnly, then.

“Now there are four of us here,” he said. “Don't tell any one. Because then either McCook will get away, or they will kill *him*” (nodding toward the library). “Or me.... But,” he said, and suddenly smiled his frank childlike smile, “it's nothing to worry about. Just don't tell any one.”

THE day after Stephanie left for New York there was a blizzard. But the next day the sun came out, a dazzling gold-and-silver day with flashing blinding snow. But with the sun the temperature dropped to thirty below zero.

Now, the best way to cheer yourself up in a Northwestern winter is to huddle with friends and eat a great deal too much. So I put on three suits of underwear, ski pants, and teamster's mittens, and floundered over to Ditty's house. It was cold there, though the oil burner in the basement throbbed like the Aquitania. Ditty was huddling on the couch under a blanket. She felt low too. Her little girl was in bed with a bad cold.

“I was St. Virginia and the Kiddies,” Ditty said, paraphrasing St. Francis and the Birds, “because I took the children skating.” She had fallen on her head, it seems. Since then she had been lame and aching.

“Your new maid,” I said (she had been trying to get one for weeks), “looks like an Armenian assassin. Or the Neanderthal man.”

One way we had of cheering ourselves up was to think of all the gloomy and ominous things we could. Pretty soon we were laughing cheerfully.

We ate candy. We made tea and ate jam, cheese, and cinnamon toast. Then Henry came home and brought some others, so we had cocktails. Everybody decided to spend the evening. Some played quadruple solitaire on the floor. With me at the piano, Henry played Mozart sonatas on his violin. We all began to feel cheerful and full of fun. We talked about Stephanie and how romantic it was that Fitzjohn was in love with her, and we tried to analyze her timidity, her reluctance about traveling.

Then Ditty started composing a telegram to Stephanie to scare her, or rather to make her laugh. I helped Ditty, and we thought it was just killing.

HEAR GLOZEMAN TRYING TO MUSCLE-IN AT DOLLY MADISON TAKE NUMBER FIFTY SIX FOR BUFFALO GIVE THE STUFF TO WHITEY AND SCRAM FOR MILWAUKEE VIA CANADA STOP WANT YOU KEY WITNESS STOP GUS IS OUT

How we laughed at the wonderful touch: “Gus is out”! We could see Stephanie laughing until the tears squeezed out of her eyes.

We sent the telegram. Then, when Fitzjohn came, we told him about it, showed him our copy of it.

Now, I don't know whether he was alarmed or what, but he did not laugh.

“I wish you had not done it,” he said in his pleasant voice, and at once put in a telephone call to Stephanie in New York. At the Dolly Madison they said she was not in.

Well, every twenty minutes Fitzjohn would stir up the long-distance operator and inquire for Stephanie. Between times he beat us all at quadruple solitaire. Then he would go to the telephone again.

We began to feel anxious.

“Why are you so worried?” we asked.

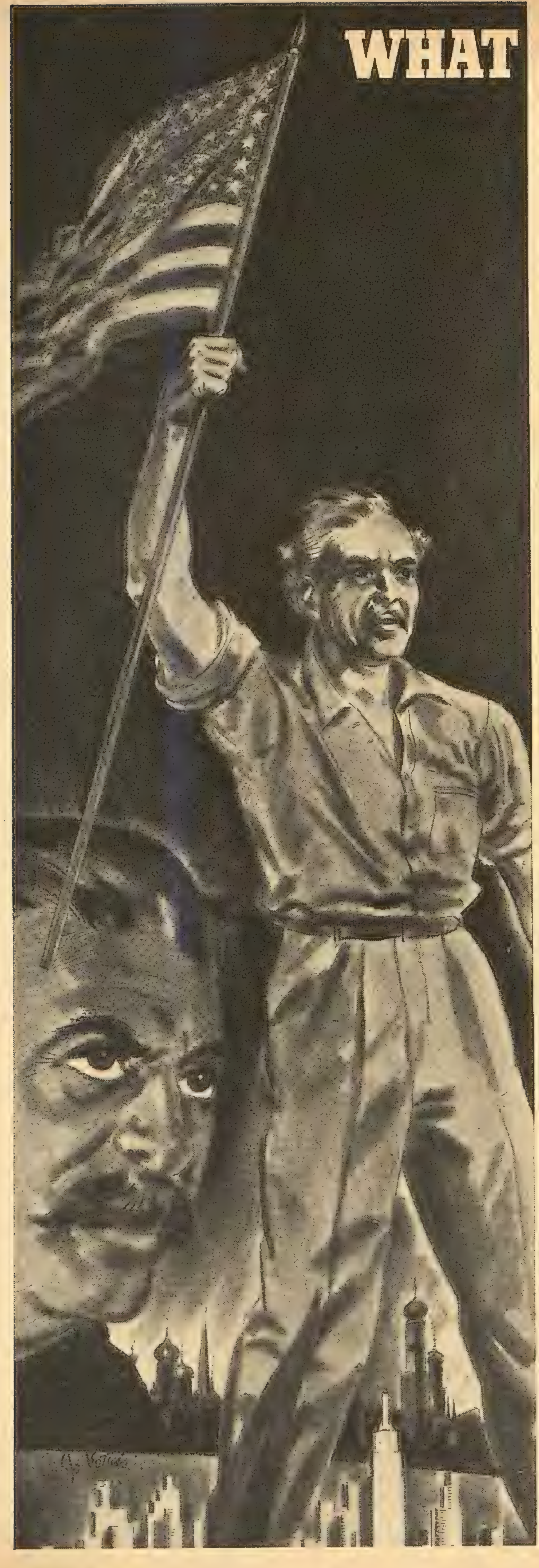
“Oh, I don't know.” . . . And that was all he would say.

At one o'clock in the morning, again the New York operator reported that Stephanie was not in her hotel. Fitzjohn at once made reservations on a plane to New York. By that time we began to feel frightened ourselves.

“I feel something has happened,” he said briefly, and his blue eyes were brightly light-colored, which was always so when he was excited.

Would Stephanie take that fake telegram seriously? Has it really frightened her out of New York? What will Fitzjohn discover when he lands in the metropolis? There is a thrilling and fantastic trail for you to follow in next week's Liberty. You must not miss it.

WHAT THE DIES COMMITTEE *Overlooked*



Communism may wave the American flag, but is known to take orders from Moscow.

BY DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

From the inside—A startling exposé of Communist activities in the U. S. A.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

MY survey of Communism in the United States is based on confidential information from many sources, including notes and affidavits from a one-time member of the Communist Party, whom I shall call XYZ; legislative reports, special articles and books; and personal interviews with experts. I have followed the trail of the Communists and their fellow travelers for years. Some of the startling discoveries presented here have been amplified and confirmed by testimony offered before the Dies Committee; others, no less amazing, which the Dies Committee has overlooked so far, are published for the first time in the present series.

PART ONE—ORDERS FROM MOSCOW

IS Communism a menace or a bugaboo? Is it true, as the Hon. John J. O'Connor recently charged on the floor of the House, that millions parading our streets with Red flags seek to undermine our government? Has Communism, as witnesses before the Dies Committee allege, gained a foothold in the government itself, in gubernatorial offices, and in the President's Cabinet?

Are the United States mails no longer safe from Communist tampering? Is there a Communist listener in every telephone central, a Communist spy in every newspaper office? Are Communists planting keymen in railroads and ships to tie up communications? In utilities, to shut off power and light? Does the G. P. U. reach out its murderous hands to kidnap or slay its enemies on the streets of America? Is Communism deliberately stirring the witches' caldron of race and class warfare in the United States?

"Comrade XYZ," who purchased his knowledge at the risk of his life, replies to all these questions in the affirmative. "Beneath all assurances of good will and interest in the welfare of the working people and their mock acceptance of democracy, the Communists ruthlessly pursue their one objective: International Communism with a dictator in the United States."

That is his conviction. Other men, whose opinion I also respect but who have not seen Communism from within, ridicule his contention. Extravagant tales about Communist activities are deliberately circulated by the Communists themselves to make their opponents ridiculous.

In my own search for facts, I was informed by an excited defender of Americanism (self-hypnotized by his hatred of the Reds) that WPA workers, engaged in building great dams, etc., are mixing explosives with their cement to blow up the entire structure whenever the hour in Moscow strikes. Washington, I was told, is honeycombed with underground passages, one leading allegedly straight from the residence of John L. Lewis to the White House. All will be seized or dynamited at the appropriate moment. According to one informant, the President of the United States "passed word" to the Communist Party to destroy his political enemies. It is not necessary to pursue such wild canards; there is enough to warrant alarm in demonstrable facts.

Communism may wave the American flag but it takes orders from Moscow. Questioned by State Senator McNaboe, on behalf of a New York Legislative Committee, the secretary of the Communist Party, Mr. Earl Browder, admitted that his organization is part and parcel of the Third or Communist International in Moscow, propagating the gospels of Marx, Engels, and Stalin. Squirming and writhing under the merciless questioning of the committee, America's Little Stalin testified under oath that the Communist Party in the United States has never challenged or vetoed or refused to abide by the authority of the Communist International in Moscow.

At its recent convention the Communist Party of America voiced ardent thanks to Comrade George Dimitroff, helmsman of the Communist International and true comrade in arms of Stalin. It was Dimitroff who harnessed the Trojan horse to the chariot of the Soviets to beguile the democracies. "Comrades, you will remember the ancient tale of the capture of Troy. Troy was inaccessible to the armies attacking her, thanks to her impregnable walls. And the attacking army was unable to achieve victory until, with the aid of the famous Trojan horse, it managed to penetrate to the very heart of the enemy's camp. We revolutionary workers should not be shy of using the same tactics."

The adoption of Dimitroff's stratagem explains the ease with which Communism has penetrated and conquered key positions in innumerable American organizations which are not Communist, in colleges, high schools, hospitals, among pacifists, even in patriotic societies.

The Communist Party is insignificant in numbers, but its sixty to seventy-five thousand dues-paying members are trained leaders and agitators, pledged to carry out all orders, legal or illegal, relayed to them from the headquarters of the Third International. In addition to its active members, there are, according to Earl Browder's own estimate, 600,000 fellow travelers who "follow the line" without being enrolled. Experts point out that there are more Communists in the United States today than there were in Russia when the Bolshevists seized control.

EVERY large city is divided into Communist districts and subdivided into sections. The sections consist of shop, neighborhood, and street units. Every applicant for membership must be endorsed by a member. The prospect must attend a five-weeks course in a Communist school. If he passes the examination he is admitted to a unit nearest his residence, or if he has a trade he must join his shop unit. If he excels in subversive enthusiasm, he is rewarded with a three-months course at a workers' school.

Every member is assigned a specific task. It may be bellyaching at street corners or serving in picket lines, water-front agitation or clerical work. It may be his duty to provoke a riot or to spy on his employers. Failure or refusal to obey spells expulsion.

If a member is assigned a job, his name is known only to the Central Committee. He himself does not know his mission until a few hours before he assumes his duties. The Central Committee, according to XYZ, receives orders from Moscow in code. The orders are passed on to district representatives by word of mouth; transmitted orally by them to the sections and units. For that reason it is very difficult to adduce evidence of illegal Communist activities in writing.

Dues range from ten cents to thirteen dollars a month, depending upon the member's income. Every quarter of the year an assessment is exacted. The funds thus collected are transmitted to Moscow. XYZ maintains that Communist plans in the United States include the seizure of light, heat, water power, and transportation, and the temporary sabotage of major industrial plants. Communists trained to cripple factories and businesses are carefully card-indexed. I would hesitate to accept this assurance if XYZ had not given me satisfactory evidence that he forewarned Henry Ford of projected attacks on his industry by the Communists, and issued a similar warning, long before trouble arose, to the authorities in Jersey City.

Communism achieved perhaps its greatest triumph when it acquired a strangle hold (vividly described to me by Mr. Victor Ridder from his personal experience) upon the WPA. There are many parts of the United States where it is impossible to get on the pay roll of the WPA without joining first the Communist Party or its alleged puppet—the Workers Alliance. Charges to this effect have been aired before the Dies Committee and elsewhere. Writers employed on federal projects use not only their own time but the government's time to preach the gospel of Communism and to carry out orders from Moscow. Communism worms itself systematically into Civil Service. An affidavit before me alleges that the Communist Party has established units in the Postal Service, with Communist cells and units in the Post Office.

COMMUNISM has many tricks up its sleeve. One is to ply susceptible young men with caresses and propaganda. That is the method by which hundreds of young Americans were recruited to fight for Spain, and it is frequently employed among soldiers and sailors.

Communist attempts to penetrate the Army and Navy—unless checked—spell catastrophe. On December 28, 1937, according to XYZ, the Central Committee of the Communist Party in the United States ordered all eligible members to join the R. O. T. C. and the National Guard to secure military training at the expense of the American government. Foster, standard-bearer of the Communist Party, has proclaimed again and again that the worker recognizes no flag except the Red flag. Mr. Foster has not been repudiated by his party.

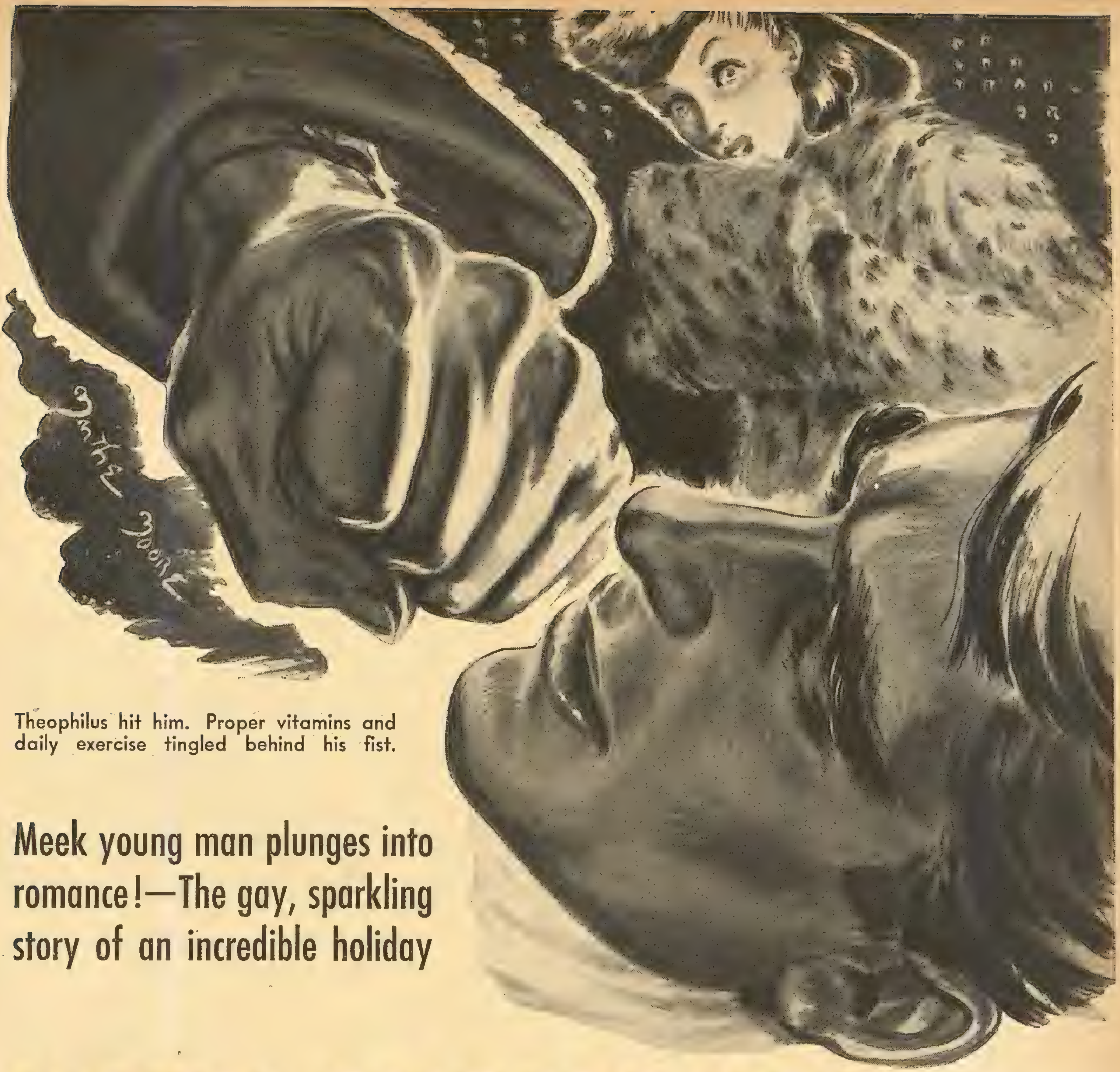
I hold in my hand a small pamphlet, advertised by the Workers Library Publishers, by Walter Trumbull, a former member of the United States Army, who was sentenced to twenty-six years' penal servitude for subversive activities. Trumbull praises the Soviet Army to the skies, but depicts the American Army as a hotbed of cruelty, perversion, and drunkenness. This pamphlet is offered for sale, together with speeches by Earl Browder.

Both the Intelligence Service and the Secret Service, crippled by lack of funds, are unable to follow the myriad convolutions of the Red network. "Reds" boast that these agencies are handicapped by official orders from Washington "to leave Communism alone." The American Legion in its excellent handbook on Isms, reproduces the text of seditious Communist pamphlets. On August 25, 1935, at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, an unidentified airplane swooped over the National Guard reservation and dropped literature which a high army official described as "Communist out and out." It was painted like an army plane but lacked army insignia.

At Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, another issue of the Soldier's Voice, exhorting the soldiers "to throw out their exploiters and oppressors," was confiscated by the authorities. The Soldier's Voice is published for enlisted men by Communist factions within the ranks. A similar pamphlet, the Shipmate's Voice, discovered on board the Pacific Fleet, idolizes the Soviet Army and urges American workers and sailors to follow in the footsteps of Soviet Russia. Navy authorities learned that this issue was to be sold when the fleet arrived at the Atlantic Coast by comely young females.

The Navyyard Workers, issued by the Southeast Union of the Communist Party of the United States of America, was distributed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Its object, according to the Daily Worker, official organ of the Communist Party, was to make the navy-yard workers class-conscious and rally them "for the final aim of the Communist Party—the overthrow of the capitalist system—and of a Soviet America with all that implies."

How the Red devil can cite scripture! His duplicity as to religions, and some literally deadly activities in our midst, will be exposed by Mr. Wickets next week.



Theophilus hit him. Proper vitamins and daily exercise tingled behind his fist.

Meek young man plunges into romance!—The gay, sparkling story of an incredible holiday

NEXT CHRISTMAS

BY LEONA DALRYMPLE

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

THEOPHILUS GRANT, that amazing Christmas Eve, left the office of the Arlington Belt and Packing Company thinking about a girl whose name he didn't even know. For a year now the girl had been visible through a window in the Western Union's office eight blocks from the mill.

The window tonight was bright with tinsel and holly. The girl, dark and deliciously pretty, was still behind the counter.

Theophilus lingered at the window, dreading the long walk home. Twenty-one more blocks up Arlington Avenue, with Christmas glittering in the shops— He must walk to the factory and back, his sister Minerva said, and bank his bus fares. Sometimes his savings seemed to Theophilus like a banked accumulation of extravagant yearnings which he had learned to restrain.

He left the window depressed.

"Next Christmas," he glumly decided, "I'll get a good grip on myself and walk through Christmas with my eyes wide open. Minerva's right. Anybody with will power can grab an exhilarated impulse by the tail and keep it from squandering money."

Other Christmas Eve pedestrians, he discovered, were looking away from the stacked Christmas trees on the curb and the tempting shops—among them Mike Martin, a workman who had lost his job in the mill. But Mike had kids. It was different not to look at Christmas because you couldn't afford to buy for your kids.

Theophilus, that Christmas Eve, had in the Arlington Savings Bank eleven thousand three hundred and sixty-five dollars and forty-one cents. He was a blond young man, twenty-nine years old, with an unruly crop of curly hair and serious blue eyes.

His sister Minerva had brought him up in New England. Then, in his senior year in Commercial High School, an estranged kinsman had died and left the two a big old-fashioned sandstone house in Arlington, Pennsylvania.

"We have lived," Minerva had said grimly, "as the orphans of improvident scholars frequently live, without hope of security. But the house will help. I intend to advertise for solvent God-fearing boarders."

For Theophilus' half of the house his sister paid him a just rental in lodging and food.

Ahead of him, now, hurrying shoppers turned into a big department store.

"I couldn't endure myself in the morning," thought Theophilus, motionless on the sidewalk, "if I didn't do something about Mike and his kids." He entered the store.

His credit references checked, Theophilus bought toys and clothes and food for Mike and his children. He paid for special delivery. He spent a hundred and twenty dollars, and left the store pleasantly stirred and unsettled.

He walked rapidly in the wrong direction and found himself again in the neighborhood of the city Christmas tree, a block from the Western Union office. It was his second mistake. He looked at the tree.

"'Next' Christmas!" Theophilus thought, snorting. "Doggone it, 'next' Christmas never comes. It's like tomorrow. The minute you find it, it's today!"

When he stopped again at the Western Union window, the girl behind the counter was writing a note. Theophilus walked in.

"Do you suppose," he said pleasantly, "that the telegraph company could locate for me a Christmas program in an old country school?"

Lucy Scofield's astonished eyes regarded him.

"Are you homesick too?" she exclaimed. "All day I've been thinking about the Christmas Eve dances down home in Maryland."

No, Theophilus said, he was not homesick. "But"—his eyes sparkled—"I've made up my mind that Christmas is now or never and the only Christmas Eves I ever really enjoyed were in a small country schoolhouse up in New England."

Lucy began to make a list of neighboring villages. Theophilus cleared his throat.

"Of course," he ventured, "you don't know me—"

"I don't know your name," Lucy said, "but once when you were looking at the exhibit in the window, old Mr. Jacoby was in here and he said you were the steadiest young man in Arlington!"

Theophilus groaned. "Mr. Jacoby was wrong. I came in here—intending to ask you—if you'd care to sample a Christmas Eve program in an old country school. Of course first we'd—find a restaurant and eat a goose or anything seasonal."

Lucy's pencil stopped abruptly.

Theophilus said hastily, "I should have told you first that my name is Theophilus Grant."

Lucy stood staring at the unfinished note.

"Yes, Mr. Grant," she said finally, "I will go. I'll be through here at six o'clock."

"You—will go?" he said, stupefied. (He thought, I'll buy a car!) "In that case, while I'm—finishing up some Christmas shopping, could you telephone the villages at my expense and—bag the schoolhouse? Those telegrams were just an excuse to get in here!"

Her mouth twitched. "No telegrams," Lucy said.

"One," he amended, wilting. "To my sister." He wrote hastily:

DETAINED INDEFINITELY BY CHRISTMAS THEOPHILUS

"That might mean almost anything," he said, sponging off his forehead. "Would you consider it unconventional if I asked you your name?"

"Scofield," Lucy gasped. "Lucy Scofield."

Theophilus darted away. Outside he hailed a taxi. Fortunately, he reflected, he had learned to drive the janitor's old car in high school.

IN the Vulcan Motor Car Company, a splendid young salesman, correctly tailored, who was anxious to leave for the day, associated Theophilus' clothing with a used-car sale and conducted himself accordingly.

It was an error in judgment. Twice after he settled Theophilus in a chair, looked at his wrist watch, and disappeared, he was visible back of a glass partition talking exuberantly on the telephone. Incensed, Theophilus demanded another salesman.

The sales manager himself telephoned for his credit references, sold him a car on the floor for twelve hundred and seventy-five dollars, and lent him some license plates detached from a demonstrator.

I'll have to buy a new suit and a new overcoat, Theophilus thought.

He changed in the washroom of a smart clothing store, and reappeared at the Western Union's office in what a solvent young man should wear when his conscience is limp and exhausted.

Lucy, he thought, looked disturbed. "You didn't bag a schoolhouse!" Theophilus said, alarmed.

"But I did!" Lucy said. "The trouble is"—her color rose—"I can't go, Mr. Grant. I should have told you before. You see, if Dick—I'm engaged to Dick; Dick Eldredge; he came from Maryland too—if I hadn't quarreled with Dick because he had a business appointment tonight, I wouldn't have said I could go."

His heart sank. "Do you think that one of the smaller schoolhouses would—stir him up?"

"I didn't mean he would mind," Lucy said gently. "Only it wasn't fair to you—"

"Me!" Theophilus said, his face clearing.

Lucy emerged from behind the counter, a few minutes later, in her hat and coat.

In the car, and later in the fashionable grillroom of the Bristol Hotel, the fiancé Dick popped in and out of Lucy's talk, a part of her childhood.

When they came out, Lucy waited on the sidewalk while he got the car. When he cautiously glided up, a young man in evening clothes who had just emerged from a taxi was standing over Lucy, talking rapidly in an undertone. It was the immaculate salesman in the Vulcan Motor Car Company whose error in judgment had lost him a sale.

"I'll take Miss Scofield home!" he said shortly.

"Over my dead body," said Theophilus coldly.

That, Mr. Eldredge retorted, would suit him.

"We sold him that car just before I left the showroom and checked his credit," Dick Eldredge informed Lucy. "He's a thin-skinned, penny-pinching young miser!"

Theophilus hit him. Regular habits, proper vitamins, and some thirty-odd thousand blocks of daily exercise tingled behind his fist.

Mr. Eldredge went down. White with fury, he regained his balance in the nucleus of a crowd, violently leaped at Theophilus, and went down again.

"What's all this?" a policeman bellowed.

Mr. Eldredge was the longheaded type of motor salesman who cultivates policemen. He identified the voice.

"Hannigan," he bawled, "I want that thug arrested!" They conferred.

Officer Hannigan came down on Theophilus with a poisoned mind. "Where's your driver's license?" he barked.

"I just bought this car," Theophilus sputtered. "I haven't had an opportunity yet to get a license—"

"Opportunity!" Hannigan roared. "You're under arrest!"

"Officer," Theophilus gasped to a young policeman who rode beside him in the Black Maria, "do you mean to tell me I'll have to spend Christmas in the lock-up?"

"You'll be arraigned tomorrow," the policeman grunted. "Judge McCorkle's showin' the voters in this community how a police court oughta be run, and he'll be runnin' it right—early Christmas morning. He wants to be Commissioner in the fall."

At the police station, Theophilus induced the desk sergeant to send Minerva another wire:

UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED THEOPHILUS

"That," the desk sergeant agreed, "ought to cover it."

In the courtroom Christmas morning, he stared at the judge. He was a powerful man in his early forties, with penetrating eyes and straight black brows.

"What's the charge?" the judge said automatically.

"Judge," Hannigan said, "he hit a respectable salesman on Underwood Avenue and stole his girl. Then, he had a motor company's license plates on a private car. He was drivin' without a license and he resisted arrest."

"Did he burn any churches?" Judge McCorkle inquired tartly. "Or rob the orphan asylum? Who'd he resist?"

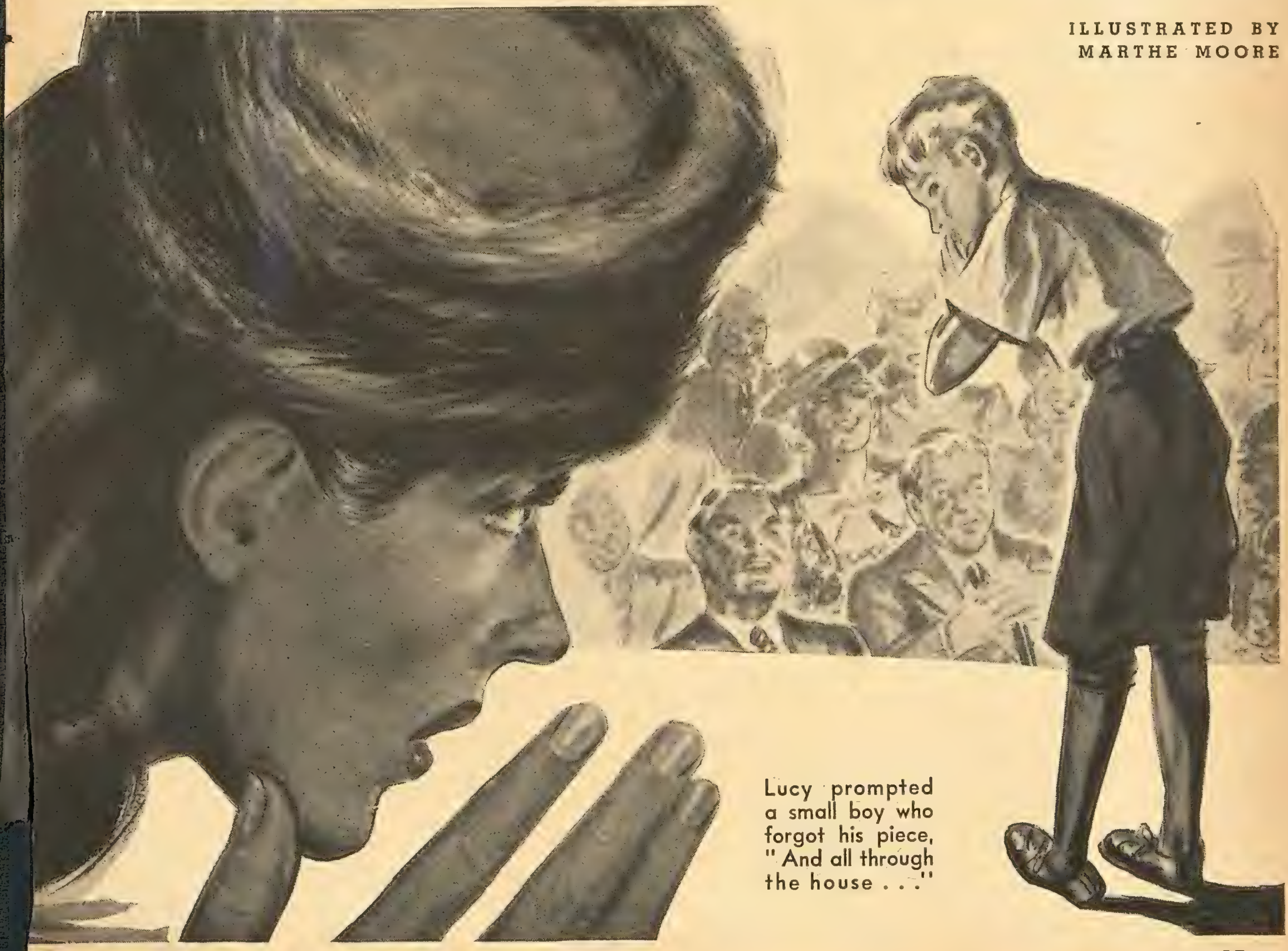
"Me! Clipped me one in the ear."

"Too many prisoners take a crack at you, Hannigan," the judge said coldly. "You ain't got any tact. Where's the guy that had him arrested?"

"He didn't show up."

"O. K.," the judge grunted. "Clear out. I'll look into

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE



Lucy prompted a small boy who forgot his piece, "And all through the house . . ."

him. If I need any more charges, I'll let you know."

Hannigan sulkily vanished.

Theophilus, under questioning, told his name and where he worked.

"Big mill," the judge remarked thoughtfully.

"Your Honor," Theophilus said forcibly, "I'm convinced that bully who had me arrested told Officer Hannigan to challenge my driver's license and the plates on the car."

The judge picked around in Theophilus' mind until he reached the yearning for a Christmas Eve program in an old country school.

"Up in my neck of the woods," the judge said, leaning forward, "we used to hold them programs Christmas night so's the kids could turn in early the night before and give the farm folks a chance to trim their Christmas trees. I can smell that schoolhouse now! Evergreen boughs fresh outa the woods behind Tim Tyler's pond. A wood fire in an old round stove. And some poor kid always forgot his piece— Buck!" he roared.

A stout policeman appeared.

"Where's this guy's car?" Judge McCorkle demanded. "Mine's laid up," he explained.

The car, Buck guessed, was in the city garage.

"There's been some dirty work in this arrest," the judge said unpleasantly. "I intend to parole this prisoner for the day in my custody. And, Buck—call up a bird by the name of Tim Tyler and find out if they still have them programs in the schoolhouse Christmas night. If they do, fill up the prisoner's car with oil and gas."

Farm folks liked it, he told Theophilus, when a country boy got somewhere and went back and looked up his friends. "I know 'em up there," he added, "for miles around."

"Your Honor," Theophilus said hastily, "it—it's impossible for me to leave Arlington today. I—I'll have to locate Miss Scofield and—and apologize."

LEONA DALRYMPLE

submitted two novels anonymously in a competition; one took first prize and the other was judged second best. Both became best sellers. She was born in New Jersey, has traveled widely, is married. She lives in New York in the winter and in Connecticut in summer.

The judge consulted a memorandum. "That the girl in the Western Union?" he queried. "Where's she live?"

"I—I don't know."

The judge roared, "Buck!" Buck returned. "Tell the desk sergeant," the judge ordered, "to call up the Western Union and locate a girl by the name of Scofield. Find out if the prisoner can reach her on a telephone—"

Theophilus seized his last hope of escape. "I—I prefer to see her."

The judge opened a door behind the bench. "Wait in my office," he directed. "I gotta coupla more prisoners."

Theophilus waited. At quarter of ten the office door opened and Judge McCorkle came in.

"Miss Scofield," he said, "is out in the courtroom."

Theophilus sprang up, white with dismay.

"Make it snappy," the judge added. "I'd like to go home first and change my clothes."

Theophilus vanished, closing the door. In the courtroom, Lucy stood near the railing around the bench.

"Merciful heavens!" Theophilus said unhappily. "Did they drag you into this in the Black Maria?"

"No," Lucy said. "A policeman came in a radio car. Theophilus, it was Dick's fault, most of it. I made him admit it."

"But," Theophilus said, "I shouldn't have hit him." He hoped Lucy couldn't hear the painful thud of his heart.

"It was dreadful for Dick too," Lucy said in a low voice. "He was meeting some people in the Bristol for dinner. They all saw you—fighting. One of the men in the party may buy a fleet of trucks. Did Judge McCorkle fine you?"

Theophilus told his story.

"I have to spend the day with him," he concluded, gloomily staring at the judge's door. "Pepper Falls. He's already robbed the taxpayers of a load of gas and oil and put it in my car."

"There must be some way—" Lucy said. "You'll have to get away from him."

"Get away from him!" Theophilus echoed. "Did you get a good look at his face? He's got the nose of an old Roman racketeer. I don't suppose," he added, a flicker of hope in his glance, "that you'd care to ride around all day and invade the judge's roots in Pepper Falls?"

"Do you think he would let me go?"

THEOPHILUS drove north at half past ten, with Lucy beside him and Judge McCorkle, in his most prosperous clothing, in the rear seat of his car.

At noon Judge McCorkle spotted the first landmark of his boyhood. "Drive in here," he ordered heartily. "It's Lou Lefferts' fruit farm."

Theophilus clutched at a straw. "Judge," he said, "could Miss Scofield and I wait in the car? I won't jump parole."

"Lock the ignition," the judge grunted, "and gimme the key."

He came back in twenty minutes with a large family group in gingham aprons and shawls and sweaters. Men clapped him on the back and called after the car, "Come back again, Gus!"

Theophilus backed out of the lane, feeling a great deal better. He believed then that he had satisfactorily cleared up some points in his Christmas Eve that Lucy had seemed to find a little mystifying.

By one o'clock the judge was in high feather. He was on his fourth farm. They waited for him in the lane.

"Theophilus," Lucy said soberly, "have you actually saved eleven thousand dollars? At your age!"

"I wouldn't have told you that," he said, flushing, "if you hadn't been afraid I couldn't afford the car. The car wasn't your fault, Lucy. I've wanted a car for years—"

"Years!" Lucy cut in, in an odd voice. "On a bookkeeper's salary, economy like yours had to be dreadful! What *did* you hope to gain?"

His eyes, gay and blue, lingered on her challenging face. "I'll come to a good end!" he said promptly.

"Are you sure?"

"Well," he said cautiously, "the bank has discussed it with my sister. It's always been understood that some day, when I'd saved enough, I'd encounter a Big Business Opportunity and nail it down. Sometimes," he added lightly, "I see myself, in nightmares, withered and bent with age, tracking down a Big Business Opportunity and shooting it with a blunderbuss!"

But Lucy didn't smile. "Theophilus"—her eyes were troubled—"do you ever say things like that to your sister?"

"Heavens, no!" he said, horrified.

"I think you should!" Lucy said. Her warm voice moved uneasily in his mind. "Perhaps things like that are really you."

Judge McCorkle reappeared with another group of his farm friends, half of a pumpkin pie, a bag of apples, and three pieces of black fruitcake.

They lunched in the car. Theophilus ate his pie driving with one hand. "Theollipur—" the judge began thickly—"when you git to the gristmill, turn right."

At dusk, blue drifted down from the hills and filled the valley. Village windows bloomed in primrose squares, in twinkling patterns of Christmas trees. The first afterglow of the winter sunset blazed redly through a sharp dark lace of trees.

They ate Christmas dinner with Tim Tyler and sixteen relatives in a big country kitchen. After dinner Judge McCorkle descended the cellar stairs to inhale a remembered odor of Tim's apples in winter bins.

A procession of small cars backed out of the Tyler lane at quarter of seven and followed a short dirt road to a small weather-beaten schoolhouse at the head of a hollow.

It was all as the judge had predicted.

The judge sat with Lucy and Theophilus in seats of honor in the front of the schoolhouse, and Lucy prompted the small boy who forgot his piece, "'And all through the house . . .'"

Theophilus' car departed from Pepper Falls filled with additional plunder from Mr. Tyler's cellar. Odors of ham and bacon drifted out of the tonneau.

The judge listened curiously to the low-voiced conversation in the front seat of the car.

As Theophilus drove slowly down a hill above the twinkling lights of Arlington, Lucy said, “And tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow—” Theophilus sighed.

“You'll go back to all of it!” Lucy said with sudden intensity. “Always knowing what you want to do and then doing something else. Like leaving the mill—”

“You leavin' the mill?” Judge McCorkle demanded.

Theophilus jumped. “Judge,” he stammered, glancing over his shoulder, “I thought you were asleep.”

“Theollipur,” the judge said deliberately, “I been sittin' here puttin' two and two together, and it seems to me you're the kind of a problem a fella can't handle in no ordinary way. Instid of finin' you in the morning, I intend to tell your sister she's got your feet in the wrong pair of shoes. Stop at your sister's boardin'house. I'll finish it up tonight, before I turn you loose.”

“Whatever discussion proves necessary,” Theophilus said coldly, “I'll handle myself.”

“O. K.!” the judge said heartily. “I'll wait in the car. You're still a prisoner paroled in my custody. As soon as you get it into your sister's head that this is a showdown you'll be released.”

Theophilus stopped the car. “Judge McCorkle,” he said, “in no circumstances would I come down on my sister bellowing out a declaration of independence!”

“Then,” the judge said ominously, “you'll spend another night in jail, and tomorrow night you'll be in the local papers, publicly fined for disturbin' the peace.” . . .

Except for occasional upper windows, the old sandstone house was dark in a wintry expanse of lawn and trees.

Raging, Theophilus left the judge and Lucy in the car and went up the walk, hating himself and his agitated surrender.

He followed a flagstone walk to the back of the house.

Once, in his childhood, he remembered, he had given away his overcoat to a small boy in rags, and Minerva had had to borrow money to buy him another. And once—Minerva's patient voice echoed out of his memory: “You are a difficult child, Theophilus. What did you do with your other penny? You will have to be taught that money never grows on trees!” A good, courageous sentinel over the needs of his youth.

If I wasn't weak-kneed and spineless, Theophilus thought, smoldering, I'd go back and tell McCorkle—

He remained motionless under the lamplit reflection of his sister's windows, facing a painful truth that all day he had been evading. In the end it drove him back to the car.

“Judge McCorkle,” he said quietly, “I've come back to tell you to go to hell! When I talk to my sister it won't be with a police-court club hanging over my head. Some of this has been a weakness in me. If I'd had courage enough to live my own life—”

“I think, myself, a better backbone mighta kept you out of court,” the judge said bluntly. “My apartment,” he added in expressionless tones, “is 11 Christy Place. Stop there first. We'll carry this loot in and I'll grab a shot of bicarbonate of soda. I'm gittin' a touch of indigestion. After that you can drop me off at the City Club.”

Theophilus in grim silence obeyed.

This kid is O. K., the judge thought. He'll git outa them apron strings without hurtin' his sister. All he needed to wake him up was a good stiff jolt.

At the City Club, Theophilus turned in his seat. “Well,” he said quietly, “do I drive myself back to jail?”

“Theollipur,” the judge said sternly, “if I ever catch you in police court again, I'll come down on you heavy! That goes for tomorrow morning too.” . . .

Driving away from the City Club, Theophilus said abruptly, “Lucy, let's drive once around the lake before I take you home. This is probably the last time I'll ever see you—”

“I suppose,” Lucy said, “you'll always think of me as a sort of a Christmas jinx—”

“No,” he said, looking straight ahead of him; “but I'll have to think of you as a girl who's engaged to Dick Eldredge.”

“No.” Lucy's voice was quiet. “No, you won't, Theophilus. I'm not engaged to Dick. Not any more.”

His heart leaped and contracted. “It was my fault!”

Lucy shook her head. “We've quarreled too many other nights besides last night since Dick got so popular in the big estates around Arlington. He'll be happier free. So will I.”

I must go—slow! Theophilus thought, his heart racing. I mustn't tell her for a long time that for months I've been in love with her.

The car had come out on a high boulevard on the shores of a lake, and across the water, faintly splashed with reflected stars, the amber windows of a houseboat patched the windy darkness. Music drifted over the lake and furry figures moved indistinctly around a Christmas tree on the forward deck.

I know, Lucy thought, exactly what kind of a child he was. A little irresponsible towheaded boy with gay blue eyes and a generous mouth.

Theophilus was still watching the Christmas tree on the houseboat. He was wondering if the future would hold such trees for him in pleasant rooms where Lucy walked—tinseled trees sparkling over the heads of his children.

“Lucy,” he said cautiously, “I don't intend to use this car again until I get a license, but suppose tomorrow night we start out on the hoof and take in a picture show.”

“Theollipur,” Lucy said, “I'd love it!”

THE END

20 QUESTIONS

1—Not many months ago headlines heralded the passing of this American jurist (refer to early photo). Following the law, he moved from Marion to Cheyenne, and eventually to Washington and the highest tribunal. Who?

2—Monkeys serve as jockeys in what kind of races?

3—Who, convicted of a bombing, has spent twenty-two years in San Quentin?

4—Which battle did General Pershing call “the Gettysburg of the World War”?

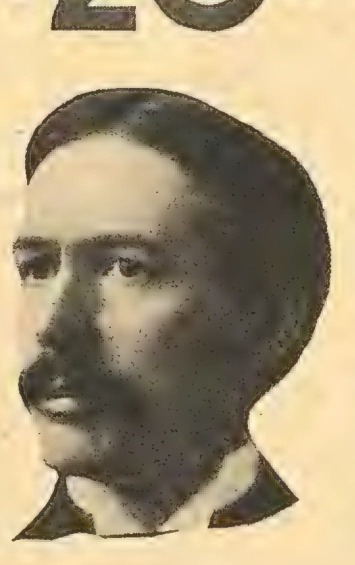
5—How much is the tuition at Annapolis?

6—What twenty-three-year-old radio thespian obtained a sponsor by scaring the pants off the United States?

7—Who is “the Last of the Red-Hot Mamas”?

8—If young foxes are cubs, what is a mature male fox called?

9—Where are sixty queens mentioned in the Bible?



10—What is coney fur?

11—Which dance favorites of a quarter century ago invented the bunny hug?

12—Was Helen Keller born deaf and dumb as well as blind?

13—Is a congenital disease inherited or acquired?

14—Which variety of solitaire is considered the most difficult and most interesting?

15—Is it a crime to be a sexagenarian?

16—Marguerite Gertrude Zelle, from Holland, was better known by what name?

17—In which country was the guillotine invented?

18—Did Rudyard Kipling, O. Henry, or Charles Proteus Steinmetz write The Light that Failed?

19—Which province was formerly Upper Canada?

20—Who, starring in moving pictures, is the daughter of Richard and the sister of Joan and Barbara?

(*Answers will be found on page 50*)

BY U. S. Senator HARRY FLOOD BYRD

OF VIRGINIA

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IT has again been demonstrated, as it often has been in the past, that however large an amount of money a President may ask of Congress it will be given to him. In the recent session items aggregating over twelve billion dollars were appropriated, and Congress wrote the check. Thus demonstrating that we have arrived at a condition of financial irresponsibility, of money-madness, of spending frenzy that is without parallel in the history of the world.

The Congress has been urged to one profligacy after another under the whip of the administration. At every step it has paused, waited for the assent of public opinion. It must have felt that it has that assent, because it has spent as money was never spent before.

It has spent in amounts that the mind cannot measure. Even a single billion, until recently, has been a figure used scarcely at all except in estimating the aloofness of the stars. And now we have twelve billion dollars appropriated to run the country for a single year!

Perhaps the amount might be better understood if we converted it into real and personal property. Turning to the government's Statistical Abstract to get an idea of such values over large areas, we find that, beginning at the northwest corner of the United States, to make up $12,000,000,000, we would have to sell all that is and appertains to the State of Washington, 5 billion; Oregon, 3.4 billion; Idaho, 1.5 billion; and Montana, 2.2 billion. This is the bite that a single year of spending would take out of the map of the nation.

Twelve billion dollars is a vast deal to pour out in a year. It is three billion more than was spent by the federal government in the twenty-five years between 1875 and 1900, when we were already quite a nation.

And how have we reached this stupendous figure? Well, watch the parade of billions (not counting soldiers' bonus and loans) appropriated during the past seven years: 1933, 3.4 billions; 1934, 5.1 billions; 1935, 6.1 billions; 1936, 6.8 billions; 1937, 7.4 billions; 1938, 8.0 billions; 1939, 12.5 billions.

We have zoomed upward to these dizzying heights at an angle of ever-increasing sharpness.

This year the rise has been a direct 50 per cent of the previous year. We are now spending $18,000 every minute.

This outpouring of money, we have been led to believe, has been for relief, for the prevention of suffering among the jobless, for measures that lead to recovery.

Many of us have accepted this as a fact. We may have thought that the method of administering this relief was fundamentally wrong. Certainly it caused states and local communities to compete in alms-gathering. A premium was placed on dependence. We have shuddered at the thought of the psychology of dependence that was being pinned on 20,000,000 of our people. But it has been urged that the money spent would bring about security, stability, and prosperity.

The administration, assuming that the regular functions of government would go on as usual and that the added expenditures would plainly show themselves to be due to the emergency, inaugurated a double system of bookkeeping. It would put the emergency items in one column, and the ordinary administrative items in another.

It did just this in 1934. The surprise comes when one examines this regular budget. The money spent for these ordinary expenses of government in 1934 amounted to $2,700,000,000. Four years later, it was $5,400,000,000. The spending madness has spread to the everyday functions of government. The cost of conventional administration has doubled.

During the ten years prior to the outbreak of the European war in 1914 we spent an average of about $800,000,000 a year. During the prosperous '20s that followed the war we spent $4,000,000,000 a year; but one of those billions went to reducing the national debt. And here in the '30s we have been spending $8,000,000,000 a year, half of which had been added to the national debt instead of making some progress toward sponging the slate.

Before Congress made its last record-breaking appropriations the national debt was around $37,500,000,000. This did not include the money that was being lost by some twenty lending corporations that had been created. They have lost at least an additional $3,000,000,000 of the people's money, bringing the actual debt up to $40,500,000,000. Of the $12,500,000,000 that has been appropriated this year it is inconceivable that, with the depression bearing down as it is, more than $6,000,000,000 should be raised in taxes. We are certain to go at least $6,000,000,000 in the hole, which will bring the national debt to nearly $47,000,000,000, including losses on contingent liabilities.

The relief appropriation provides funds to last only to the end of February. There will be four months left for which a deficiency appropriation must be passed. At the rate of expenditure set for the first eight months this will call for another billion. So we are set to face a national debt of $48,000,000,000 at the end of the present fiscal year.

The spending figures of those who consider this problem of national profligacy do not all agree. Some compilers, for example, are prone to ignore the losses of those lending corporations formed by the government against which, in computing the actual national debt, I have already charged $3,000,000,000. The losses may be much greater than this but there is no way of knowing. These governmental lending agencies are chartered corporations which need report to no governmental agency, and there is no way in which a mere senator can get the facts.

AMONG the many lending corporations, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, ably directed by Jesse H. Jones, is predominantly important. Its manner of making loans has been through the issuance of bonds guaranteed by the federal government. Some of its funds have been used for relief and loans to other governmental agencies and have been authorized by Congress. There was no expectation of a return of some of this money. The items were long carried on the books of the Treasury Department as assets and so did not appear as part of the national debt. Investigation by the Senate Reorganization Committee disclosed, however, that $2,600,000,000, with $30,000,000 in interest, should be written off as not recoverable.

That is an example of what I mean by the statement that nobody knows how high contingent liabilities will raise the debt.

Last session a bill was introduced into Congress which purported to appraise the assets of the Commodity Credit Corporation, another of these agencies. It looked innocent enough on its face. The appraisal revealed that, of the $100,000,000 that had been given this corporation in the beginning, some 95 per cent had been lost. This innocent-appearing bill in reality carried an appropriation of some $95,000,000 to make up for the corporation's losses.

These occasional revelations cause one to wonder just what the situation is in the many other governmental lending agencies.

In continuing this profligate spending and lending we are following a method that we know will not work. Year after year we have tried to spend ourselves out of the depression. Now, after the billions have been dumped, we are where we were before.

Yet the reckless spending continues. In the beginning of his administration the President stated that his would be the trial-and-error method; that experiments, when they did not produce the desired results, would be abandoned. His greatest success in banishing the depression

THE PARADE OF THE BILLIONS

Pungently, a leading Democrat speaks up about the New Deal's ways with our money

was in the first six months of his administration. It was then that he met the banking situation, pledged economy and a balanced budget, aroused the people to a response of industry and thrift. The pump-priming idea had not yet been born.

And look what happened! In a single four months between March and July, 1933, the Federal Reserve Bank index of production climbed from 60 to 100. There had never been a recovery like it in the history of the nation. Sound principles had been tried and had worked the miracle.

But soon this method was changed to spending as a panacea. We tried it for one, two, three, four, five, six years. The returning prosperity has disappeared. Production has slid back from 100 to 76. Unemployment increased. We have one person on the relief rolls to every one who pays an income tax.

But there is no indication of returning to the method that produced prosperity. Instead, we are plunging ahead with our spending policy.

These expenditures, while originated by the President, have, of course, been made with the approval of the Congress. This broadcasting of money from Washington has many allurements. Every community gets some of it. Members of Congress are likely to tread warily lest their states fail to get their full share. Independence of spirit may often be sacrificed to expediency.

The effect is equally demoralizing on the community and the individuals receiving the federal funds. A premium is placed on dependency. Each state and each community shares in the cash from Washington in proportion to the length of the bread lines it can show. There is incentive for maintaining a large contingent on relief rather than in its reduction.

Whoever puts the impious finger of practical economy on national extravagance is indicted as a hard-hearted individual willing to see men, women, and children starve. This is an erroneous view. What hope does a debt-ridden nation hold for its underprivileged?

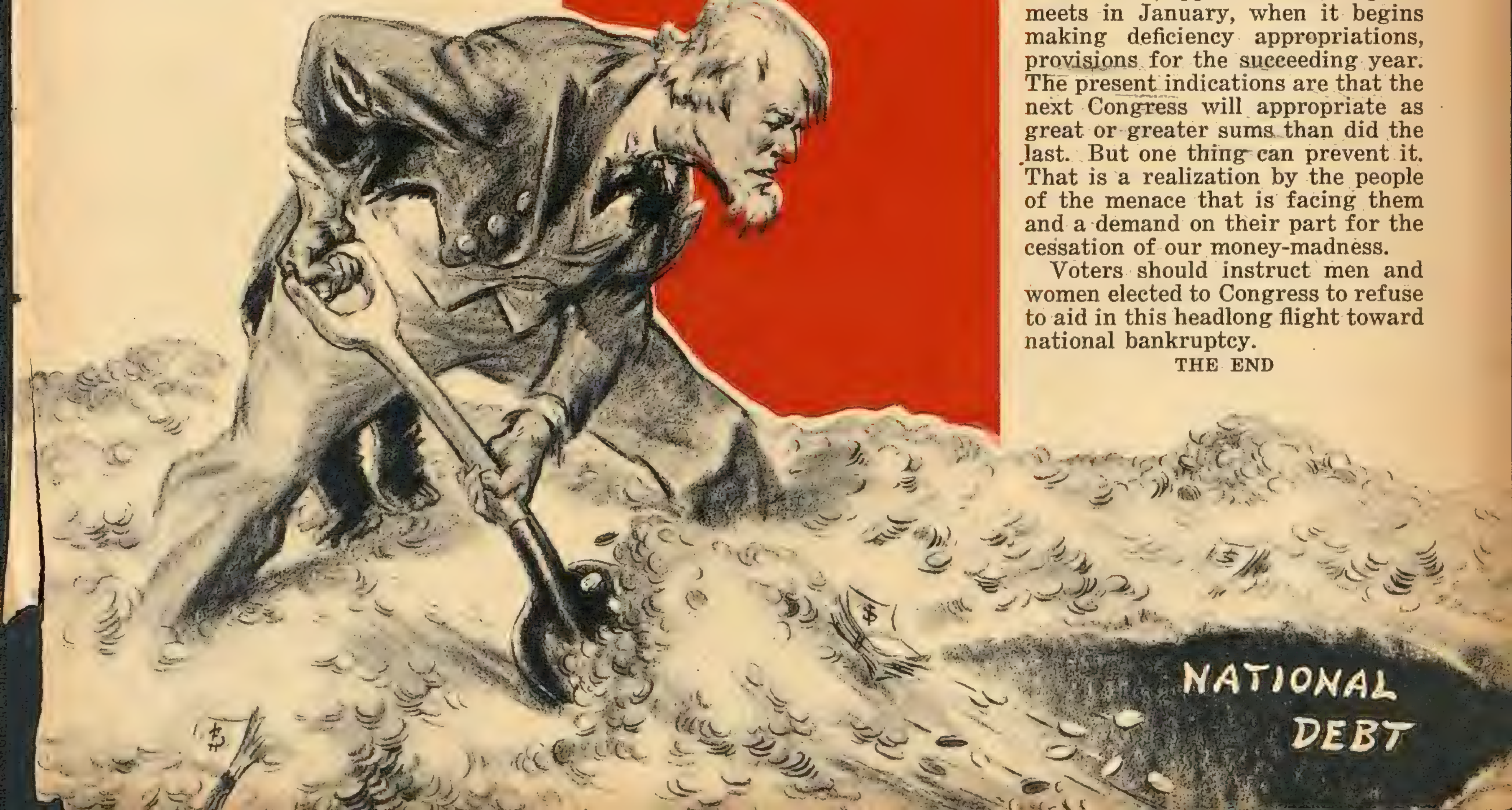
The needy must be taken care of, but we should bear in mind the demoralizing effect of permanent federal relief upon the recipient. We should seek a method of proper relief that avoids the danger of permanent regimentation of 20,000,000 Americans. We should place a part of the responsibility for relief upon the local community. Money raised by local taxation would be much more carefully spent than that which comes from a distant national capital.

Fundamentally, of course, the task is to get the idle back to normal employment. They must depend on private work instead of government jobs or relief. Business and industry must be given a new confidence. This can come only when they are able to see smooth water ahead, when they are given a chance at reasonable profits. Cry as loud as we may against the profit motive, it is still the incentive to that commercial activity which keeps the multitude at work.

When, I am constantly asked, will this spending end? It would be unsafe to base a prophecy on hopeful thinking. We have before us the facts of the recent session of Congress. That Congress increased spending with greater unrestraint than it had ever exhibited before. It is the best indication available of what will happen when Congress meets in January, when it begins making deficiency appropriations, provisions for the succeeding year. The present indications are that the next Congress will appropriate as great or greater sums than did the last. But one thing can prevent it. That is a realization by the people of the menace that is facing them and a demand on their part for the cessation of our money-madness.

Voters should instruct men and women elected to Congress to refuse to aid in this headlong flight toward national bankruptcy.

THE END



TWO-TON TONY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

WHO'LL beat Joe Louis?

"I'll beat Joe Louis," says Two-Ton Tony. "I'll mow him down."

And maybe he will.

For Tony Galento, 230-pound Jersey saloonkeeper—in spite of tentative attempts to revive Papa Baer as a box-office favorite—is generally recognized as number one contender for the Barrow boy's heavyweight crown.

To be sure, the Beer Behemoth is not streamlined in the best athletic or aesthetic traditions. He is puffy, lubberly, swag-bellied, and obese. Yet Tony Galento has one quality which the paying public values in a champion fighter: he can fight.

So let's have a look at this abdominous creature.

First, both literally and figuratively, comes the Galento girth. His is the most rotund breadbasket that ever preceded a first-class fighter into battle. Tom Heeney, who assisted Tunney to pick up a final million just before Gentleman Gene retired, was a boy-form sylph compared with "the barrel that walks like a man."

The barrel reference is a compliment to Tony's contours. Actually, from head to belt, he is shaped like a bowling pin—all ten of them—and from that point south like an inverted pear or the nether end of a top.

The only thing that is really flat about Tony is his face, and even that, from east to west, is as round as a phonograph disk. It's a Mickey Mouse effect, minus the protruding nose, with a little of the old-time Kewpie and Billiken thrown in. Stripped for action, this Falstaff in shorts looks like one of those portly jujitsuing Japanese or a Chinese Santa Claus who wears his beard all over his body. For Tony has more hair on his chest than the fist fans have glimpsed since that night in a New York ball park when Luis Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, knocked Jack Dempsey out of the pitcher's box before the champion of champions had a chance to go into his wind-up.

Anyway, Tony is not only the most colorful battler since John L. Sullivan, but he trains the way John L. used to, too. His training camp is the Galento saloon. His pre-bout diet is a mug of beer and a hot dog, repeated to capacity. His road work is turning the steering wheel of the Galento sedan.

For many "obesity is the mother of abstinence," but not for Tony. He is one bartender who takes his own medicine. To beer or not to beer is never the question with him: he beers.

So far, this one-man riot's training methods don't seem to have had any unfortunate effect on his ring success. His record has been a blow a beer—which is better than many an impeccably conditioned gym fighter can show when he gets into the rosin ring.

But rotogravure reproductions of a grinning boy, relaxing in his Orange, New Jersey, saloon and holding high a foaming mug of suds, when he was supposed to be waddling down the home stretch of a long hard training season, proved almost as upsetting to the dignity of the New York Boxing Commissioners as Tony's own dukes regularly were to the equilibrium of his ring opponents.

The same Boxing Commissioners' reputation for brightness received no additional polish some years ago when, on the eve of the Baer-Carnera fight, one of their number declared Baer unfit to fight because he wouldn't stop clowning with his sparring partners, only to have Baer go into the ring and knock the Brobdingnagian Da Preem clean out of the fight game.

The suspicion lingers that in Tony's case they hadn't heard about repeal. Anyway, they suspended him and his manager, Joe Jacobs.

Subsequently, when the Commissioners needed a real gate attraction to hitch up with the competent but colorless Nathan Mann, they reinstated the still beer-drinking Tony but left broad-minded Joseph out in the cold.

And Joe's professional pride was hurt. He liked basking in the floodlights, being pointed out as the power behind the punch. There was also a little matter of a hundred smackers he had to pay somebody else to stand in Galento's corner and help rush the growler between rounds, if any. So, for many reasons, Joe Jacobs chewed the crumpled leaves of his Havano-Connecticut panatela and grieved.

Now, Tony Galento is the sentimental type. He cannot bear to see any one suffer unless he has inflicted the suffering himself. So, when Jacobs booked a fight for him with dark-colored lightweight champion John Henry Lewis, Tony upped and said he'd train for it "like those other bums do"—the idea being to reinstate Manager Joe with the Commission.

Whereupon the Boy Scout Colossus, bent on good deeds, motored over to Madame Bey's training camp at Summit, New Jersey, got himself into an unaccustomed sweat flattening three sparring partners, caught cold on the way back to the saloon, acquired a temperature of 104°, came down with pneumonia, absorbed three blood transfusions, spent five days under an oxygen tent, and nearly died.

Tony tried to fight his way out of the oxygen tent, and nothing but Manager Joe's influence kept him from massacring the entire working staff of the Orange Memorial Hospital. When he finally realized that pneumonia was no palooka and that he was in for the fight of his life, he lapsed into his old bravado and his favorite phrase.

THE HUMAN BEER BARREL

Can he beat Joe Louis?—A colorful closeup of America's most astonishing prizefighter

BY "YANKEE STADE"

Two-Ton Tony enjoying the rigors of his liquid training diet. Left: The result.

"I'll lick it," he insisted, "like I did those other bums."

And he did.

Now, far be it from me to draw any moral or immoral conclusions from this sequence of events; but there are those unregenerate souls who feel that what happened to Tony Galento when he momentarily allowed his heart to sway his stomach is the greatest victory for light wines and beers since Mabel Willebrandt returned to private practice.

As for Tony himself, he is more than ever against prohibition and all for repeal. He would rather spend his training season under a barrel bung than under an oxygen tent, and hereafter he is jolly well going to fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer and all winter to drink himself into condition.

It is sad to think what might happen if—on top of this singular coincidence of Tony's getting sick the moment he stopped drinking—the pot-bellied one should go on to lick flat-tummied, pop-drinking Joe Louis and become the champion of the world. By conservative estimate, it would set back the cause of healthful living in this country a hundred years—which is almost as far back as Tony's backbone is from his belt buckle.

For all his idiosyncrasies, Tony Galento isn't a bad fellow. There is little danger of his doing a Max Baer along the primrose path. He has already sown his wild oats—and they came up hops. As an actor, however, he should have a longer and more glamorous career than handsome Maxie ever dreamed of having.

The fact that Tony is by name and presumably by descent an Italian creates a race problem only in the life of Manager Joe Jacobs; and he is used to them. Tony has never been much for politics. His only domestic platform is light wines and beers, and as for foreign policy, he cares more for muscles than for Mussolini. Throughout the Ethiopian crisis the Jersey Night Stick remained completely indifferent. He was starting on an Ethiopian quest of his own. Even now, his greatest ambition, next to writing a testimonial for a brand of beer, is to do to Champion Joseph Louis Barrow what Mussolini did to Haile Selassie.

That he will get a chance to do it there is little doubt. Between him and his goal stand only Papa Max and a lot of palookas. It will take more than the "little child shall lead them" motif to get the cash customers out to see Max clown his way again into one of the Dark Devastator's barrages of wallops and whams, whereas the crowd will pay to see Tony even with second-raters.

As for the palookas, he has already achieved a considerable purge of the heavyweight ranks—and some that aren't so rank. In his last six fights he has flattened Al Ettore, Leroy Haynes, Lorenzo Pack, Charley Massera, Nathan Mann, and Harry Thomas. Even if the Commissioners insist on going through the form of a blowdeo to determine Louis' challenger, it is extremely unlikely that Tony would come out feet first from a battle with any of these so-called contenders.

Compared with such run-of-the-mill white hopes, Tony Galento is "a Triton among the minnows."

Whether he can get to Addis Ababa with Champion Joe is a very different matter. That boy can fight.

Asked how he expected to beat Louis, Two-Ton Tony refrained from using his favorite phrase, "Like I did those other bums"—even Tony speaks politely of the man who defeated Schmeling, Braddock, and Baer! But since he apparently knows only one way to fight, we will, as he says, "analyze" it.

It can be done in a sentence: Knock the other fellow bowlegged.

The Marquis of Queensberry wouldn't have cared much for Tony. He doesn't pretend to be a student of scientific sockology. He just wades in and cuffs and busts and wallops and whams until his opponent is bouncing on the canvas and it's time to go home and open up another barrel.

Willie Keeler used to say he "hit 'em where they ain't." Two-Ton Tony hits 'em where they is. It's a splendid method.

The critics say that Galento has only one punch—a long swinging motion of the left arm—but it usually takes only one punch to win a prize fight, if the punch is punchy enough; and Tony's Big Bertha has enough *oof* to commit mayhem.

Fortunately for the other pug, it lands only about every sixth time. The other five blows plow the air and sometimes the referee. But the sixth one is a stiffener, a jolt that's guaranteed to unhinge the neck.

He throws 'em fast, too. There is an old saying that "the more waist, the less speed," but it doesn't seem to apply to Tony Galento. Outside the ring, to be sure, he lumbers about like a portly hippopotamus; but once in the rosined square, he is, as Sydney Smith said of Daniel Webster, "a steam engine in trousers."

Tony, at this stage of his career, may not be able to get by Louis' improved defense and lift that lethal left of his to the button. If he isn't, Louis will probably find some way to slap down his ears. But there'll be no brotherly love spilled in the process. Old Satchel Feet will be in there swinging all the way. And if Tony *should* go down before Louis' leather tornado, he still has an ace up his belt. No one, not even the referee, will know whether he is lying down or standing up!

THE END

ROCKABY BRADY

READING TIME 20 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ROCKABY BRADY, a prizefighter with a bad lung, is heading with his trainer, Mushroom Mike O'Leary, and his last hundred dollars, for a sanatorium near the Mexican border. In the desert he rescues a girl of eleven or twelve from two gunmen who have her bound and gagged in a car. Mush thinks she may be Hilda Clavering, a movie star who was kidnaped, but she insists she is the daughter of one of the thugs. Mush and Rocky take her with them, and when they are questioned by police in the town of Santa Martina, she swears that Rocky is her father. To avoid explanations, he lets the story stand.

Philip St. Albans, a ventriloquist, takes the three to a boardinghouse run by an ex-nurse, Judith Ware, with whom Rocky promptly falls in love. St. Albans' girl, Pixie Taylor, lives there too. Pixie is a cigarette girl in the Mariposa Café, across the border, and when she mentions that Fallow, the manager, needs a bouncer, Rocky applies for the job. He doesn't get it, but he does get the offer of a thousand dollars for a fight with a Mexican, Gonzalez. He knows he isn't fit to go into the ring, but he needs the money for his cure and for the child, who calls herself Virginia. So, against Mush's advice, he accepts.

Mush and Rocky are suspicious of Pixie's interest in Virginia and the doll which has been her constant companion since they found her in the desert. Rocky believes that both the blonde cigarette girl and Fallow, the café manager, know something of the mystery surrounding the child. This is partly confirmed when Pixie attempts to steal Virginia's doll one night. Only she doesn't get it; by mistake she takes St. Albans' dummy which Virginia has begged to be allowed to have in her room.

St. Albans is nearly insane at losing Pixie and his adored dummy at the same time, and demands that the police be called.

PART FOUR—PIXIE MAKES AN ACCUSATION

AFTER the brat started pounding her ear in earnest, I went into my room and stood over Mush.

"Eight," I says.

He begun to move a little.

"Nine," I says.

He comes up fighting.

"I'll murder him," he says. "I'll murder him."

"Snap into it," I says. "I ain't countin' you out, Mush. I ain't no blind referee. Put down your dukes. I'm sneaking out. You take care of the brat."

"Sure, Rocky," Mush says.

"Sit in the rocker by her bed," I says, beginning to dress myself. "I won't be long."

On the way to the Mariposa joint I begun to think things over. And the more I thought, the sorer I got.

That brat! That dirty little brat! She was the cause of everything. She was the original prize Jonah. Before I even seen her I got to clip two guys. Then I got to carry her through the desert. Then I get tossed into the cooler. And now I got to fight Gonzalez.

I don't want to fight Gonzalez. I'm all shot. I want to go to a hospital and get me a new lung. But I ain't got a chance. I got to fight Gonzalez. For one thousand bucks. And he's going to murder me.

It's maybe midnight when I step into the Mariposa and ask for Fallow. A Mexican waiter points to a door in the rear. "You go through that door, and see a little dobe shack right back of the cantina. Fallow's there."

I see the joint all right, but there's a guy standing in front of the place. He's darn near seven feet, if you ask me, and built like a circus.

"Fallow in?" I says.

The guy looks down at me, taking a good squint.

"Beat it, Mack," he says.

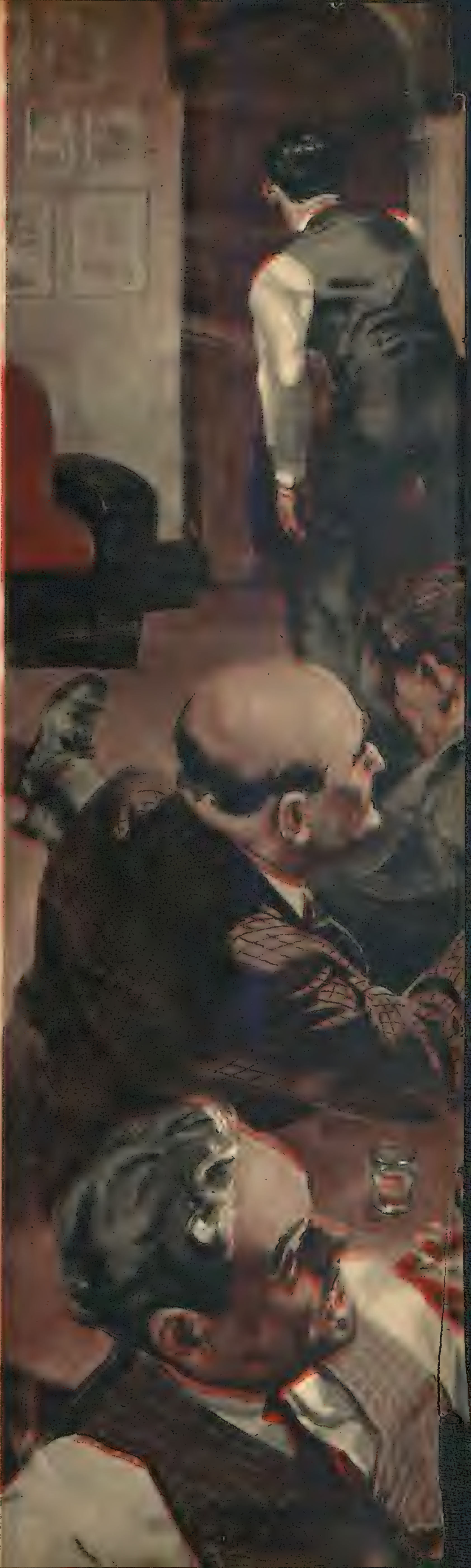
He's got a mug like you never see advertising no breakfast foods or soaps, and there's three teeth missing in the front.

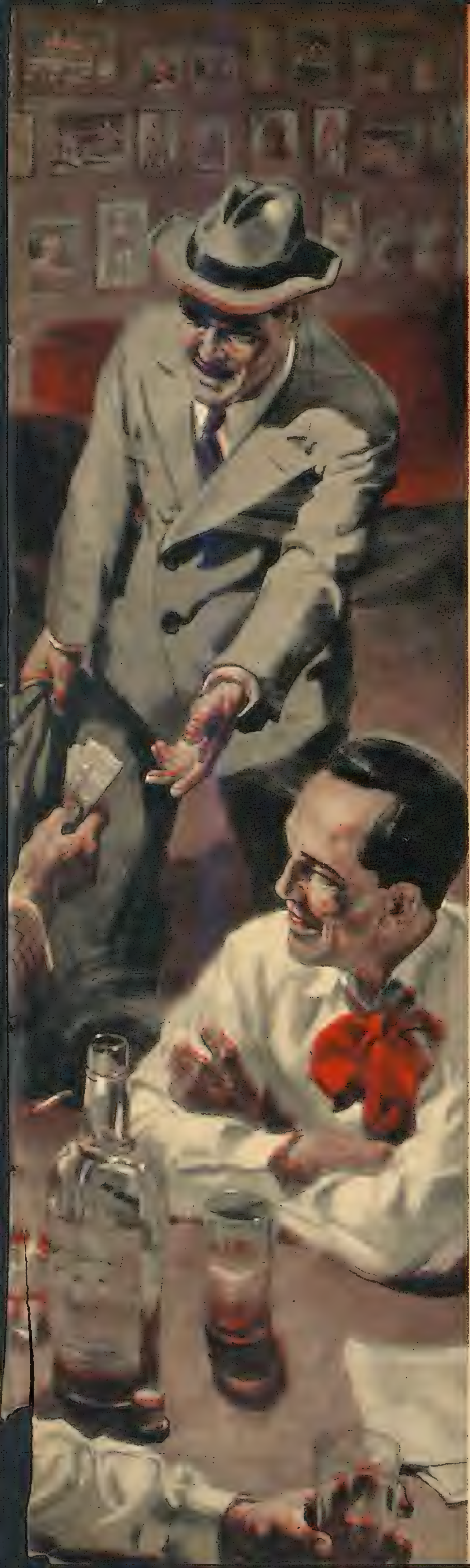
I poke him in the belly. Not much. Just a tap. But he comes down to my size. And then I press the button. He flopped funny, like a smokestack that's hit by lightning.

Fallow's in a big room off the hallway, a sort of living room with pictures of prizefighters all over the walls and pairs of dusty boxing gloves hanging in the cobwebs. Him and his pals is sitting around a table. The room's so foggy with smoke I don't make nobody but Fallow for a minute.

"About the fight," I says. "I want to know who's the referee. And don't ring no blind guy in on me. And I got to get four tickets."

Fallow don't say nothing for a minute. Nobody says nothing.





"You're wasting your time, Egboit," Fallow says, as he slips me four front-row ducats.

Here come new thrills in a brisk, biting tale of hearts and fists, mystery and adventure

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FISK

They all give me the dead pan, like they don't know what to think. Then I make the other guys. Duffy Ryan, my old manager. Gonzalez. Humpty Flynn, his manager.

"Hello, Eugenio," I says. "Hello, Humpty."

Gonzalez is drinking loganberry juice. Flynn is up to a whisky sour. And the other two are down to the cherries in their old-fashioneds.

"Well, well, well," Fallow says. "Come on in, Rock-and-Rye. Sit down. Have a drink on the house. We was just convoising about the fight."

"I ain't drinking," I says, "especially wih a guy named Duffy Ryan."

Ryan kind of changed color.

"You ain't got nothing against me, Rocky," he says. "It's all that dizzy dame's fault."

"Save it," I says, and turns to Fallow. "About them tickets. I want them in the front row, ringside."

"Sit down," he says. "Sit down. You can't bandy woids on your feet."

While we're chinning who comes in but the big guy I clipped. And he's carrying a tooth in his hand. A fang big enough to hang in front of a dentist's office.

"Look what that guy done, Mr. Fallow," he says. "He give me a sucker punch. I wasn't looking for it. I said: 'Sorry, Mack; Mr. Fallow's busy.' And I don't say no more because I'm laying in the mud, unswallowing this tooth."

Fallow gets up and looks at me funny.

"You socked Egboit?" he says.

And Gonzalez gets up, and he's kind of laughing. A nice kid, Gonzalez. Sort of girlish-looking. Sort of pretty. Big black Spanish eyes. His hair parted down the center aisle. Little pearl pin in his yellow silk tie. Nicest blue suit you ever seen. You'd think the kid was going to his own wedding. He comes over, combing his hair with one hand, mitting me with the other.

"It's a shame, Egbert," he says. "Show me just how you were standing when he socked you."

"Like this," Egbert says. "Only I didn't have the tooth in my mitts. I had it up here." And he points to his jaw. "He gives me a left in the pantry and then bangs me right in the dining room."

Gonzalez makes a funny noise in his throat, like he's trying to say "Tut-tut," or "Tschick-tschick," and them soft big eyes is turned on me reproachful.

"Punching in the belly," Gonzalez says. "Sissy stuff, Rockaby! And so needless."

And he's in the air, smacking Egbert on the button.

Egbert goes down, still holding his tooth.

"You see?" Gonzalez says.

He done that fine and never stopped combing his hair.

"That was swell, Eugenio," I says. I was polite, but I didn't like the way he was trying to show me up. So I push him gently out of the way and wait for Egbert to get up. "Your technique was good," I says, "but Egbert wasn't out cold. He wasn't even chilled, was you, Egbert?"

"Well," Egbert says, "I was kind of surprised."

With that I press the button again, and count over Egbert slow and easy. I count fourteen before he shows any sign of life.

"But only ten is needed," Gonzalez points out. "Egbert ain't Gene Toony. And you ain't no Dempsey."

He shoves me out of the way like I shoved him.

"Let me illustrate," he says. And he waves his left hand like he's throwing a kiss to a señorita up in the balcony somewhere. Just like that. A beautiful left. And then he counts up to fourteen.

"Something went wrong," he says to me. "Perhaps I counted a little too fast, Rockaby."

"You struck oil," I says. "Has any of you gents got a watch?"

"I'll time you," Fallow says. "I got a stop watch."

"Wait," Egbert says. He's weaving a little and slapping his face gently with both hands. And then he smiles and lays another tooth. A little one. "Anybody got a cigarette paper?" he says.

Humpty Flynn throws him a book of papers. Egbert wraps his teeth in one of them, shoves it into his vest. He grins like a kid. "I always save my teeth," he says.

"Ready?" Fallow says.

This time Egbert squares off, and I clip him with a left, like Gonzalez done. We wait around until he sits up, and Fallow says, "Exactly eight seconds."

I figure I'm being gypped. I counted twenty. But I don't say nothing.

"Bah," Ryan says. "Anybody could lick that chopping block. I could lick him myself."

"Go ahead," I said.

Duffy gets set and takes a poke at Egbert. And Egbert takes a poke at him.

Egbert gets down on his hands and knees and sticks a finger in Duffy's mouth, looking for loose teeth.

"You're wasting your time, Egboit," Fallow says, as he slips me four front-row ducats for the fight. "That guy's so tight he even nails down his teeth. Scram now. A swell bouncer you are. Beat it. Get out."

"I can use this guy," I says, pointing a heel at Ryan; "unless you want him."

"Of coise," he says. "Of coise, By-by. He ain't no use to me. The fight's fifteen rounds. Fred Aragon's the referee. And he ain't no crook. And I'm glad you seen my boy's left. You'll be seeing a lot of that left Sadday night, By-by."

I got Duffy Ryan's coat collar in my right, so I mitt him with the other duke.

"Excuse my left," I says.

"Oh," Fallow says, "by the way, where's Miss Taylor—Pixie Taylor? She ain't shown up tonight."

"I ain't seen her neither," I says. I know he's lying, but what can I do about it? "So long."

I dragged Duffy outside, and Egbert helped me bring him to.

"Sorry, Mack," he says. "Didn't know he was a pal of yours or I wouldn't tagged him so hard."

DUFFY didn't say nothing on the way home, just kept feeling his chin. I parked him in St. Albans' bed and tiptoed into the brat's room.

Like I expected, Mush was sound asleep in the rocker. But he come up fighting when he heard my step. Naturally that woke the brat.

"Did he get her?" she says.

I didn't know what she was talking about.

"St. Albans," she said. "Did he find Pixie?"

"Oh, him," I says. "He ain't come back."

"Is anybody hungry in the house?" Mush says.

"Back in the hay with you," I says. "We got to fight Saturday night."

"Sure, Rocky," he says. "Back in the hay. Night, lassie. We got to fight Saturday night."

The brat's all excited about that.

"I'm going to see it," she says.

"You bet you are," I says. "From the front row. Where I can keep my eye on you. Mush will sit with you. And Judith. And maybe St. Albans. I can't leave you alone here while I fight Gonzalez."

"You'll murder him, daddy," she says.

"Go to sleep," I says.

"But I ain't said my prayers. I forgot them. And you forgot them too."

I listened to her prayers and heaved her back in the hay. And before I know it she's singing in my lap and it's broad daylight. And she's talking fight.

"Lay off me," I says. "I'm dead for sleep."

I woke up Mush.

"You're in the brat's corner now," I says. "I'm going to get some sleep."

"Sure, Rocky," Mush says. "He'll murder you if you don't get some sleep. Who's the gentleman in St. Albans' bed, Rocky?"

"Duffy Ryan," I says. "Now beat it. I'm all in. Me and Gonzalez was doing some tricks in the Mariposa. He's fresh as a daisy. Me, I'm wore out."

"He'll murder you," Mush says. "He'll murder you."

Well, I got some sleep. Not much, but more than I expected. I woke up once, hearing Judith's voice at the telephone downstairs. It soothed me, like the sound of water. And I no sooner closed my eyes, it seemed to me, than I was sitting up in bed and the sound of a police siren ringing in my knob.

Mush comes running in.

"The ops-kay," he says. "What you done, Rocky?"

"Nothing but loosen a guy's teeth," I says.

"Maybe it's St. Albans done it, then," Mush says. "Maybe he murdered her, Rocky."

"Who?" I says. "Pixie?"

All the time I'm getting into my pants and shirt.

"Sure, Rocky," Mush says. "Pixie. He come home awhile ago, talking to himself. In three voices. And all of them smoking hot."

It was an ambulance sure enough, and it stopped right outside the house. I took the stairs three at a time, and at the bottom I bump into St. Albans. Judith comes running out of the kitchen, and the brat from the living room. And we all tried to get out the front door together.

THERE are a couple of cops coming up the walk. Not the two me and Mush clipped. One of them's got the dummy in his arms. St. Albans rushes at him.

"Is he hurt?" he says.

"No," the dummy says. "I'm all right. But what's the matter with you? You been on another bender?"

The cop almost drops the dummy, he's so flustered. He looks at the other cop. The other cop looks at him. They both look at St. Albans.

"What kind of a screwy joint is this?" the first cop asks the other one.

"Avaunt!" St. Albans says. "Hand him over. I'll break every bone in his body. I'll flay him alive."

He snatches the dummy and shakes it. Hard.

"Dastard!" he says. "Monster! Traitor! Scoundrel! What have you done with her? Where is she?"

Judy leans against me heavily.

"I feel faint," she says.

"Feint with your left," the brat sings out.

"Screwy," says the cops. "Bats."

"Don't call us screwy," the brat says. "My daddy clips cops, don't you, daddy?"

"Shut up," I says.

My mouth and nose are full of Judith's hair and, in spite of everything, it's like being in heaven.

"Something's happened to Pixie," Judith murmurs. "Something terrible."

"Pixie?" one cop says. "Say, that's a good one. I almost forgot. Pixie Taylor live here?"

"Yes," Judith says. I can feel her trembling.

The cop waves his hand to the driver of the ambulance.

"O. K.," he says. "Bring her in."

Two cops get out of the machine, holding Pixie between them. Judith and St. Albans run down the steps and along the walk, then stopped all of a sudden.

Pixie was beat up so bad they weren't sure she was Pixie.

"She was like this when she come over the border," one of the cops says. "Maybe she was out in a car, or something. She hasn't been able to tell us a thing."

St. Albans picked her up in his arms.

"Pixie!" he says. And then he says, "It's all right, darling. I won't scold you, Pixie. Nor him!"

"And very generous of you," says the dummy, as sarcastic as you please. "Good old St. Albans won't scold you for being half killed. No, no. It's quite all right."

"Silence!" the ventriloquist yells. "I'll attend to you later. This is all your fault. If you hadn't run away with her—"

"Run away with her?" the dummy says. "So that's what's in your filthy mind!"

"Silence!" St. Albans yells again, only louder.

He went through the door, but we could hear him and the dummy talking all the way up the stairs.

"Call a doctor," Judith says to me.

"She's been examined by a doctor," a cop says. "Dr. Gray. That's how we knew who she was. He knew her. He knows you too, Miss Ware—if that's your name. A slight concussion and a few minor bruises, he says. It looks a lot worse than it is. He'll be in later on."

Another cop edges up and hands Judith the dress that belonged to the brat's doll. It was dirty and torn and there was blood on it.

"She had this in her hand," he says.

"Thanks," Judith says, and beats it upstairs to take care of Pixie. Me and Mush and the brat all stood looking at each other, and didn't know what to do or say, or nothing.

"Who's the screwy guy?" one of the cops asks.

"Search me," the brat says. "You all look alike to me."

The cops look at me like they want to murder me, and the brat laughs and lams up on the porch and makes faces at them.

I never felt so tired in my life. I went in the living room and flopped in a chair. I'm sorry for Pixie, of course. But I can't do nothing for her. I can't even call a doctor. So I think maybe I can get a little sleep.

"Stick around," I told Mush. "Don't let nobody in. If I don't get some sleep I'll go screwy too."

"Sure, Rocky," Mush says. "Not that fighting Gonzalez ain't screwy enough. But she's worth it, Rocky. The lassie's worth it, the poor little orphan brat."

I get maybe forty winks when St. Albans stalks in with the dummy on his arm. He squats in a chair opposite me and scowls.

"Now, villain," he says, "tell me the truth. What happened between you and that soulless jade? And if you lie—"

He glared at the dummy. But the dummy don't say nothing. And he can't do nothing but smile. He looks as funny as a drunk at a wake, but he can't help that, seeing the smile is built into him.

"The arrogance of it," St. Albans says. "The infamy of it."

"Arrah," Mush says, "don't be deviling him. Was it you run away with her, and left him behind, he'd have nothing but soothering words for the two of you."

"Don't interfere, Mr. O'Leary," St. Albans says. "The little demon has done an abominable thing."

"Him?" Mush says, like he was the dummy's mouthpiece up before the judge. "He never had a chance. He was with the lassie, mind you, when Pixie come in and stole him. What could he do?"

St. Albans looked at Mush and then at the dummy.

"Ah," he said. "Of course. She was jealous of the child. Of course."

He thought that over a minute.

"Of course she was," he says. Then he started petting the dummy and sort of smiling at him. "Why didn't you tell me?" he says.

The dummy don't say nothing. And that gets St. Albans' nanny.

"He's angry," he says. "He won't talk to me."

"Stick a pin in him," the brat says, "and he'll talk."

"I'm sorry," St. Albans says to the dummy. "I'm terribly sorry, chum. Please forgive me."

The dummy just ignores him. St. Albans pleads with him until he can't stand it no more.

"Sure," Mush says, "I don't blame him. The things you said to him. And him up all night, fighting for Pixie, no doubt. And without a wink of sleep. Take him upstairs now and give him a rest. Let him sleep off his anger at you and 'tis a new man he'll be when he wakes up. And think of how happy you'll all be when this blows over. The three of you. Like as like can be."

"You think he'll get over it?" St. Albans whispers.

"Never," the dummy says. "Never."

And St. Albans gets up, a broken man.

The brat hopped up on my lap after St. Albans left, and put her arms around me. She was all warm and soft and nice to smell. But I couldn't take it. I was too tired.

"Ix-nay," I says. "Go sit on your own lap, brat."

"He's got to get some sleep," Mush says.

"And that ain't all," I says. I dug down in my pants and brought up the bank roll and give some of it to Mush.

Season's Greetings
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
HAPPY SMOKING
Johnnie
AMERICA'S
FINEST
CIGARETTE
Call for PHILIP MORRIS

" Go get me some shoes and trunks," I says, " and tape. Before the stores close. You know what I need."

" Sure, Rocky," Mush says. " And maybe a cold boiled potato and an onion do I pass a Greek's."

I started to cough. I couldn't help it. Mush beat it. The brat run out and boiled me a cup of hot tea. I drunk it and quit coughing.

" Just a cigarette cough," I says.

" But you don't smoke," she says.

" Don't talk back to me," I says. " Roll your hoop."

I'm just dozin' off when in comes Judith.

" Mr. Brady! " she says. Her voice is cold but her eyes is flaming.

" Is Pixie dead? " I says, jumping up.

" Will you come upstairs, please? " she says, and starts into the hallway. " She's been calling you."

" Me? " I says. " Why me? "

" I don't know," she comes back, " but I mean to find out."

Ice, but she was on fire. On fire.

Pixie was lying in bed. Both her eyes were blacked. One of her cheeks is swole and there is a big blue lump on her forehead. She's wide awake and squinting at me. And she's scared.

" No," she says. " No, Judy! Don't let him near me. Don't let him near me! "

" Did you do this? " St. Albans says.

I didn't see him until he spoke. He ain't screwy now, and he ain't acting.

" No," I says.

" You've beaten other women," he says.

He comes around the bed, and I see what's in his mind. Well, I got to fight this Gonzalez. Maybe ten rounds. Maybe fifteen. I ain't in condition. I can't get no sleep. I got a whale of a job on my hands, and I can't spend no energy tussling with this guy.

So I clip him.

" Sorry, Judith," I said. " I had to do it."

She looked at me like I was a squashy caterpillar.

" And I thought of marrying you! " she said. She fell on her knees and cried.

" I know you didn't do it, daddy," the brat says, coming in the room.

" I did do it," I says. " I clipped him."

" Oh, that," she says, like that was nothing. " I know you beat up lots of women. But not Pixie. You didn't even kick her in the face, like you usually do. Did you, daddy? "

" Button your lip," I says.

" And I don't blame Judith for not marrying you."

I went in and got Duffy Ryan's pants off a chair.

" Who's that in the bed? " the brat says.

" My hole card," I says. " Come on. We'll find Mush somewheres in town. At some Greek's. You and me and him will go to a hotel. Maybe I can get some sleep there."

" What are you going to do with the pants? " the brat says.

" Listen," I says. " Even a dummy quits talking once in a while. And I know a guy lost three teeth from talking too much."

" His wisdom teeth? " she says.

We went by Pixie's room on the way out. The door was open and I looked in. St. Albans was still laying on his face. Judith was gone.

I seen her when I got downstairs. She was coming in from the kitchen, a pan of hot water in her hands.

" Where are you going? " she says.

" Out," I says.

" You're not," she says. " You're not going to leave this house—not until I find out what's back of this."

I looked at her and seen she meant it.

" All right," I says.

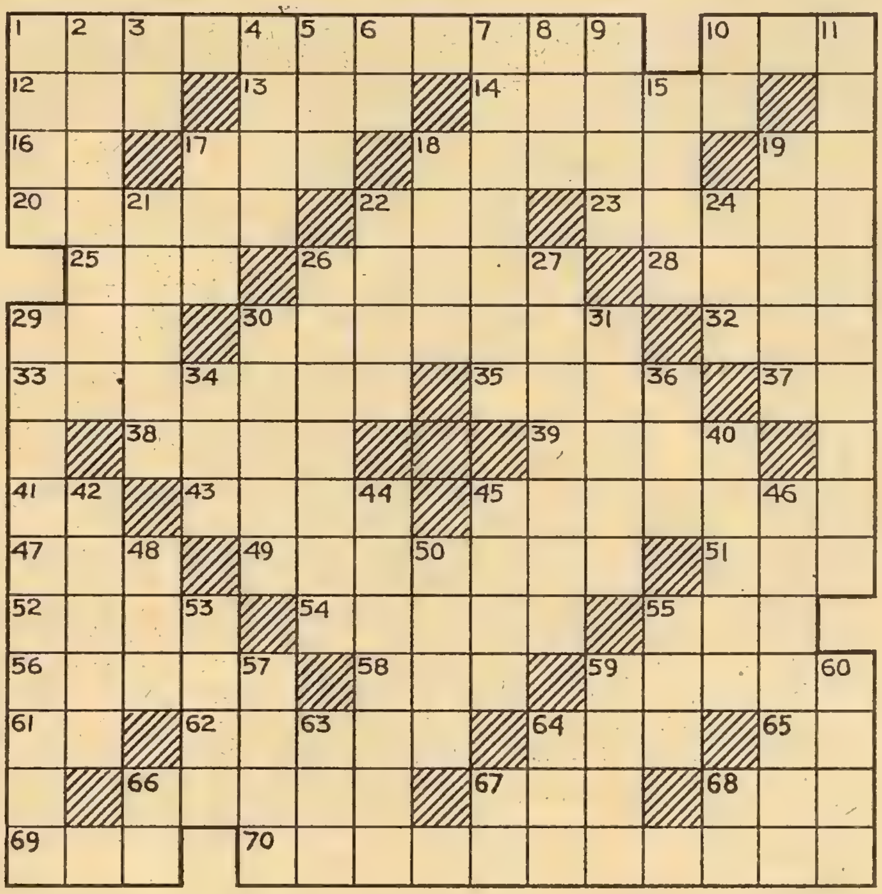
The brat looks at the two of us and busts out laughing.

" I *am* going to have a stepmama, ain't I, daddy? " she says.

Who beat Pixie—and why? Is the red-haired gunman trying to get back at Rocky through her? What does she know of Virginia's past? Next week there's excitement in the ring across the border when Rocky meets Gonzalez; but there's even more waiting after the final bell has rung. It's a tense installment, packed with surprises!

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



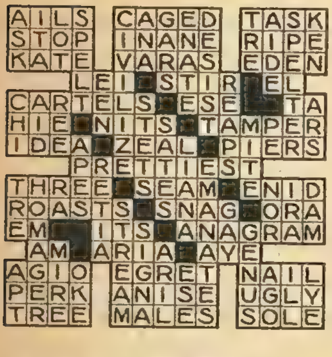
HORIZONTAL

1 Dollar Bill
10 Mahal
12 This'll heat a lot of people this winter
13 Pick a man to pieces
14 Ice-cream holders
16 Word from a banker
17 Night riders
18 Vittalizes
19 One of the Wilsons (abbr.)
20 Fearful knockers
22 Nervousness suffered by no-men
23 French dog kennel
25 Gal with a sunny disposish
26 Member of the bush league
28 Egg
29 Whiteman's burden
30 Constant loss of garment workers
32 The robot play
33 Russia and Germany
35 Two flappers seen hanging around Clark Gable
37 Part sugar, part thumb (abbr.) (Ask your grocer!)
38 Portable useful bank
39 High spot in Jerusalem
41 Cheat
43 The more a nag carries, the slower she goes
45 Unless performed by the elbows, this is accompanied by groans and creaks
47 Get in the hair of
49 Irish reds
51 Windy people never run out of this
52 Right at your fingertips
54 Dances to the bottle hymn of the Republic
55 Things heard about heroes
56 It's on the house
58 Bean the body
59 A little of this, a little of that—forming a canine cocktail
61 Half done
62 Pains in the neck that bring lumps to your throat
64 Hero of Americanization of Edward—
65 Number of things that stick out on everybody's dogs
66 Gal's name
67 Bill's sappy pal
68 Cat tale
69 Anybody who doesn't agree with us
70 These are carried by airplane hitchhikers and used to get up in society

VERTICAL

1 Peach skin
2 Lou Gehrig (two words)
3 French article
4 Reds have featured recent displays of these
5 Material found in an old desk
6 We can't say a nice thing about this (abbr.)
7 What the major parties of this country need is a permanent one that doesn't run out on them (two words)
8 Piscatorial pellets
9 Line terminals
10 Old Cockeyes himself, abbreviated
11 Insects that react violently to music
15 Poor tradesman
17 Door opener
18 Steady, old man!
19 Big shot
21 Shirt stuffer
22 Not that
24 You're due for a cold spell here
26 What flies find under Jimmy Durante's nose
27 Coats in technicolor
29 Bulls crossed with flowers
30 Bathroom slippers
31 Whose fighting days seem over?
34 The rule in Germany
36 Sward
40 Grandad's favorite gown
42 Open the gusher and let the slush out
44 There's a point to this
45 Middleman's chief support and a corrective agency in schoolboy life
46 Worse than nasty
48 It's in the bag for the doc
50 Old English gabfests
53 The old bean
55 North Sea diver
57 Midwestern wild life, rendered harmless by the Yankees with clubs
59 What makes women blue and men throw fits?
60 These mothers have no regard for hygiene — allow their youngsters to roll in the mud, eat anything, never bathe
63 Ran into
64 The ticklish thing about grandma's neck
66 One of the commonest men in England (abbr.)
67 150
68 This can never refer to you if I'm talking

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



AILS CAGED TASK
STOP INANE RIPE
KATE VARAS EDEN
LEI STIR EL
CARTELS ESE TA
HIE NITS TAMPER
IDEA ZEAL PIERS
PRETTIEST
THREE SEAM ENID
ROASTS SNAG ORA
EM ITS ANAGRAM
AM ARIA AYE
AGIO EGRET NAIL
PERK ANISE UGLY
TREE MALES SOLE

Answer to last week's puzzle

WHEN *Shirley* TEMPLE GROWS UP

by Her Mother

Exclusive! An intimate view of hopes and plans that will guide the life of the world's most famous little girl

A recent photograph of Gertrude Temple, the author, and her famous daughter.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

OUR little girl will be ten next April. Before she has lived another ten years she will have become a young woman. Her father and I, like many parents, find that fact hard to realize.

How, then, can I foretell what the future will bring?

I have been asked many times what is ahead for the small person who was born my daughter and who has grown to be one of the screen's most popular box-office attractions. I know, of course, what plans have been made for Shirley's future. I think you will agree they are good plans, although planning can only ensure just so much as one can visualize of the future.

Shirley will never be poor — nor really rich. I feel that the latter is just as important as the first.

She has earned a great deal of money. When her current contract was signed, Joseph M. Schenck, board chairman of Twentieth Century-Fox, and a number of other good friends aided us with their counsel. Together we carefully worked out a plan for Shirley's present and future welfare. After the federal and state income taxes are paid—and these take 70 per cent of Shirley's earnings—the remaining 30 per cent, which is Shirley's own, is invested in United States Government bonds, in annuities in old-line insurance companies, and in guaranteed trust funds with several strong banks as trustees.

It is a conservative arrangement, and for this reason the yields are comparatively low. We felt that safety should be our first consideration.

The annuities are so arranged that the first returns from the insurance companies will not reach Shirley until she comes of age. Each five years thereafter there will be an increase in her income. But at no time will there be more money coming to Shirley than is good for her.

In addition, by so staggering this future income we have made it unlikely that Shirley will ever become the prey of fortune hunters; nor will it be possible for her to make a spectacle of herself by foolish squander-

(Continued on third page following)

Only "the Finest" is Fine Enough for Christmas

Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
Seagram's
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN
Seagram's
Pedigree
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
Distilled in Canada
Seagram's
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
Seagram's Crown Whiskies
"America's Finest"
Seagram's "V.O."
"Canada's Finest"

This Year Seagram Products are Beautifully Encased in Special Christmas Packages Reproduced from Luxurious Antique Tapestries and Modern Brocades

SEAGRAM'S KING ARTHUR GIN

"Soft-stilled" by an exclusive Seagram process, this richer tasting gin is distinguished for its finer bouquet and the smooth, silky flavor it gives a Martini or any other gin drink. An exceptionally high quality gin—always uniform. Distilled from 100% American grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S PEDIGREE
8-Year-Old Rye or Bourbon

A hearty, robust 8-year-old whiskey, bottled in bond under Canadian Government supervision. 100 Proof. Distinguished for its rich aroma and its deep mellowness of flavor. Quart size packed in beautiful molded reproduction of an antique volume. Pint size in attractive duvetyn bag.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN
Blended Whiskey
"America's Finest"

A rich tasting whiskey without a trace of heaviness. This famous Seagram blend is a perfect gift for those who like a full-bodied whiskey. It is "America's Finest" rich whiskey, blended by master craftsmen. 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN
Blended Whiskey
"America's Finest"

This delicious whiskey is "America's Finest" mild whiskey. The craftsmanship of master blenders keeps the flavor perpetually uniform. An appropriate gift for men who prefer a delicate-tasting American whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S "V.O."
Canadian Blended Whisky
"Canada's Finest"

Deliciously delicate—yet deeply satisfying. For the man who appreciates fine Canadian Whisky. Seagram's "V. O." is an ideal gift. 86.8 Proof. 6 years old. Extremely light, clean-tasting. A masterpiece of the blender's art; in our opinion, "Canada's Finest."

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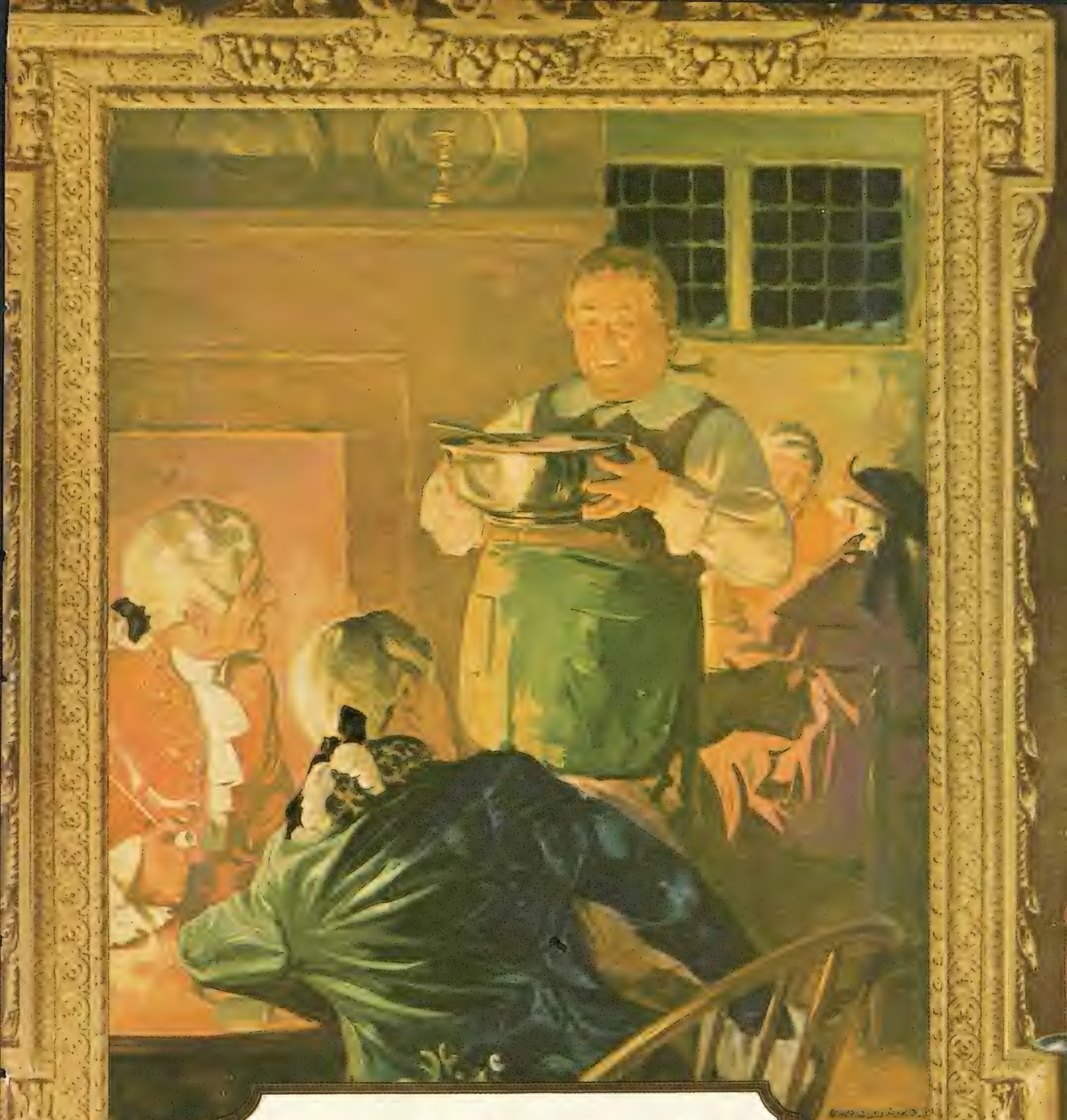
Say Seagram's and be sure of "the Finest"



"Come Landlord fill the Flowing Bowl"

The above painting was inspired by an old English verse, composed by John Fletcher, a contemporary of Shakespeare. This hearty old melody is still sung today as a popular expression of good fellowship and good cheer.

Since 1857, the name "Seagram" has been a hallmark of quality, a symbol that stands for "the finest." At this season of good fellowship and good cheer, your taste cannot be questioned when you give Seagram's.

"The Finest" Stores and Bars are Featuring the above Seagram Display during the Holidays · Look for it

(Continued from third page preceding)

ing. In view of the fact that Shirley is a sensible little person, this latter seems an improbable eventuality, but we thought it wise to guard against it all the same.

I do not see any of Shirley's pay checks. The studio pays me a salary for coaching Shirley in her roles which is *more* than adequate for our needs. And besides, George makes a good living as a business counselor.

Shirley has another endowment—good health. She has a fine physique. She exercises regularly and enjoys a keen appetite.

Last summer, while on a transcontinental vacation tour, she was taken ill. We were not sure of the cause, nor were the doctors in attendance; and finally we decided that she must have eaten something which disagreed with her. The incident alarmed us at the time because of its rarity.

During that trip one mother said to me: "I wouldn't have my child in pictures for anything. They work the poor little things to skin and bones!"

Of course that's ridiculous, and one look at Shirley is sufficient answer. As a matter of fact Shirley enjoys a better organized and happier life than most youngsters.

She makes but three pictures a year. They go along so smoothly in production that less than six weeks is the average time required for each picture. This leaves at least thirty-four weeks, almost two thirds of a year, for Shirley to be away from the camera.

She is on the set seven hours a day while making a picture. Three of these seven hours are devoted to school, during which Shirley is entirely in the charge of her teacher, Miss Frances Klamt, M. A. (whom Shirley affectionately calls "Klammy"). The four hours of "work" are really play for Shirley.

ALL normal children enjoy make-believe. When they are alone they love to "dress up," to create a fantastic world for themselves which they find more interesting and exciting than their familiar surroundings. And Shirley, like every other little girl, is happiest when "play-acting." The difference between Shirley and other youngsters in this respect is that Shirley play-acts for the camera, while the average child does the same thing, but for his or her friends.

She doesn't study her lines in any arduous fashion. I read them to her several times; she listens, apparently not too attentively, and the next thing I know she's learned them by heart.

Some time ago she read Frances Hodgson Burnett's book The Little Princess. "Mother, I'd love to *be* the Little Princess," she said to me. Darryl F. Zanuck made it possible for Shirley actually to become the Little Princess on the screen. Where else but in the magic world of pictures could a little girl have so fabulous a wish come true?

When and if Shirley ever ceases to enjoy making pictures, I shall not urge her to continue. And I know that it is perfectly possible, as she grows older, that other activities may come to interest her more.

Like many another girl, I too once longed to go on the stage, but my life didn't turn out that way. Naturally I am happy that Shirley has found the opportunity which I missed.

Although I'm not given to crystal-gazing, I'll admit I've tried to visualize Shirley at twelve years of age, at fourteen, and at sixteen. It is to be expected that the years will bring changes.

Now, there is a Hollywood maxim to the effect that the "screen appeal" of few child stars survives their adolescence. Mr. Zanuck tells me that he sees no reason why Shirley should not continue in pictures just as long as she wishes. He is confident that good picture material can be found to keep pace with her development. Her current contract has two more years to run. I imagine we can judge better what the future holds after that time.

Then, there are two other major factors that must govern Shirley's film future: what Shirley wishes to do and, of course, what the public decides.

The question, How long will she last? was first asked more than five years ago. It is a query that I couldn't answer then, and can't answer now.

Regardless of what happens to Shirley's film career, both George and I feel that in whatever line of endeavor she seeks her future, she will find pleasure and happiness. We have tried, as other parents do, to provide Shirley with a sane and happy attitude toward life, to make her ready during childhood to follow whatever career the future may offer.

Next to acting, Shirley loves best to dance. Mr. Zanuck, George Murphy, Bill Robinson, and others have told me that she is a "natural-born dancer" with a remarkable aptitude for learning new steps. So, if Shirley wants to dance instead of playing in pictures, I think that she should become a dancer. But there again is a question which Shirley must decide for herself.

Because we primarily are interested in helping her to grow up as a happy and normal child, we have continuously refused offers (literally totaling millions of dollars) for Shirley to go on the radio, to make personal appearances, and so on. At this moment we believe that she is doing enough in making three pictures a year and doing her school work. We want her to enjoy the balance of the time in play, and no amount of money would make it worth while to sacrifice this necessary recreation.

But if at some later time Shirley should decide that she would rather face the radio microphone than the camera, then the radio will be considered. In any event, rest assured that the decision will remain with Shirley.

I married when I was quite young—at seventeen. It may develop that Shirley will wish to follow in her mother's footsteps. Being a good housewife and mother is no mean achievement, and Shirley is very much a normal girl. She likes to play with dolls and to cook.

And so, if Shirley feels that her happiness lies in the same direction as that in which I have found mine, I think that she should marry—although seventeen is a little young for today.

We are "plain folks." We live quiet ten-o'clock lives. We find pleasure in simple pursuits. Our home is comfortable, not pretentious. We do not have "parties." We live plainly—very little above the scale that we lived on when George borrowed $150 from a friend to pay the doctor and hospital for bringing Shirley into the world. And I'm proud to say that we have the same friends now that we had ten years ago.

We enjoy this type of home environment and we believe it suitable for Shirley.

BECAUSE of Shirley's dimples and chubby legs, some have predicted that she may one day lose her daintiness. I do not think so—but then, I am her mother. Neither her father nor I has developed into a stylish stout.

I don't expect that Shirley will be beautiful, and in one way I rather hope she won't—at least, not too beautiful!

I don't think that her good fortune will spoil her. We have always been firm with her, and she has responded well to discipline. Her father, who formerly was a branch bank manager, has taught her, among other things, the value and use of money.

Shirley is affectionate, kind, considerate. She is honest with others and with herself, and she is well mannered. She is not given to tantrums.

Yet Shirley is essentially no different than thousands of other normal children. She has been fortunate, we think, and thereby has been exposed to advantages which many children don't enjoy.

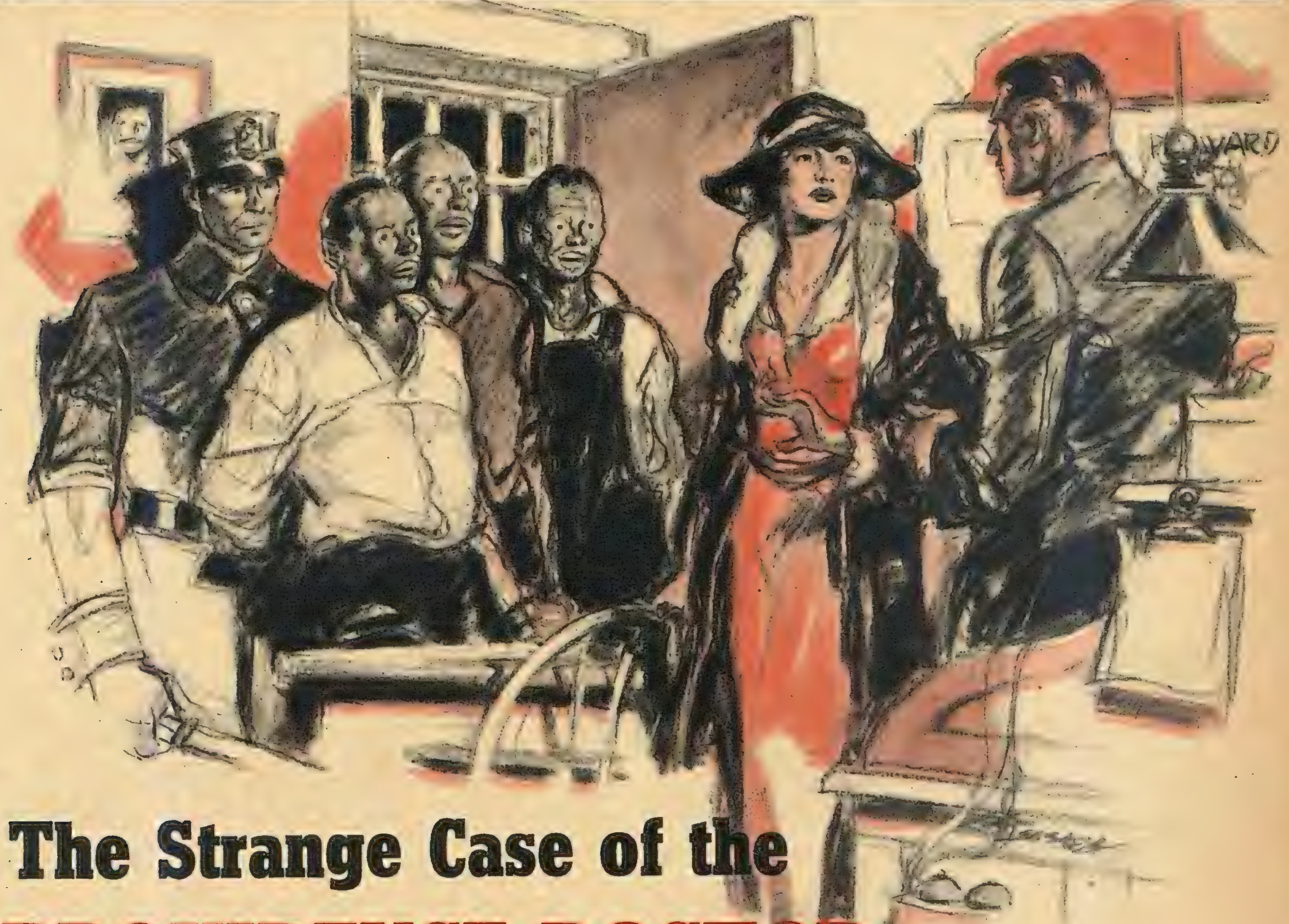
Shirley has two brothers—Jack, fourteen years older, and George, Jr., ten years older. We've raised them to young-manhood without serious mishap, and I hope we're doing an equally good job in rearing Shirley.

In raising Shirley, however, we have been careful at every step to try to avoid mistakes. It would have been easy to overindulge her, to pamper her, to let her importance in an unimportant family sway us.

In my frankest thoughts of Shirley I have always looked on her as just my little girl. Not as anything out of the ordinary, not as an actress; but as a child—our daughter and her brothers' little sister. The rest has all been incidental—fortunate, perhaps, but not so much so as to throw the life of a happy family out of balance.

THE END

THE OLD-TIMER LOOKS AT SOME FAMOUS CASES



The Strange Case of the PROVIDENCE DOCTOR and His SECRETARY

"I'm not going to stay and listen to such rubbish," she announced.

BY A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE missus came out of her tabloid.

"I see," she said, "they never caught the guy that knocked off that doctor up in New England. Looks to me as if doctoring was a mighty dangerous business. Somebody's always taking a pot shot at a doctor."

"Maybe Providence has something to do with it," I ventured.

"That's blasphemy!"

"No, it's Rhode Island—and if you'll put down that rag, I'll tell you about it."

As a general thing, the New York Homicide Squad didn't know a whole lot about Providence; but it just happened that I had been out on a few jobs in the Newport-Narragansett belt, and had met and grown to like a couple of good Rhode Island flatfeet.

The murder to which the missus referred was that of Dr. George W. Webster, which held the front pages in the summer of 1937; but my mind had gone back to 1915 and the murder of another Providence physician.

There were few similarities between the cases except the profession of the victim, the locale of the crime, and the extreme heat of the night on which it was committed. Doc Webster, driven out of his summer bachelor's quarters by the July heat, sought comfort in company with a man guest in the privacy of his own back yard. On the other hand, Doc Mohr—C. Franklyn Mohr was the 1915 man's name—turned to his exceedingly shapely brown-eyed beauty of a secretary, and said:

"I'm about all in, Emily. What do you say to a drive over to Newport?"

"Perfect!" exclaimed the symmetrical secretary as she gazed at her employer with understandable approval.

He was a handsome man, with brilliant eyes, a well-tailored mustache, and shiny dark hair parted amidships. Glossy, that was the word for Franklyn. At that, he had little in the way of good looks on the statuesque young woman at his side.

The touring car was already at the curb. "I thought you'd be running over to Newport this hot night," said George Healis, a bespectacled young Negro chauffeur.

The doctor's trim Airedale, Red, leaped into the far corner of the back seat. The even trimmer Miss Emily Burger eased herself in beside him. And Dr. Mohr, trimmest of all, followed.

With ebony George at the wheel, the big black car rolled smoothly out of town into Washington Road, the motor highway to social America's summer capital, where millionaire Dr. Mohr maintained a luxurious villa.

Some distance beyond West Barrington Post Office, where the road is lined with willow trees, the car slowed to a stop.

"Engine trouble, boss," muttered George over his shoulder.

All efficiency, he switched off the big lights out in front, lit the small ones by the windshield, lifted the hood, and buried his head in the engine.

As he did so, two pistol shots rent the night. The doctor, who was availing himself of the pause to light a cigar, toppled over into the lap of his companion. Two more shots—and blood spurted from the girl's slim white neck. She screamed. The dog barked. The chauffeur shouted, "Oh, my God!" and began pulling Emily Burger out from under the doctor's unconscious form.

By the time he got the wounded girl out of the car and on to a grass plot by the side of the road, the assassins had apparently disappeared. But Miss Burger—beside herself with pain and fright—was still screaming, "Help! Help!"

Her cries reached the ears of a man and a woman in the first car that came along, and they rushed her back to the Rhode Island Hospital in Providence. Other summer-evening motorists did as much for the unconscious but still breathing doctor.

George Healis drove the desolate Red back to the Elmwood Avenue house to await developments.

They came fast enough.

The doctor died the following morning. Miss Burger, although she eventually recovered, hung for days between life and death, too weak to be questioned. The chauffeur, as the only other human being present at the double shooting and possible double murder, immediately became an object of prime interest to the Providence police.

There was, on the surface, no reason for suspecting little George Washington Healis. His relations with the doctor were apparently of the friendliest sort. The robbery motive was discounted by the fact that the unknown assailants stole neither the car nor any of the money or jewelry on their victims' persons. Still, it was possible that the murderers might have been prevented from carrying out a robbery plot by the attention attracted by the girl's cry for help.

Anyhow, Healis was the first man arrested.

To Chief Inspector (afterward Chief of Police) Bill O'Neil, he repeated the story as I have told it. It was hardly likely that he would concoct such a story if there was a chance of its being contradicted by Miss Burger.

Granting that Healis was up front, as he said, O'Neil—who, incidentally, is one grand copper, even if he didn't learn his stuff in little old New York!—knew right away that the chauffeur couldn't have fired the murder shots. One of the bullets had entered the back of the doctor's head and penetrated the brain; the other had gone in between his shoulder blades and come out through the neck. Both had apparently been fired at a distance of not more than two feet.

SOMEBODY not Healis had done the shooting. But how had that somebody happened to be there at the very point where the car stopped?

"The engine was acting up," explained the Negro. "I had to stop and see what the trouble was."

"Did you notice anything peculiar about the place where you stopped?"

"No, boss."

"There was a bush lying in the middle of the road, wasn't there?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you noticed the bush?"

"Sure I noticed it."

"Do you know how it came to be there?"

"How should I know that, boss?"

"That's what I want to find out. That bush was a message, wasn't it? Didn't it say, 'Here's the place to stop'?"

"Not to me, chief. All I knew was that the motor kept backfiring and sputtering, so I stopped."

O'Neil saw he wasn't getting anywhere. The dapper little chauffeur seemed to be telling a straightforward story; and he wasn't the least bit embarrassed about the suspicious circumstance of the bush.

"George, who do you suppose shot the doctor?" the chief asked in a more friendly tone.

"I haven't any idea, boss."

"Well, who do you think would like to see him dead? Was he having any trouble with any one? Had any one threatened him?"

"I don't know about threats, boss, but the doc was a great man with the ladies."

O'Neil had by no means overlooked that possibility. Both of the murder bullets could have been fired by a person sitting as Emily Burger was, with her revolver arm resting on the canvas top cover, behind the doctor. Of course O'Neil did not know what the relations were between the two. But if it were the case, as it might well be, that she was sincerely in love with him and had detected him having amours on the side with some of his feminine patients, she might have decided to end it all for both of them.

True, there were drawbacks to this theory. If Emily fired the shots that killed her employer, the pistol would almost certainly have been found in the car or on the ground near by, since neither she nor Healis left the spot until after the other motorists had arrived. A thorough search of the entire vicinity had failed to show a weapon of any kind. On the other hand, Healis, if he had been in the plot, might have concealed the gun after she had used it, and later disposed of it at a distant point on the way home.

IT was a puzzling case; and Bill O'Neil wasn't going off half-cocked on any one theory. The motive might not have been either robbery or jealousy. It might have been fear.

"Healis," he said, "what kind of a practice would you say Dr. Mohr had?"

"A female practice," grinned the Negro.

"Did pretty well at it, didn't he?"

"About fifty thousand a year, I reckon."

"That's big for a general practitioner."

The chauffeur took off his glasses and wiped them carefully.

"Well, you see, boss, I guess the doc was kind of a special practitioner."

Subsequent investigation indicated that this last was abundantly true. There were whispered rumors that Dr. C. Franklyn Mohr had not built up his millions by a strict adherence to medical ethics. In fact, he was said to have possessed a "little red book" which contained the names of many socially prominent Rhode Island girls and matrons who had availed themselves not only of his skill but of his supposed discretion.

It was possible that one of these secret patients, crazed by fear of discovery or possibly of blackmail, had taken matters into her own hands.

At first the shooting of Emily Burger did not seem to fit into this picture. However, the patient might have thought, no matter how incorrectly, that Emily also knew more than she should. Or all four bullets might have been intended for the doctor.

It was also possible that some one of Dr. Mohr's many feminine admirers might have been jealous of Emily and have chosen this night to put her and C. Franklyn away forever—a theory which also went back to the probability of collusion between the chauffeur and the actual murderer or murderers.

O'Neil told off competent men to check up on all those who might fit into any of these theories. He himself took on the private life of C. Franklyn Mohr.

The doctor had been married twice. His first wife had borne him one son, and had later died. The boy was presumably still alive somewhere. The chief started the wires buzzing to locate him and find out what kind of relations had existed between father and son.

If the doc had not treated his first wife right, if his philanderings had saddened her life and hastened her death, it seemed possible that a cast-off son, brooding for years on his father's sins, might have— Well, it was worth looking into.

Now for the second marriage.

One fine morning about twelve years before the tragic occurrence on the willow-lined road, Widower Mohr had stepped into a department store to make a small purchase. The girl who waited on him, he soon learned, was Elizabeth Tiffany Blair, not many years from her birthplace, Belfast, Ireland. She had a lovely oval face, blue eyes, and wavy black hair—a typical Irish beauty.

The doc noted all this. He was also charmed by her Irish wit. In a few weeks they were married.

Twelve years later the laughing little shopgirl had disappeared, and in her place had grown a charmingly beautiful woman, a graceful figure at the head of her own table in the Elmwood Avenue mansion and the Newport villa, an acknowledged leader in the social and philanthropic activities of the exclusive Elmwood Woman's Club, and the devoted mother of two handsome youngsters, Charles Franklyn, who was now ten, and Virginia Blair, a picture child of seven.

The inside story of another famous case will be told by the Old-Timer in an early issue.

True, the Mohrs had not lived together for a year and a half. Mrs. Mohr and the children had taken a house just around the corner from their old home. Divorce proceedings had already begun. But her reputation in the community was so high, and her attitude throughout had been so dignified, that it seemed almost sacrilege to involve her in any way in this murder mess.

Nevertheless it was Bill O'Neil's duty to check Mrs. Mohr's movements on the fatal evening. He found that she had an unassailable alibi.

The son by the first marriage was located in Baltimore. He appeared to hold no hard feelings against his father, and he had been quite unaware of the tragedy.

Efforts to find any one feminine admirer or patient who would be sufficiently jealous or sufficiently fearful to resort to murder failed utterly.

The theory that Emily Burger might have committed the crime suffered, as the evidence piled up that her relations with the doctor had been of the very friendliest sort..

But a strong point was scored against the chauffeur when Florence Ormsby, a maid in the doctor's establishment, told Chief O'Neil that on the previous Saturday evening, when the doctor and Miss Burger would normally have set out for a week-end at Newport, Miss Burger had not been able to go, and the doctor had invited Florence and a friend to go for the ride.

She remembered the bush in the road—it was evidently to have been the signal on this occasion too!—and she also remembered that just before the car reached the willows on Washington Road, Healis had stepped on the gas and fairly flown by the murder spot. What he would have done if Miss Burger had been in the car as expected, the inspector was left to conjecture.

Meanwhile Chief of Police Thomas E. Robbins and Constable James E. Wallace of Barrington had been rounding up Healis' possible accomplices, and he and Jim finally caught him in a lie.

"Do you know the names of the man and woman who took Miss Burger to the hospital?" asked Wallace.

"No, boss."

"What? You didn't take their names?"

Healis shifted uneasily.

"I tried to get their names," he said at last, "but they wouldn't give them."

It was a small point, of course; but when the couple were located, they said there had never been any question about giving their names. If asked, they would gladly have given them.

George had lied about one thing; he might well have lied about others. So Chief Robbins locked him up while Jim Wallace went over to Newport.

The caretaker at the Mohr villa said George's chief associate was a Negro named Vic Brown, "a bad actor," who had formerly worked for the doctor and had recently been discharged. This lead looked promising, but seemed destined to come to nothing. Chief O'Neil in Providence picked up Brown but couldn't connect him with the murder. But Jim Wallace used the Brown arrest to help "break" Healis.

"George," he said, "why didn't you tell us the truth? We know you're in this. We've got Brown."

Healis was no push-over. He kept his poise.

"I haven't seen Brown for weeks."

"Oh, yes, you have, George," replied Wallace, taking a chance. "You met him Sunday to explain why you didn't stop at the bush in the road Saturday night. You told him it was because you had Miss Ormsby with you instead of Miss Burger."

"I didn't," insisted the Negro; but Wallace could see that he had him scared.

THE cellar of the Barrington Town Hall was a dark and dismal place. Ordinarily a light burned night and day. It could, however, be turned out, thought Jim Wallace, and the resulting darkness would be no place for a scared colored boy with a guilty conscience. Jim looked meaningly at the electric switch, then at the prisoner behind the bars.

"George," he said, "in a moment it's going to be pitch dark down here, and you're going to be all alone. No matter how loud you yell, nobody can hear you."

He walked resolutely to the switch, then turned.

"Healis," he said in a hoarse whisper, "Dr. Mohr died at nine o'clock this morning. If you didn't have anything to do with his death, you don't need to be afraid; but if you did, I'd hate to be in your shoes."

With that, Jim Wallace doused the glim.

"Oh, my God!" screamed the

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colored boy. “Don't leave me alone in the dark! I can't stand it!”

“Then, George, you'd better tell what you know.”

“Turn on the light! I'll tell you everything!”

Wallace complied, and Healis kept his word. Brown had done the shooting of Doc Mohr. A third Negro, one Henry Spellman, had shot Miss Burger. Healis' part had been to watch out for the bush and stop the car.

“Why did you three fellows plan this murder? Who was behind all this? Are you going to let some one else off scot-free while you get the works?”

Healis decided to come clean. “I suppose I may as well tell you. I was pestered for three months before I agreed. There was something in it for me—two thousand dollars.”

“And Brown and Spellman?”

“The same for each of them.”

“Who promised to pay you this money, George?”

“Mrs. Mohr.”

Corroborating evidence came thick and fast. George Rooks, a brother-in-law of Miss Burger, had received a letter from Mrs. Mohr, warning him to keep his sister-in-law away from the Newport house and stating explicitly that “she will never come out alive.”

Finally, Brown and Spellman, grilled, broke down and confirmed the chauffeur's story on every point.

The state now had what looked like an airtight case. But you would never have guessed it from Mrs. Mohr's demeanor as she swept into Chief O'Neil's office at headquarters to face her accusers.

Brown, prompted by O'Neil, repeated his confession.

“Why, Victor,” she interrupted, “how can you say such a thing? You know it isn't true.”

“You know it is,” he insisted, looking her squarely in the face.

She rose with an assumption of the greatest dignity. “I'm not going to stay here and listen to such rubbish,” she announced. But the grand jury indicted her and the three men for the murder of C. Franklyn Mohr.

Between indictment and trial, Brown and Spellman recanted their confessions. Healis alone stuck to his, and for his services to the state he was allowed to go free. The other two Negroes were found guilty as charged. Spellman died in jail before sentence was passed. Brown got life.

And Mrs. Mohr was acquitted.

Note by the Author: Without going into the question of whether Elizabeth Mohr did or did not instigate the murder of her faithless husband, it is a fact that male juries always have been, and doubtless always will be, influenced by big blue eyes, a provocative smile, and a well turned leg.

How female juries will react to young men defendants with broad shoulders and slim hips, the Lord only knows!

THE END

AS TOLD BY THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

By Taia Schubert

This is a story of heartbreaks and tears. Of never-ending days and months . . . of ever the thought, "Why had it to be my parents?"

It was their anniversary. My father, with his gift under his arm, was crossing the street when the motorist with his mind on speed mowed him down . . . mowed him down as if he were a leaf fallen from a tree. And as I saw the last spadeful of earth cover him, I vowed vengeance—vengeance on the man who escaped the penalty for manslaughter because—well, never mind—such is the way of the law. Months I trailed him, and then one night I avenged my father. . . . The trial . . . LIFE. A life sentence because I killed a coward—the coward that ran from the scene of his crime.

But here let me pause. The rest is harder to tell.

My mother bidding me farewell—blinded by tears, tears hot and falling fast—left the steps of the jail . . . only to die a moment later.

ONCE THERE WERE THREE OF US—
A father and a mother and a son.
And all that remains today
Is a number, 67921.

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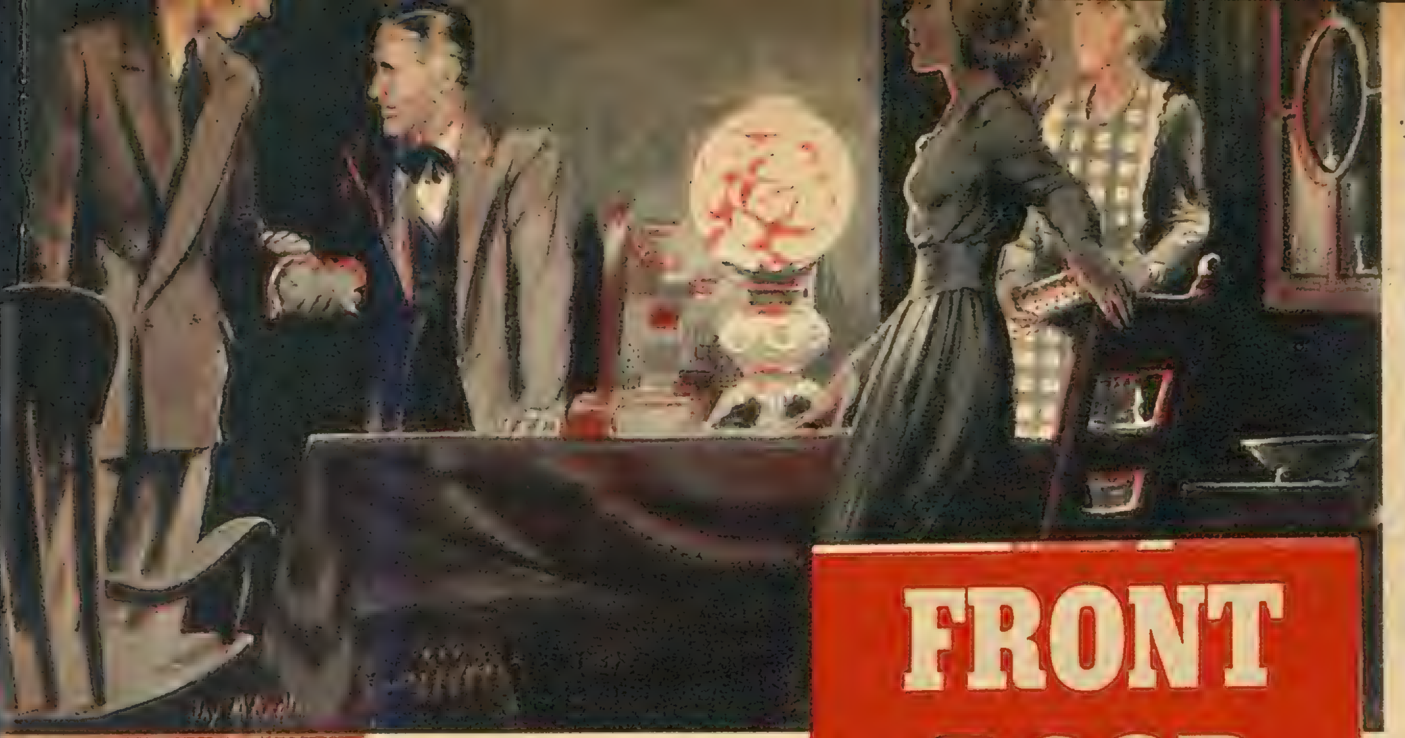


FRONT DOOR CALLER

Liberty's Short Short

BY CYRIL JOHN DAVIES

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

"PRETTY paper?"

Gwenda pretended not to hear.

"Pretty paper?"

Her tired eyes flashed upward rebelliously. They fell again quickly. It was the fawn softness of his eyes.

She moved wearily to a sideboard drawer. The man pattered within her shadow, pathetically deferent.

Given his paper, he hurried to the table. His pallid features twisted in the struggle to concentrate. His delicate hands darted surely, ferretlike.

As Gwenda resettled herself, Martha remarked: "We'll have to get him some more clay." She paused. "Of course we'd be foolish to get as much as we did the last time—after what the doctor said." She stopped to stare at the younger woman.

"Old Wat will have painted his schooner again this spring," Gwenda was saying softly.

Asperity sharpened Martha's customary flat tones. "I don't hold with your frettin' about those old friends and old places. You've got to forget them, or else—"

It was like this every evening in the farmhouse kitchen. Sometimes neighbors dropped in. They came by the back door. The front one, like all farmhouse front doors, was reserved for weddings and funerals.

Now there was a rap at the front door.

Gwen regarded Martha, who wondered aloud: "Who could be at the *front* door?"

The man grinned elfishly at the unusual.

Martha went out of the kitchen and down the passage. She returned immediately with a lean tanned man of thirty.

Gwenda was standing, her face pasty. "Michael!"

The front-door caller strode forward, searching the trim blonde with keen brown eyes. "Ho, Gwenda."

The voice of the angular middle-aged woman cut in sourly: "I'll sort out the wash for tomorrow." Her head tilted sideways. "Come on, you."

The man at the table rose timidly, pattered across the floor. Passing Michael, he handed him a paper butterfly. It was exquisitely cut.

"He's a relative of Martha," explained Gwenda.

"Terrible." Forcing himself: "It's glorious to see you again."

"You look—exactly the same."

He grasped her shoulders. "Do you know, you've never looked at me like that before. You looked—"

"Yes?"

"Forgive me, but you looked as though you really wanted me."

She said, after a long pause: "Won't you sit down?" And then: "How did you find out?"

Michael told her. He had gone to Montreal and checked up on the doctors. He had located Dr. Wentworth, her husband's partner.

She was concerned. "What did he say about Jerry?"

"He said Jerry had died while vacationing with you in Texas last year. Death following injuries in a car smash-up, wasn't it?" Abruptly: "Why did you come here?"

"I—I kind of like it here."

He smiled tenderly. "Rot."

He reiterated that she did not belong here. When she had nothing to say to this, he insisted that she hadn't belonged in Montreal. That she should never have left the Maritimes—and married Jerry. Then he apologized.

She patted his lean hand. "I understand, Michael. I never came back because I did not want you to meet Jerry. He was so different from our crowd."

He said: "Dr. Wentworth hinted that you were the wrong woman for Jerry. He neglected you. Your life was one long repression. No theatricals. No cliff-climbing at dawn or swimming by moonlight. You had no contacts with the people you really liked. It would have hurt the fashionable practice."

"It was not as bad as that."

He walked to the window and stared out. The tenseness left his jaw, his cheekbones were no longer white. Turning, his eyes were soft, eager.

He had a deep low voice. "Do you know the house-by-the-sea?"

"You saw it?"

"Remember the changes you planned?"

"Dormer windows. Colored roofing tiles." High lights danced in her eyes. "Flagstone steps. Winding iron stairway. Breakfast nook of honey maple. Gee, Michael!"

He measured out his triumph. "I have bought the house. I have had all those changes made."

Gwenda was erect, trembling. "Not for you and—*me?*"

His hands dug into her arms. "Who else?"

She pleaded mercy with tortured eyes. "I can't."

"Is it too soon?"

"It isn't that," she panted.

"Do you think this is a sympathy proposal? You are wrong. I love you. I am taking you back tonight."

It was a long time before she found her voice. "I'm not coming."

Instantly he showed fear. "You don't want to?"

A sob: "Yes."

He did not believe her. He waited for her to speak.

He kept staring at her.

He turned away. He went slowly out.

Gwenda raised a haggard face. She moved after him.

But a frail figure entered the kitchen and intercepted her. He held out colored cardboard. His plea was shy: "Make me something!"

She snatched the cardboard. "Yes, Jerry," she said hysterically. "I'll make you something. I'll make you the house-by-the-sea!"

THE END

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

SEATTLE . . . Trading Post

George K. Comstock is president of Electrical Products Consolidated. About Liberty Mr. Comstock says, "I find that weighty problems and light fiction are equally interesting reading in your magazine."

A. A. Littler, proprietor of two outstanding men's apparel stores, was one of the promoters of the $5,000 open golf tournament in Seattle. He likes Liberty's sports articles particularly "because they give both sides of the argument—like those Dizzy Dean-Sam Breadon baseball articles."

Stephen F. Chadwick, lawyer, was recently elected National Commander of the American Legion. Successful attorney, compelling speaker, says "I read Liberty for relaxation and information. The timing feature appeals to me."

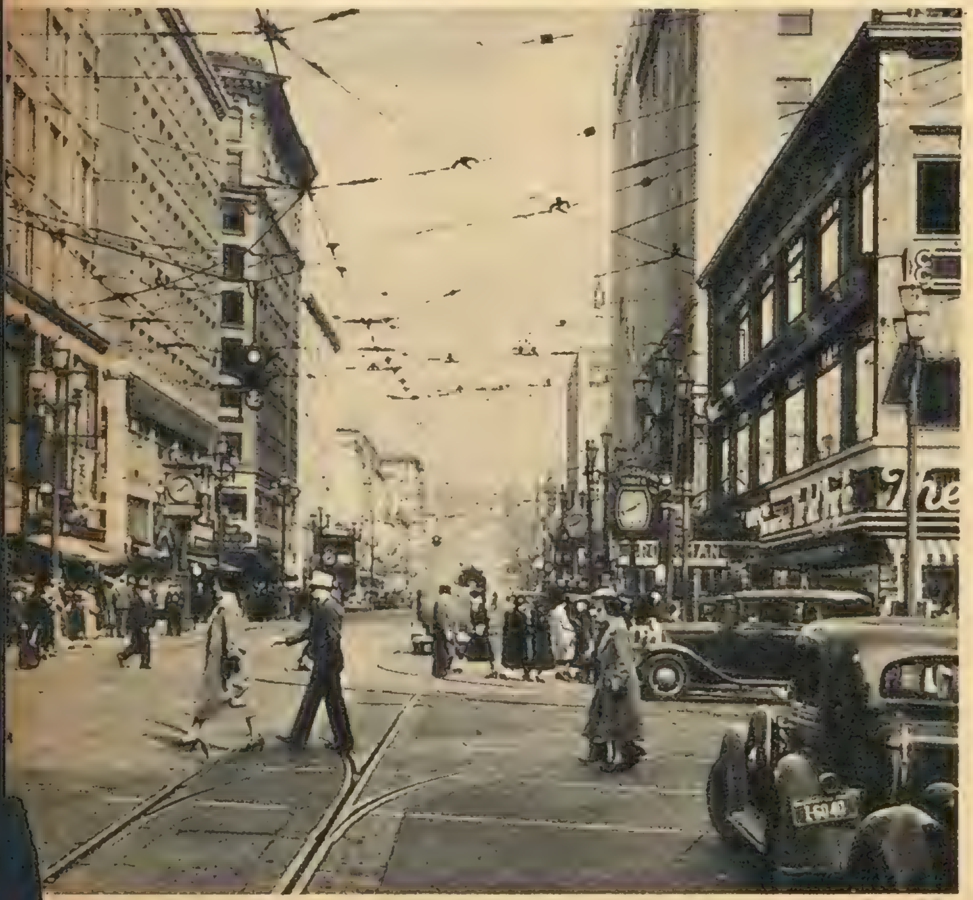
J. W. Spangler, vice-president of the First National Bank, is one of the most popular men in Seattle. Respected and admired by both labor and business groups, he is at present on the Board of Trustees of the United States Chamber of Commerce. "Liberty," says Mr. Spangler, "covers a wide range of subjects—but its chief advantage is making these subjects vital and interesting."

Harry J. Beernink is general manager of the Washington Cooperative Egg & Poultry Association, said to be the largest egg distributors in the country. "I enjoy Liberty's entertainment," says Mr. Beernink—"like that Jack Dempsey article about Max Baer, and the short stories."

Darwin Meisnest, better known as "Dar" to University of Washington athletes, is vice-president of the Washington Athletic Club. Vitally interested in aviation and American affairs, he finds much of interest in Liberty. "Liberty doesn't pussy-foot," he says —"it calls a spade a spade. Editorial or story, you can be sure it squares with the facts—and gets them over simply and quickly."

Mrs. F. F. Powell, only woman member of the City Council, is prominently associated with the Parent-Teachers Association and other women's groups. "I am impressed by Liberty's inspirational subjects—such as the splendid articles on the Oxford group."

Edward W. Allen is Chairman of the International Fisheries Commission. A regular Liberty reader, he says "Although I don't always agree with them, I always read Mr. Macfadden's editorials . . . his views are honest—and forcefully expressed."



This is Pike Street at Third Avenue, a

Alvin Ulbrickson, former stroke of the U. of Washington crew and Phi Beta Kappa, now coaches the Husky crew—five-time winner of the Poughkeepsie Regatta. He says, "Liberty is always interesting to me—not only in the field of sports, but also in politics—like those

F. W. Hull is manager of the $7,000,000 Olympic Hotel, one of the largest west of the Rockies. "I read Liberty from the editorial page clear through to the editor's page," says Mr. Hull, "and I especially enjoy the stories . . . Incidentally, Liberty is a leader in sales at the

to Northwest Metropolis

EIGHTY-ODD years ago, Seattle was a trading post in the wilderness of the Pacific Northwest. With Alaskan gold Seattle boomed, population tripled. Then came logging, fishing, shipping, and industry to replace the excitement of the gold rush, and Seattle settled down to solid, steady progress.

Today, a growing city of half a million, Seattle still has a varied and exciting life. It is base of supplies for Arctic expeditions; market place for Alaskan salmon and Japanese raw silk, Indian copra and Philippine hemp. It manufactures chairs and china sets for Evanston and White Plains homes, fertilizers for Wisconsin farmers, and huge Boeing planes for the Army and the airways.

Seattle is another example of the way magazines work: the better the community the more people read magazines. In this city where nearly half the families own their own homes (second highest home ownership in America) the 3 basic weeklies—Liberty, Collier's and the Saturday Evening Post—reach two-thirds of the total families. Liberty, alone, sells over 21,000 copies—goes into every fifth home.

On these pages we introduce some of Liberty's better-known readers in Seattle. What these important business, civic, and social leaders say and think about Liberty reveals the power and standing of this magazine locally.

Seattle is another local demonstration of Liberty's national reputation. Another example of the confidence and interest of Liberty's millions of readers. It is this reader respect which enables Liberty to carry worthwhile advertising into the minds of worthwhile people.

Seattle from Puget Sound. At the largest commercial piers in the world (foreground) ships in the Oriental trade load and unload precious cargo.

W. Walter Williams is president of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce and chief executive of Continental, Inc.—mortgage, banking, and property management firm. Mr. Williams says "I like Liberty's editorial page—always timely, and reflecting the viewpoint of common-sense people."

William O. McKay, Ford and Lincoln-Zephyr dealer, is a football enthusiast who expects "a lot of interesting football stories every year in Liberty." You'll get them Mr. McKay . . . Mr. Macfadden's editorials and Liberty's war stories are other features that Mr. McKay looks for and enjoys regularly.

E. L. Skeel is a member of Roberts & Skeel, prominent Seattle law firm, and vice-president of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce. A regular reader, Mr. Skeel likes Liberty "because its content treats present-day problems realistically—in serious article or entertaining story, there are always plenty of striking ideas strikingly presented."

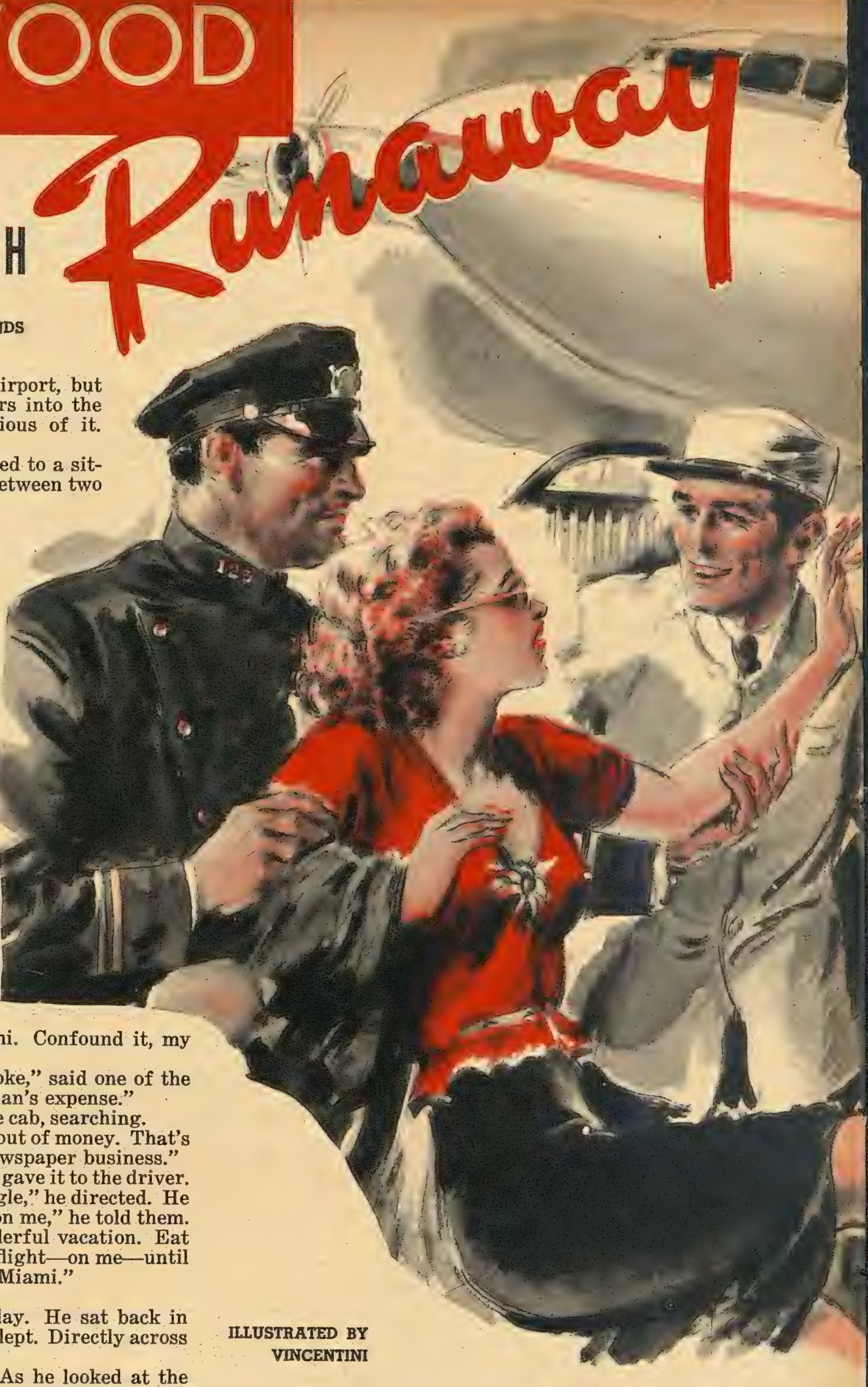
Emil G. Sick is president of the Seattle Brewing and Malting Company and owner of the Seattle Rainier Baseball Team, for which he just finished building a new $500,000 stadium. "Real sports authorities do the writing in Liberty," says Mr. Sick. "That Sports Preview by Yankee Stade was particularly impressive."

Liberty

HOLLYWOOD Runaway

BY DONALD HOUGH

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 35 SECONDS



ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

LUCIAN ALLEN arrived at the airport, but Lucian, squeezed with five others into the seats of a cab, was not conscious of it. Lucian, at the moment, was asleep.

Somebody shook him. He struggled to a sitting position and peered, blinking, between two of his friends and out into the bright new winter morning. Through a wire fence he saw a large airplane.

" Lucian, we are turning you over to Central Airlines, but your indomitable spirit will remain—" The speaker stopped short. He said in a hushed voice, " Gentlemen, look what we are turning Lucian over to."

They all looked.

A young lady was walking toward the plane, a young lady of striking appearance, perhaps of great beauty.

" Where's my bag? " said Lucian, who was the first to recover.

Everybody looked around helplessly.

One of the party said, " It seems to me I saw a bag some place." He closed his eyes, which was easy. " The Golden Eagle! " he cried triumphantly.

Lucian got out of the cab. " Send it to the Grand Hotel, Miami. Confound it, my traveler's checks are in it! "

" We can't let Lucian go away broke," said one of the five. " The farewell has been at Lucian's expense."

They twisted and turned within the cab, searching.

One of them said, " We're entirely out of money. That's the fundamental trouble with the newspaper business."

Lucian had found ninety cents. He gave it to the driver.

" Take them back to the Golden Eagle," he directed. He saluted his bodyguard. " Breakfast on me," he told them. " I'm the one who's going on a wonderful vacation. Eat hearty. Drink toasts to a successful flight—on me—until you feel that my plane has landed at Miami."

LUCIAN soared into the brilliant day. He sat back in utter comfort and release, and he slept. Directly across the aisle sat the beautiful girl.

Just before noon Lucian sat up. As he looked at the girl, he could be seen to start. Large smoked glasses obscured eyes once blue, long-lashed, and clear. Her hat, pulled down, met the rims of the spectacles. Her coat collar, turned up, covered her cheeks and reduced her once charming chin to a small unattractive V.

As Lucian looked at her in amazement and despair, he sensed that she was smiling at him.

The plane dipped. They were circling an airport.

The girl glanced at a folder. " Fifteen minutes for lunch," she said. " Would you very much mind walking into the station with me? "

" If my memory serves me," he said, " I would be glad to walk into the station with you."

The girl leaned closer. " I'm avoiding newspapermen," she said. " I hate them. They're poison."

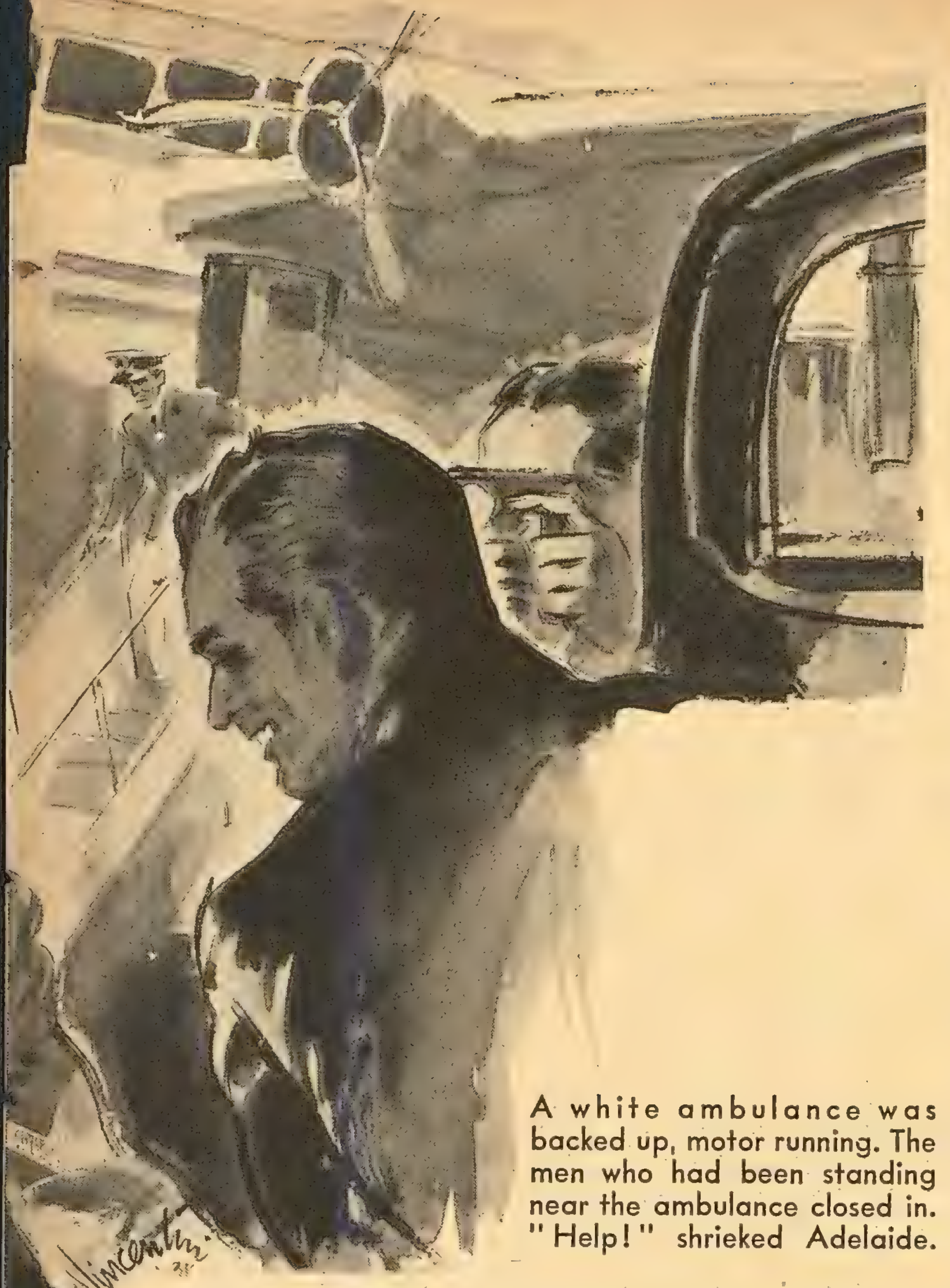
The plane landed, taxied up to the station, and they got out. " What are they looking for you for? " Lucian asked.

" I refused to marry a man." She took Lucian's arm as they approached the gate, where people were standing. She said loudly, " Darling, are you enjoying the trip? "

" Yes, dear," said Lucian. He had a sudden idea. He stopped and kissed her.

They entered the station.

" That last was unnecessary," she said with dignity. " I was just trying to fool the newspapermen."



A white ambulance was backed up, motor running. The men who had been standing near the ambulance closed in. "Help!" shrieked Adelaide.

Will-o'-the-wisp on the airways! The swift, hilarious story of a rash lover and an elusive beauty

"The same with me," said Lucian with equal dignity. They had reached the lunchroom. "I'm not eating. They gave me a farewell party and I'm out of money."

"I invite you, for helping me with the newspapermen."

They sat down and ordered lunch. She took off her glasses. Lucian looked at her. "You're beautiful," he said.

"I know it. That's why the newspapers are—"

"The newspapers aren't looking for you," Lucian said positively. "It's no news that you wouldn't marry a man. If some man had refused to marry you, it would be the story of the century. And if you wanted to attract the attention of every newspaperman in the country you couldn't do it better than with dark glasses. When they appear, newspapermen spring up where before there was only a blank space. Garbo started it."

"How do you know so much?" she asked suspiciously.

Lucian grinned. "You have just been kissed by Lucian M. Allen of the Herald."

The girl's hands went to her face in alarm.

"Fortunately," said Lucian, "I'm on a vacation. I know all about newspapermen. Throw away your dark glasses."

"Just what kind of a newspaperman are you?"

"I'm Lucian M. Allen. I thought I told you that." Lucian looked at her in surprise. "I wrote The Bat—the famous Batinelli story. It was a nation-wide scoop. Front pages every place. I had to go right into the underworld to get the story. The Herald gave me this vacation for writing it. All expenses paid."

"Lunch money?"

"No. They knew I'd meet somebody with lunch money." Lucian took his pass from his pocket. "Take a look at that. I can practically tell the plane where to go. For example, right now, if I wanted another cup of coffee, the plane would have to wait for me." He returned the pass to his pocket. "By the way, you haven't told me yet whom I've had the honor of kissing in public."

"My name," she said in a low voice, "is Adelaide Smith." She opened her bag and took out a bill and gave it to Lucian. "You pay the check."

Lucian took it. "The lunch is really on me," he said. "I'll be lousy with money as soon as we reach Miami. And another thing, who was it you wouldn't marry?"

Adelaide sighed. "A wonderful man. I never could love anybody else. But he's already married to his career. I was afraid I'd interfere—"

"Who are you, anyway?" Lucian asked abruptly.

"The daughter of an earl."

"What earl?"

Adelaide drew herself up. "Does it matter what earl?"

"But earls are always earls of something. What's your father earl of?"

"He's an earl at large."

"Who's the man you're in love with but won't marry?" There was a trace of misery in Lucian's voice.

"His name—"

"Lucian Allen. Lucian Allen, please come to the office."

It was the loud-speaker.

Lucian rose. "Please excuse me for a minute. Probably the whole underworld is on the loose."

"We're jerking you off the plane," the station manager said. "I'm sorry. We have a full load out of here."

Lucian laughed. "I guess you don't know who I am. I have a special pass."

"A K-3 pass," said Mr. Kane, also laughing. "A courtesy pass entitling the holder to ride so long as there's an empty seat. If the plane fills up, the K-3 has to wait for one with an unsold seat."

Lucian blinked, then ran out to the waiting room. The plane was swinging into position to take off. He hurried to the lunchroom. Adelaide was gone. He paid the lunch check with her twenty-dollar bill, then returned to Mr. Kane's office.

"Who took my seat in the plane?" he asked.

"Some newspaperman. He was looking for somebody."

Lucian snapped his fingers. "I've got to get a message through."

Mr. Kane grinned. "Don't tell me; let me guess. She's beautiful. What was her name?"

"Adelaide Smith."

Mr. Kane looked at the flight chart.

"Not on that plane," he said.

A young man entered with a telegram for Lucian. It said:

HAVE HOT TIP HELENE LA ROCHE HOLLYWOOD CINDERELLA GIRL WHO SKIPPED OUT ON MARRIAGE TO ROBERT TRAVIS DAY BEFORE CEREMONY IS HEADED MIAMI BY PLANE STOP IF YOU FIND HER AND GET EXCLUSIVE STORY INCLUDING REASONS FOR ACT WILL GIVE YOU FIVE HUNDRED BONUS AND EXTEND VACATION ONE WEEK STOP PICTURE OF HELENE IN TODAYS PAPER STOP WIRING THIS ALL STATIONS EN ROUTE HOPING TO CATCH YOU STOP REGARDS FROM STAFF

"Is Hélène La Roche on the plane?" Lucian asked.

Mr. Kane looked at the chart. "No."

Lucian went out to the waiting room and bought a paper. On the front page the handsome features of Robert Travis, current Hollywood heart flutter, were contained in a small circle. The rest of a four-column layout was devoted to the beautiful face of Adelaide.

He read the story. He put the paper aside. He already had enough for a flash to his paper, enough to scoop the world on the story. But he had promised Adelaide. His head felt heavy, and he slept.

He was awakened by the roar of a plane pulling up in front of the station. He hurried to the office.

"What plane is that?" he asked the manager.

"Miami. It's going to overtake your plane at Atlanta. That's been grounded there. Terrific weather. Worst in years."

"Is there a seat on it?" Lucian asked hopefully.

"No. One passenger getting on here. A lady."

Lucian returned to the waiting room. He spotted the new passenger. A matronly woman. He approached her.

"Madame," he said, "I am Lucian M. Allen. Do I understand you are going to Miami on this plane?"

The lady looked startled. "My name is Miss Pitkin," she said. "Florence B. Pitkin. Yes, I'm going to Miami."

Lucian said, "Miss Pitkin, why do you have to go to Miami today?"

Miss Pitkin drew herself up. She said stiffly, "I'm going to visit my sister."

"Your sister could wait just one day," Lucian pointed out. "On the other hand, I've got to get to Atlanta on this plane. I can't get on if you do. You have the only seat left. With me, it's a crisis, a matter of life and death."

DONALD HOUGH

a frequent contributor to magazines, knows the newspaper field from cub to editor. In addition, he has been a forest ranger and an advertising and publicity man. Born in St. Paul, he has covered all sections of the country and now he resides in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming.

Miss Pitkin looked at him narrowly. "It's a matter of some girl."

"Very well," said Lucian bitterly. He turned away. Then he stopped. "In that case," he asked Miss Pitkin, "would you carry a message to her at Atlanta? Her plane is grounded there, and it's your next stop. If you ever had seen her, Miss Pitkin, there would be no question in your mind. She's the most beautiful person on earth. I love her madly. Desperately. Yet we are pried apart by sinister forces beyond our control, by—"

"Yes, I know." Miss Pitkin glanced at the plane. "Hurry, give me the note."

At the telegraph counter Lucian wrote:

Dear Adelaide,

The man who took my seat is a newspaperman. Beware. I know who you are, but am keeping my promise. My paper has offered me five hundred dollars bonus for your story. Lucky for you I'm on vacation and don't have to do it. Please leave your Miami address for me at the Miami airport as your danger is by no means over and I must guide and counsel you. LUCIAN.

P.S. I think I love you.

He placed the note, with the nineteen dollars in paper money, in the envelope. He addressed it to himself at his Miami hotel.

"If you miss her," he explained, "mail this to me."

Miss Pitkin took it. "I've just been thinking," she said. "Perhaps I could put in a word for you."

"No," said Lucian. "Thanks, but no. She's the daughter of an earl."

"Well, I could say, 'Your Highness—'"

Last call for the plane came over the loud-speaker.

When Lucian went back into the station, Mr. Kane, grinning, met him in the waiting room. "Your party has gone from Atlanta to Charleston by rail. They'll go from there down the coast by plane. There's one going direct from here to Charleston in just twenty minutes. Isn't life wonderful?"

"Wonderful!" said Lucian.

Lucian sat down in the waiting room. In a few minutes the drone of an airplane came from the sky.

A man sat down on the bench beside Lucian.

"Is your name Allen?" he asked.

"Sure," said Lucian.

"You're pinched," said the man. He flashed a star.

"Well, I'm sorry," said Lucian firmly, "but I'm taking this plane. I got a date. A date with a beautiful girl."

The plane was pulling up before the station.

"She tried to get them to hold the plane here this noon," said the detective. "She finally told them you had kept her change. They didn't hold the plane, but the steward reported it at Atlanta. We thought we better look you over."

Lucian looked at the plane. Only three passengers.

The detective grabbed him. "We'll just go in and see the station manager."

"Hurry!" begged Lucian. He led the way to Mr. Kane. "Tell this officer how I happened to miss that plane this noon," he said. "I'm pinched."

Mr. Kane picked up a phone. "Hold that plane," he said. He looked up at the officer. The officer explained.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Kane. "Allen was pulled off that plane at the last minute. All he has to do now is give me the change and I'll wire Charleston to make the disbursement there."

"Confound it," said Lucian. "I haven't got the money with me."

The officer grabbed him by the arm.

"Let the plane go," Mr. Kane said into the telephone.

"Please let me explain!" shouted Lucian. "I gave that money to a passenger on that last plane, a Miss Pitkin, to give to Miss Smith." He turned to Mr. Kane. "Have the plane called, and have them ask Miss Pitkin about the envelope Lucian M. Allen gave her."

"Are you by any chance Lucian M. Allen of the Herald," the officer demanded, "who wrote the Batinelli story?"

"The same," said Lucian listlessly.

The detective held out his hand. "Mr. Allen, may I have the honor of shaking your hand? Mr. Allen, this is a great treat. A great personal honor."

Lucian sat down. "It's wonderful," he said. "The whole thing is wonderful. This is my vacation. They gave it to me for doing the Batinelli story. It's turning out fine," he added bitterly.

"Just keep a stiff upper lip," said Mr. Kane. "I've just had word we're to send a special, a ferry, down to Jacksonville in about three hours. Nobody can ride on it but employees and pass holders. You'll get there before your original flight. You'll see the beautiful—"

"If you see any of the boys down at Miami, or if you can use them in any way," said the detective, "just tell them Bill Swift, Humpy Swift they call me, said to give you the keys to the city. I was on duty there twelve years. Ask for Baldy Johnson, my old side kick. He's chief of dicks down there now. The town's yours."

JACKSONVILLE. Adelaide stepped from the plane, dark glasses and all. She took the arm of the young man beside her. Lucian was waiting at the gate.

"Darling," said Adelaide, "are you enjoying the trip?"

"Adelaide!" cried Lucian. He dashed forward. He took her in his arms and whispered into her ear, "This fellow is a newspaperman. Beware. Come with me." He turned to the newspaperman. "That's all," he said. "Thank you very much for your kindness. My sister and I will never forget it."

As the newspaperman walked away, Lucian leaned close. "I know your secret. Hello, Hélène."

"You know!" cried Adelaide.

"Miami plane leaving," called the loud-speaker.

"I'm going with you," said Lucian. "The Miami airport will be lousy with newspapermen. Come on."

Lucian and Adelaide found seats in the rear of the plane. The newspaperman went far up front. He turned and looked at Lucian and scowled. Lucian grinned.

The plane filled, the motors started, the door was closed.

"Adelaide," murmured Lucian, "at last we are together again. I hope we can go on and on and—"

"Hold it!" cried a voice outside.

The steward opened the door and went out. Lucian could hear the murmur of voices. The steward returned and tapped Lucian on the shoulder.

"Are you Allen?" he asked.

"I'm coming," said Lucian in tragic tones. He looked at Adelaide. He said, "I love you. Leave your address—"

"My change," said Adelaide. "From lunch. I need it. Why are you leaving? What has happened?"

"The underworld is on the loose," said Lucian. "And Miss Pitkin has your change."

"Who is Miss Pitkin?"

"I don't know."

“Come on,” said the steward. “The plane's waiting to go.”

As Lucian left the plane, a young man brushed past him and entered.

Lucian went in to the station office.

“I'm sorry, Allen,” the manager said. “It was some newspaper—”

“Never mind going on,” Lucian said wearily. He sat on the edge of the manager's desk. “Give me the name of an aviator around here who has a plane that can beat that transport to Miami and who is a—gambler.”

MIAMI. Behind Lucian, who was waiting at the gate, grimy, tired, were some newspapermen and photographers with flash equipment.

A white ambulance was backed up at the unloading station, doors open, motor running. Several men stood unobtrusively near it.

The plane came in. Adelaide got out. On each side of her was a newspaperman. She took an arm of each. “Darlings,” Lucian heard her say, “are you enjoying—”

“Sweetheart!” cried Lucian. He ran forward. He hugged her, shoving the others aside.

The men who had been standing near the ambulance closed in. They picked Adelaide up and put her in the ambulance. Lucian jumped in, the ambulance pulled away, siren going.

“Help!” shrieked Adelaide, struggling with her glasses.

“Quiet!” Lucian said. “This is only a police ambulance. Try to act like some kind of patient.” The ambulance was full of people. “This is Miss Pitkin,” said Lucian grimly, nodding toward Miss Pitkin. “These gentlemen are Sergeant Mulcahey and City Detectives Alcott and Johnson. Old friends of a friend of mine. Now: how long have you known Travis?”

“Three years,” sobbed Adelaide. “But I was not worthy of his great love. He is married to his career. I felt obliged to renounce—”

Lucian laughed. “What is the name of Mr. Travis' next picture?”

“I don't—know,” said Adelaide. She looked scared.

Lucian said evenly, “You know and I know. It's to be The Runaway Sweetheart.” He turned to the police officers. “The drinks are on me, and supper for all of us. I have swallowed a Hollywood publicity stunt whole.”

“Oh, my heavens!” said Adelaide, sitting up straight. “You have found me out. I'll get—sacked.”

“No you won't,” said Lucian. “I'm the fall guy. I wired the first part of your story in from Jacksonville. I had to do it. You're safe. I'm the one that's going to get the ax. You've—betrayed me.”

“You ought to be betrayed,” said Adelaide with asperity. “All you had in mind from the very first was collecting your old five hundred dollars.”

“Well!” said Miss Pitkin. “This begins to sound like love. I've always wanted to see the daughter of an earl married. Your Highness, will—”

“I'm not an earl's daughter,” said Adelaide tearfully. “I'm just a beautiful stenographer, publicity department, Epic Pictures. They told me to say that. Adelaide Smith is my real name.”

“Just a press agent,” Lucian explained bitterly. “She knew who I was from the first. They read about my vacation in the papers, and she was trying to get me to write a story about her. She pretended she wanted me to help her avoid newspapermen.”

“A newspaperman,” Adelaide told Miss Pitkin, “will do anything for money. It's true I wanted the story written, but he didn't know that. He thought he was betraying my confidence. A pair of dark glasses to a newspaperman is just like—”

“Adelaide,” Lucian said, “it is true I sent in your story, and I'm to get the five hundred dollars. But how do you suppose I beat you to Miami?”

“My goodness, I don't know.”

“I hired a plane,” said Lucian fiercely. “At five hundred bucks. An aviator in Jacksonville gets it.”

“What do you get?”

“You.”

“But you—hate me,” said Adelaide.

“I should say he doesn't,” said Miss Pitkin with spirit. “He loves you.”

“But he must hate me,” said Adelaide. “Newspapermen hate press—”

“It will all be clear when you have read his note, the one he gave me to give to you.” She took the envelope from her handbag. “I hope this ambulance is fireproof,” she told Detective Johnson.

Adelaide tore open the envelope.

“Ten, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, nineteen,” she counted. “Lucian, you are twenty cents short.”

“Good heavens!” gasped Miss Pitkin. “The younger generation—”

“Stop at the nearest telegraph office,” Lucian called to the driver. “Adelaide,” he said, “our day is nearly over. It has been a success. The story will be one of my usual fine yarns, probably winning another vacation for me. The story of the end of one romance, a fake one, told in terms of the beginning of another, a real one.” He paused. “It'll be as good as the Batinelli story.”

“Darling,” said Adelaide, “are you enjoying the trip?”

“Yes, dear,” said Lucian. He had a sudden idea. He reached over and snapped off the light.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

By Oliver Swift

★ ★ ½ **A DIARY OF MY TIMES** by Georges Bernanos. Translated from the French by Pamela Morris. The Macmillan Company.

The well known French priest makes a vital contribution to the thought on some of our greater problems today: Civil war, Communism, Fascism, progress, industrialism —and disagrees with the attitude taken by his Church.

"TO SHAVE FAST, WITH COMFORT—

DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE LATHER"

BARBERS DON'T USE BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAMS. 2 OUT OF 3 BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER . . . THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

Signed John Hindenberger
Head Barber
Hotel Astor, New York City

1. QUICKER because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.
2. SMOOTHER because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, so your razor cuts clean.
3. CHEAPER because you use less than brushless creams of the same size and price class. There's no waste with Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

Barbers know from long experience that lather gives a smoother, easier shave than brushless creams, because it wilts whiskers softer and faster. And 2 out of 3 barbers use Colgate lather. So change to Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather . . . loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard . . . soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube. Buy Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream today. Large size 25c. Giant size holding twice as much, only 40c.

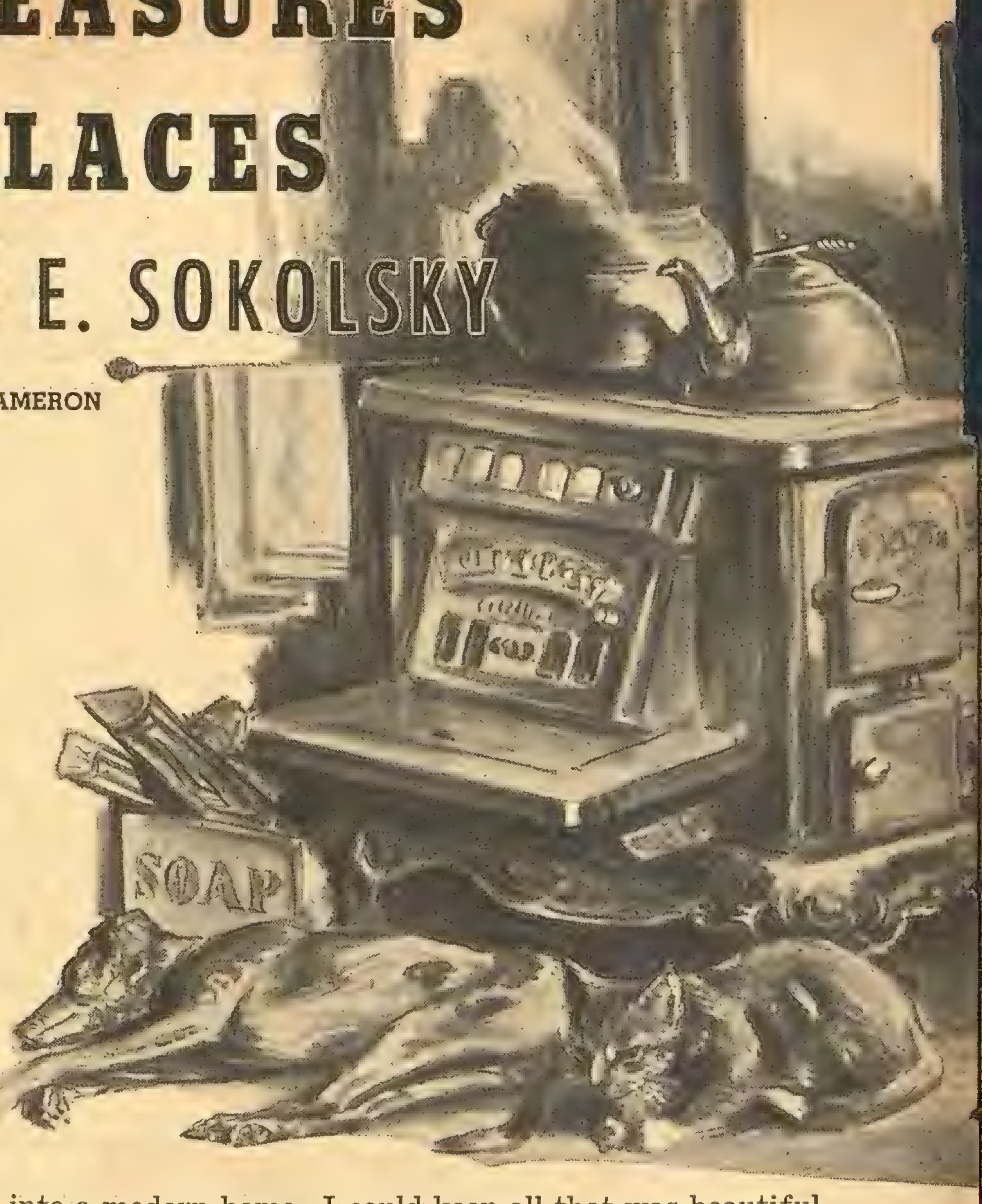
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

THE
AMERICAN
WAY
OF LIFE

'MID PLEASURES AND PALACES

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

DECORATION BY ROBERT A. CAMERON



The true story of one man's joyous adventure in homemaking . . . A tale of many helps and only one hazard

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT was an old farmhouse that we bought in Sandisfield—a beautiful place in front of which stands a row of aged maples and locusts. Some say the front part of the house was built during the American Revolution—but I don't know more than this, namely, that it must have been built by a ship's carpenter, for the joints show that.

After I got the house, I—product of American twentieth-century comforts and conveniences—wondered how those hearty old farmers ever managed to live in the place. There were no electric lights; no radio; no running water; no kitchen range; no closet space. The floors had once been beautiful, I suppose. Broad boards of hand-hewn wood, but they had not been stained or polished in years. The house had obviously not been painted in decades, but there was a new roof of modern Genasco roofing. The last owner put that on just before he had to sell.

It is one of those story-and-a-half houses that are so favored in New England. Downstairs there were five or six small rooms which had apparently been partitioned off at various times, because the ceilings were at different heights and all the walls were plastered, painted, or papered in variegated colors. They even used the rotogravure sections of newspapers for wallpaper on occasion. And among all these little rooms was a parlor which possessed a wood-burning coal stove and a chimney that ran right through the middle of the house.

In an addition built off the old house there was a large kitchen. It was the only warm room I could find. A well, under the house, provided water. (Incidentally, when I had this well pumped out, I found snakes in it.) Then there was a lean-to woodshed which contained a three-holer toilet—you may remember the kind that made special provision for young children.

Upstairs were some more bedrooms, and there was one room so cold that nobody used it in winter except to store butter and vegetables. The attic was a mousy place where chipmunks and red squirrels and field mice made nests among the debris of a century.

I can well remember the consternation of my family when I showed them what I had bought. Yet I saw the essential beauty of the place: the glorious colonial lines hidden beneath rubbishy porches and other outcroppings; the fine old floors that only needed attention. I was sure I could make a homey home of that old house.

And I had been reading magazines and I knew of hundreds of advertised commodities—paints, varnishes, waxes, woods, boards, insulations, electrical devices, household gadgets that would turn this ancient building into a modern home. I could keep all that was beautiful, all that was homey and real in the old house, but I could add to it the fine fruits of mass production, mass distribution, and advertising. I am still doing it, after five years. Every year, as I can afford it, a little more, something different, something new, for the convenience and comfort of my family, is undertaken.

Let me tell you how I went about it:

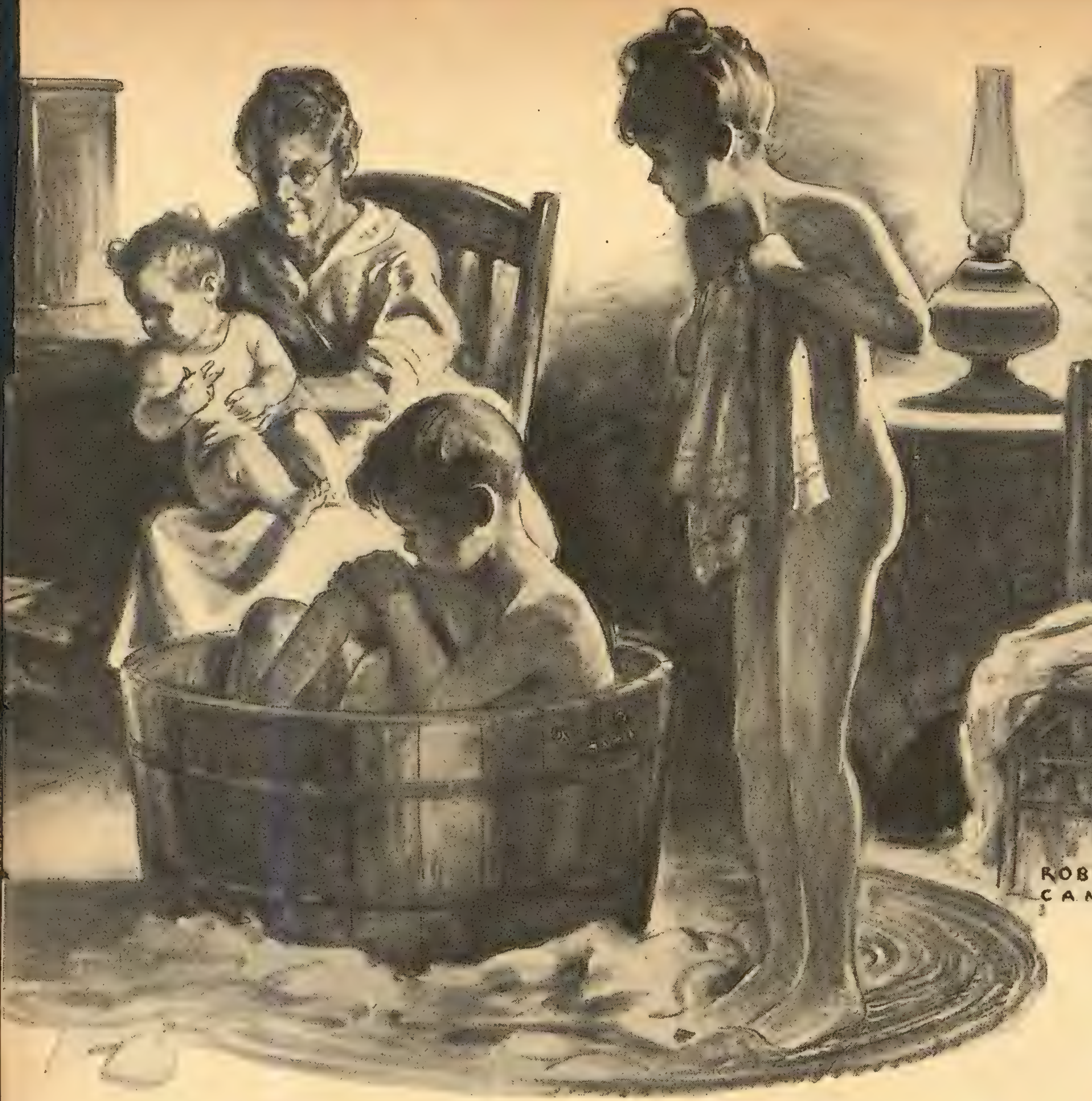
First of all, I had to deal with three problems without which no American home can come within the range of the American standard of living, namely: 1. Clean, healthful, running water; 2. Sanitary bathrooms and sewage; 3. Electricity, not only for light but for the radio, the vacuum cleaner, the toaster, my electric shaver, etc. These are essentials of American life.

Fascinating problems, for who does not want to be a homemaker? What can be more exciting than to make a place that you really own, that your children will inherit, that bears the stamp of your personality?

I had the wells examined and they were immediately condemned. My old neighbor, Frank Waters, laughed at that. Those wells had been supplying water for as long as he could remember, and he was then nearly eighty. Nevertheless, a barn was draining into them and the water was alive with *B. coli,* which is nothing to take into your system. Surely Americans don't need to live that way—not with all that American industry has produced for them.

I heard that up in the woods there were some springs that were always bubbling, providing ample pure water. But these springs were about 2,000 feet away. And that costs something. So I got out my magazines and read the advertisements about brass pipes and cast-iron pipes and about pumps.

Of course I could have consulted a plumber right out-of-hand. But we Americans never like to be caught absolutely ignorant. We don't want to say to a tradesman: "I don't know anything about this. You tell me what to do." We don't like to shop that way. We want to know something about the commodities we seek to



How did those hardy farm folk ever manage to live in the place? A parlor had a wood-burning coal stove . .

buy. We want to know what's in the market. So I read wads of advertisements, and when the plumber came along we were on speaking terms—on bargaining terms.

So I got my water system ready. Then the problem was to get some bathrooms, some flush toilets, some bathtubs and washbasins. We planned that easily enough and we had plenty of choice, Standard, Kohler, Crane, and I fear we picked one bathroom on the basis of price and another on the basis of beauty. We shopped around a good deal and bought all makes. For instance, we refer to one bathroom as the Kohler bathroom because all its fixtures came from his factory and I happen to know Governor Kohler. We used Church Sani Seats. We bought a septic tank and put in a system of drainage.

And our home, from the standpoint of clean water and toilet facilities, became as modern and healthful as any in a large city apartment house. We are eighteen miles from a railroad station, but that does not mean that life need be primitive. Not in our times, when we can read advertisements telling us what we can buy.

Well, then we came to the question of electricity. And there I met a snag. I went to the electric-light company in a near-by city and asked about electricity. There had never been any electricity supply on our hill. There are no poles and no wires. The farmers burned kerosene lamps and used their muscles and backs for power. Yes, the company would put in a service, but they named a price that knocked me for a loop. They wanted me to guarantee them the entire cost of installation—eighteen poles and nearly two miles of wire would be required. It seemed to me to be all wrong.

So back to the magazines I went. I looked through the pages and there I found them—the Delco plant and the Kohler plant that make electricity right on your own farm. We set off a place for our plant and we make our own electricity. We've been using ours for five years and it works fine. We have all the electricity we need.

So the first three essentials were taken care of: water, sanitation, and light. Now we could go ahead. Everybody in the family had ideas. But my problem was how to get the best commodities at prices I could afford to pay.

For instance, we hit upon the idea of ripping out about five small rooms and making one grand living room—a room with a great field-stone fireplace. How do you do a room of that sort? Shall we use plaster, Celotex, InsulTex, Presdwood, paint, paper, plywood?

It was easy for the rest of the family to say they wanted a room to look like an oak-paneled country living room. But I hadn't the price of oak paneling. I'm no millionaire. Well, I soon learned that I did not need to be one. I gathered together my advertisements and carefully garnered ideas.

We did that living room so that it looks like old-oak paneling—but it isn't—and everybody that sees it calls it a lovely room. When we came to use paints and stains, however, I discovered that carpenters and painters have to be told a brand by name to get the right result. We discovered that different paints do different jobs. We studied charts and color schemes of Duco, Sherwin-Williams, Devoe, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, Dutch Boy, and lots of other paint companies. We looked up Kyanize and Glidden varnishes. We got exactly what we wanted for each particular job and told the painter what to do. We did not say, "Put on a brown stain!" We said, "Use number so-and-so of such a company's stains. And we want no substitutes."

You see, we had the advantage of advertised, trademarked products. We read about them and discussed them. We asked others what their experience with particular paints had been. For instance, we might discover that a certain white paint is excellent on Sheetrock but is not particularly good for porch furniture. And we never let the painter tell us that any paint does any old thing—because we knew that that could not be so. We wanted something with a name—a known name.

When we got to the fixing up of the remodeled kitchen, we used Celotex. We wanted a white kitchen and in places we wanted the walls to look like tile. Well, we found what we wanted and we got an enamel paint that did just that job. All in keeping with our enamel and Monel metal kitchen equipment.

At first we got an old-fashioned stove for the kitchen—a stove that burned wood. Then we discovered that this had two defects. First, none of our city folks, accustomed to gas or electric ranges, could learn to cook on wood-burning stoves. Either they forgot to put wood in and the fire went out, or they kept on piling in the wood until the fire was too hot. Secondly, it took too long to get running hot water for the dishes or the bath. And conversely, if we wanted hot water for any period, the kitchen got unbearably hot. We thought of switching over to an electric range, but we were advised that our electricity plant would require some additions to carry the load. And where we lived there are no gas mains. What to do?

Remember 1900's drugstores? Today's are more like department stores. Does it mean you don't get what your doctor ordered? Not at all!—as Mr. Sokolsky will explain to you in an early issue.

Again we went to the advertisements. There must be something, we said. And, of course, there is. Pyrofax and Philgas—gas brought to the farmhouse in tanks, with an adequate service to make sure of the supply. We made our choice on the basis of the agent who got to us first, because we could see no difference between them. Then we got a Magic Chef range suited to our needs (we might just as well have picked Kalamazoo, Perfection, Glenwood, Estate, etc.), attached the hot-water boiler to it, and we were set.

My wife stocked up on electrical equipment. I don't know how many General Electric, Westinghouse, Hotpoint, and Sunbeam appliances we have. There is the widest range to choose from. And I never could tell how my wife decided between a Hoover and a Premier and a G. E. vacuum cleaner. But this I do know: that we can have the most modern equipment without losing the glamour of the old-fashioned atmosphere of a New England farmhouse. We have motorized the glamour.

And our womenfolk do not go up there to spend their summer days indoors. Coffee can be electrically percolated; toast jumps out of an automatic electric toaster; ironing is done by an electric iron which saves time and labor; a vacuum cleaner saves hours of housework. The women have time to rest and to play.

My wife tells me that every time she is convinced by an advertisement that a new electrical device will save work in the kitchen during the summer, she buys it as soon as she can afford to. Her argument is that summer holidays are usually very hard on women. The family is always around. Guests are invited. There is lots more to do than in a city apartment. Electrical devices and gadgets for the kitchen and dining room cut down both the time and energy that the womenfolk have to spend making life pleasant for the rest of us. We plan improvements on the house years ahead. If we haven't the money to make one at once, we file the idea away—and with it usually goes a bunch of advertisements. Sometimes, while we wait, something new and better appears on the market and is advertised. And we add that to the file.

For instance, we plan as our next job insulating the attic, so that the house will not be so hot on hot summer days and yet will keep the cold out in winter. We haven't done that job yet, although we should have started with it. We thought that as we only use the farmhouse a few months a year, we could get along without insulations. However, I'm now convinced that we shall be more comfortable when this job is done. Johns-Manville advertises several types of materials, particularly a brand called J-M Rock Wool Insulation, and there is a board called InsulTex which might be used, or Celotex. Then there are the new double-glass windows made by Libby-Owens-Ford and the Owens-Illinois Glass Company. As I said, I have a file of advertisements on the subject and I am gathering more—and when we get to the job, we'll select what is most suitable for our purposes and pocketbook.

And there is another job which we are setting for ourselves. We don't know when we'll get to it or exactly what we'll do about it. But this file of advertisements is beginning to grow fat and bulky.

The point is that every autumn we try to stay up in Sandisfield a little longer—maybe an additional week or so. The country is never more lovely, with the maples turning and the evergreens standing high and clear over the fallen leaves. And every year we are driven out by that cold spell that comes just before Indian summer. And every year we talk about coming up during the Christmas season for winter sports, but we get cold shivers thinking about it.

The house needs a furnace, and it has to be automatic, or no one would ever get up in the morning to start it. Now, we know that the American Radiator Company, General Electric, Timken, Iron Fireman, Fairbanks-Morse, Link-Belt, and lots of other companies sell just what we want. We have their stories in our advertisement file on furnaces. And we know that we can buy several different types of radiators for the same reason. And we often take that file down and look at the pictures and the explanations and prices and terms. And one of these days that old farmhouse will be as warm as toast in every room during the coldest days of winter.

Now, this is my story. And everybody has a story like it—a story of homemaking. Of course, if you can afford it, you can hire an architect and an interior decorator and a contractor. Yet we are finding a great joy in making a home ourselves, in searching for what we need and in passing judgment on what we find.

Some products do not advertise in the magazines we read. Maybe they do not advertise at all. And I must say that they are nuisances. Take, for example, an electric fixture. You plan a room. You want a particular type of electric fixture, something that will not spoil that effect. You wander from shop to shop but you cannot discover just the thing. What you do discover clashes. It becomes ugly because it is out of tone. You ask your friends and they tell you that they have had the same trouble. You ask your electrician and he pulls out a lot of shopworn catalogues, but still the fixture you need is missing. But you know that some one makes it, because you recall that somewhere at some time you saw what you want. But where?

You don't have that problem when you look for bathtubs—they are advertised. You don't when you think of refrigerators—General Electric, Westinghouse, Frigidaire, Kelvinator, Norge, Crosley, Electrolux—they advertise. But you do have that trouble with personalized fixtures—they do *not* advertise.

Homemaking is personality. You do not care whether the item is made available by mass production and mass distribution. What you do want is that it should be available to *you* when you need or want it, and that *you* should know about it. You want a choice. You want an opportunity to make your own selection. You know that if your wife wants a red-colored roofing paper, nothing else on earth will make her happy, and if she wants red cedar shingles, that is her choice. And no contractor can tell her what she ought to want, because she has read the advertisements and she knows what exists.

Only advertising makes that possible, because advertising is personalized merchandising. Often it is a direct conversation between the manufacturer and the consumer. It is important information, time- and money-saving, to you from the manufacturer.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

SHOW this to the boys. It will give them educated ideas about the right kind of silk stockings to buy for Christmas.

I've just learned a lot on the subject from Willy de Mond, whose firm, Willy's of Hollywood, supervises the hosiery worn by leading movie ladies. His information is well worth saving, and referring to, whenever *we* buy silk stockings. To begin with, he explained how stockings are now designed in scientific ways that help beautify different types of legs by means of optical illusion.

"For the plump-legged girl," said Willy, "the stocking should have a perpendicular weave. Horizontal weave for thin-legged girls. Stockings with wide clocks for girls whose legs are really *big*. . . . A low-heel stocking is best for girls with skinny ankles. The pointed-heel stocking for thick-ankled girls. For girls with knobby ankles, the modernistic heel having one point higher than the other. . . . Light tan shades for blondes. Darker shades for brunettes. Beige or grayish tones for girls with bright blue eyes. Black stockings only for dark-eyed girls. . . . Black silk stockings, by the way, have been returning recently to Hollywood favor. They make fat girls' legs look thinner. . . . And here's a hint for bowlegged girls: they ought to turn the seams of their stockings a little toward the outer side of the calf."

Still a few more expert tips from Willy de Mond: . . . Best silk stockings for office girls are of three-thread or four-thread crepe, fifty-one gauge or fifty-four. . . . A five-thread stocking for country wear or housework. . . . For swellest evening wear, a one-thread or one-and-a-half-thread stocking with a very fine seam. . . . Two-thread stockings for ordinary evening or afternoon dress-up, and the gauge should be fifty-one or higher.

Closest-fitting stockings are of black rubber lace. . . . Alice Faye once wore a pair of diamond-studded silk stockings that cost $2,500. You can get a fine pair with inserted lace fronts for about five dollars. . . . Silk stockings are being made now with gold or platinum zippers up the back seam. . . . Others with velvet heels. . . . Also *right-and-left* stockings, each stocking clocked only on the outer side of the leg. . . . And if you want something extra exquisite, you can have silk stockings jeweled with cut-steel or marcasite clocks, or with semiprecious stones.

Christmas is coming! Show this to the boys.

☆ Despite the Joe Miller Joke Books, there *are* husbands affectionately devoted to their mothers-in-law. Witness a true-life testimony. . . . The husband was a skilled amateur cook. Baked Alaska was his specialty. His mother-in-law loved baked Alaskas. One noon he raced home from work; tiptoed into the kitchen through the back door; hurriedly turned out a superb baked Alaska for his mother-in-law's birthday luncheon. Then he sneaked quietly out and raced back to his office without a word.

"All right, then! Give me a ticket, but I warn you I'm still in a hurry!"

☆ Upon the excellent authority of Director Harry Beaumont's charming wife, I am assured that Garbo has a sense of humor. Garbo can laugh. Garbo does laugh. Garbo's mirth is hilarious when she sees her own pictures run off backward. Her favorite amusement, they say, is watching herself go through one of her dramatic roles in reverse. She laughs till she cries.

☆ *Chicken cream pone*, Kentucky style, makes a more substantial winter dish than chicken *à la* king, and a tastier one, in my opinion, corn meal and chicken being two of nature's happiest affinities. . . . Cook white corn meal and spread in pan to cool. When firm, slice in squares and fry golden brown. Cut left-over chicken in strips to fit corn-meal squares. Rub chicken with flour, salt and pepper; brown lightly in butter or under broiler. Have equal amount cold ham cut in strips same as chicken. Arrange fried corn-meal squares on platter, with chicken and ham distributed evenly on top. Prepare thick sauce of chicken stock and cream, adding a little parsley. Pour sauce over all and serve very hot. Quince preserves are a delicious accompaniment.

☆ *Some Christmas novelty suggestions:* . . . An English *tweed brush* for that man's shaggier apparel ($2). . . . Very stylish new horizontal clock to lie flat on his desk (under $4). . . . For fickle young folk, an adjustable *braquette* frame to fit portrait photographs of all sizes (from $2). . . . Electric-lighted pocketbook mirror, post-card size, for prinking in the dark at the movies or in parked cars (from $1). . . . Smart knitting basket, cork-covered and monogrammed (about $1). . . . Teacup decorated with charts showing how to tell fortunes by tea leaves (about $1). . . . Package of twelve horoscope coasters (25 cents). . . . *Gal Tag*—belt of suede with *her* name engraved on the dangling metal tag (about $4).

☆ A man named Edmond de la Poer claims direct descent from the original Bluebeard. He says his wife-killing ancestor was Duke of Brittany, and that he slew three wives because he didn't want to have children. But his fourth wife escaped and bore him a son. She was canonized afterward as Sainte Trifine. Mr. de la Poer is angry about the unhistorical story told in our popular Bluebeard legend; thinks we owe a more faithful regard to his family's homicides. . . . Isn't it curious how the blackest deeds can take on a quality of distinction through the mellowing wash of time?

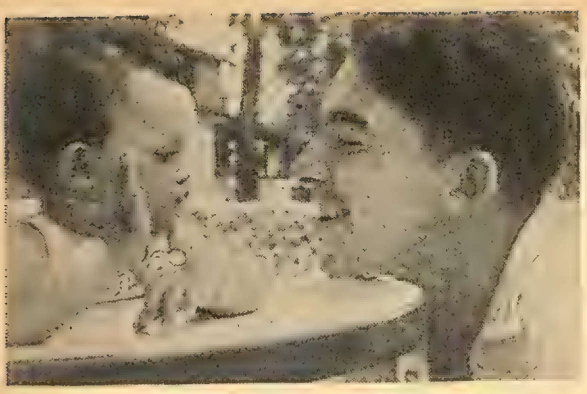
SECOND WEEK'S WINNERS

$2,100

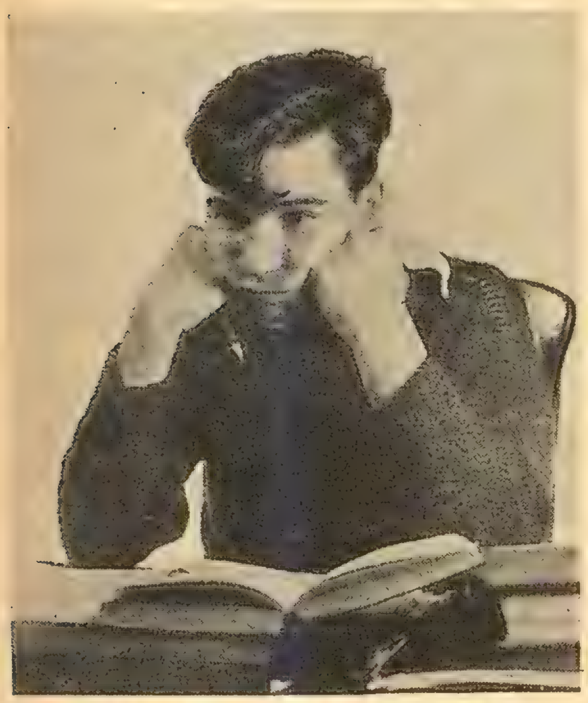
INTERNATIONAL

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS

CONTEST



FIRST PRIZE, SECOND WEEK
by Mrs. W. J. Schlie, Norwood, Ohio



SECOND PRIZE, SECOND WEEK
by William J. Witt, Jr., Newark, N. J

AMONG THE $5 WINNERS
by W. S. Powell, Toronto, Ont.

$50 FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. W. J. Schlie, Norwood, Ohio

$25 SECOND PRIZE

William J. Witt, Jr., Newark, N. J.

TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH $5

Clifford S. Baily, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. T. L. Bowman, Harriman, Tenn.; Dr. C. A. Campbell, Steubenville, Ohio; Charles W. Collings, Danville, Ill.; Jerry Green, O'Brien, Ore.; Mrs. Lillian Handel, Glastonbury, Conn.; Twila Horton, Lakeland, Fla.; W. Mathieson, Miami, Fla.; P. F. Morgan, Winnipeg, Man.; Dr. Catherine Murphy, Los Angeles, Calif.; G. L. Osmanson, Morris, Ill.; Mrs. Margaret L. Perry, Bathurst, N. B.; Mrs. John Phipps, Manhattan Beach, Calif.; Elmer E. Pitman, Port Maitland, N. S.; W. Powell, Toronto, Ont.; Dr. B. G. Quackenbush, Jamestown, N. Y.; Fred J. Roth, Sacramento, Calif.; Mary R. Smith, Garden City, N. Y.; Harry E. Torstenson, Yonkers, N. Y.; Vera Trevarthen, Scales Mound, Ill.; L. C. Wagner, Sidney, O.; Homer Walton, Newark, O.; P. A. Wampler, Pampa, Tex.; V. G. Weaver, Jr., New York, N. Y.; John A. Williams, Ada, Okla.

YOU, TOO, CAN WIN A CASH AWARD!

IF you submitted a snapshot in the second week of this series, winners of which are listed directly above, and do not find your name among them, by all means send in another entry this week. Make the most of each of the remaining opportunities this series affords you. This is the eighth contest of the series. There are only two more to follow. Plan to enter this week and the ninth and tenth weeks as well. Send in as many prints as you wish, provided each print bears your name and address on the reverse. And keep in mind that in addition to the weekly awards a special award of $100 will go to the best interior snapshot entered during all ten weeks. This week's contest closes Tuesday, January 3. More winners will be announced next week.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated January 7, 1939, Liberty will award $200 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted in accordance with the following rules by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There are no restrictions regarding size of prints. If enlargements are submitted, the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached. **Send no negatives until requested.**

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after October 26, 1938, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will, upon request, submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Each print submitted must have the name and full address of the entrant plainly printed on the back. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first week's contest closes Monday, November 14, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including January 16, 1939, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot, in order to win a prize, must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. On that basis each week of the contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the First Prize of $50. The Second Prize of $25 will be awarded to the second best, and prizes of $5 each will be awarded to the twenty-five entries next in order of excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL INTERIOR AWARD!

In addition to the regular weekly cash prizes, at the close of the ten weeks' series Liberty will award a special prize of $100 for the best interior shot submitted during the competition. This is over and above any prize that may have already been awarded such print.

Advertisement

Hundreds of Additional
Weekly Awards of
MASTER Photo Finishers
Blue Ribbon ENLARGEMENTS
To Entrants in this
LIBERTY HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS all over the United States and Canada will make these additional awards for the best pictures entered in each locality through their dealers, after which they will be forwarded direct for entry into the Liberty Home Life Snapshot contest.

GET YOUR ENTRY BLANK from and leave your snapshots or films with any photo dealer or drug store whose photo finishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher.

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MASTER
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OF AMERICA

A nation-wide organization giving MASTER photo finishing service to the amateur through the better Photo Dealers of the United States and Canada.

GUNGA DIN—With Improvements

A well-beloved tale of the past is retold with opulent aid from the present—and, for Christmas, here's Mr. Scrooge again

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, December 28. The winner will be announced in the issue of February 4.

★ ★ ★ GUNGA DIN

3 stars predicted. Kipling always makes ideal camera fodder. And there's a strong cast.

YOU'RE a better man than I am, Gunga Din." If you know your Kipling, you know the brave native water carrier, vintage 1892. Gunga—or should I say Din?—is here, almost swallowed up in a $1,500,000 production.

RKO-Radio sent a huge troupe, some twenty-two trucks and trailers, to the foot of Mount Whitney, near Lone Pine, 200 miles from Hollywood. Here the snowcapped Sierras play the Himalayan peaks. And the studio staff built an army cantonment, barracks, elephant houses, and everything, two native towns and a huge jungle temple to the Goddess Kali. Some 350 people worked for six weeks with the temperature at 102 to 110 and finished on time, although part of the village burned accidentally.

In this improved version of Kipling there are three hard-boiled sergeants of the Queen's Own Sappers—Cary Grant, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen—engaged in the perilous job of stringing a telegraph line through the Indian frontier near Khyber Pass. (This was in the '90s, remember.) Treacherous Hindu fanatics surround the little detachment, faithful Gunga Din blows the mess call, the only bugle call he knows, and the Highlanders come running. Sam Jaffe, the Grand Lama of Lost Horizon, is Din.

Facts: $1,400 worth of gold leaf was used on the temple dome; 1,200 rifles of varying vintage; 400 horses were employed. The commissary reports that 450 pounds of chicken, 200 pounds of potatoes, and 90 gallons of coffee were consumed at a sitting on location. There were only thirty-four genuine Hindus with Guild cards in Hollywood, so it was necessary to use white extras. It would have taken endless time to make up the extensive white cuticle, but this was done with spray guns. A turban expert, one Bhagwan Singh, was taken along, to show the correct mode in folding turbans and—er—loincloths. Yes, that can be done wrong, too. The famous Metzetti Brothers—Otto, Victor, and Tom—are present. They're ex-circus performers who take desperate bumps in the movies. In brief, they fall off cliffs, out of windows for $150 a day or better.

Romance in India. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Fontaine in Gunga Din.

There's a bit of romance in the film, too. Doug, Jr., falls in love with the daughter of a tea merchant, played by Joan Fontaine. Probably a best performance goes to Darrell Silvera, chief RKO property man, who built India for the film.

The inside dope: Three vigorous actors—and a director whose best work to date is a pallid telling of Barrie's Quality Street. This all depends on the director, George Stevens.
Produced by RKO-Radio.

★ ★ ★ CHRISTMAS CAROL

3 stars predicted. Charles Dickens would have been Hollywood's top ranking scenarist. He knew his sentiment.

THIS most celebrated of yuletide fables, written by Charles Dickens in 1843, is back again. But Lionel Barrymore, laid up with arthritis, unfortunately was not present as the miserly Scrooge. He was too sick to do the job he has done over the air for some five years.

The Scrooge is Reginald Owen, chosen because he is an Englishman and because Lionel suggested him. You have seen Owen in various roles, humorous and character.

Dickens' yarn of how the close-fisted miser Scrooge is transformed into a kindly, generous old man, all on a Christmas Eve, is known the world over. Little Terry Kilburn is Tiny Tim, the young son of Scrooge's accountant, Cratchit; Ronnie Sinclair, the thirteen-year-old New Zealander, is the young Scrooge on view when the old miser travels backward with the Spirit of Christmas Past.

London, dirty, shabby, colorful, of ninety years ago is reconstructed. And Tiny Tim again whispers, " God bless us, every one." All this will be in the holiday spirit, as touching and

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Your satisfaction
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or money back
•
SERVE
GARRETT'S
VIRGINIA DARE WINE
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If Garrett's Wines do not make your food taste better...if you are in any manner not completely satisfied with any Garrett Wine, your entire purchase price will be promptly refunded by the dealer upon return of the unused portion. . . Ask your dealer for Virginia Dare Wine, Old North State brand Blackberry Wine, Garrett's American Sauternes, Chablis, Riesling, Claret, Burgundy.

Garrett & Company, Incorporated, General Offices, Brooklyn, N. Y. Established 1835.

For Sonny's Cough
(due to a cold)
PISO'S
Pure and Pleasant

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Everything advertised in Liberty is guaranteed by the publishers to be as represented. Every advertisement in Liberty is examined to avoid misleading statements and false claims. Readers may buy with confidence.

If for a quick, cool shave you pine,
The Ingram's way will suit you fine!
—F. L. MacPHERSON, TENN.

THE THRIFTIEST PINCH of Ingram's foams up into billowing brushfuls of luxury lather. And it's cool, Cool, COOL! Get economical Ingram's at your druggist's today.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

heart-warming as Hollywood can make it. True, Dickens laid on the sentiment pretty heavily, but he knew his public. I defy you not to wilt before Tiny Tim.

The inside dope: Can Reginald Owen handle the Lionel Barrymore role of Scrooge? The Dickens sentimentality of the yuletide hangs on that.

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★ ★ ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD

2 stars, after viewing it. Too much straining for laughs that aren't there.

GIVE Jack Benny the air and he's tops. Give him the screen and he's just another comic straining for a laugh. Obviously he tried hard to score in his newest, called Artists and Models Abroad. He went in for reduction of the vest measurement, tried—in a careful, guarded way—to do a romantic lead opposite blonde Joan Bennett.

The result—in spite of four famous authors, several of 'em nice lads, too—is pretty bad.

A musical troupe is stranded in Paris. Ousted from their hotel, they seek refuge in a museum. When guards come, they—you've guessed it!—pose as wax figures. But, in their flight, they innocently add to their ranks a blonde heiress out for adventure, otherwise Miss Bennett. They think she's broke, too.

The lad from Waukegan is the harassed boss of the troupe. Mrs. Benny—Mary Livingston—isn't present; but Miss Bennett, Mary Boland, the Yacht Club Boys, and others are.

The direction is in the hands of Mitchell Leisen, a Menominee, Michigan, lad who used to design the bathtub and Babylonian revels for Cecil De Mille. He was, in brief, what Mr. De Mille called his art director. And in this there's a bathtub that *is* a bathtub. But, even so, this film is pretty dull.

The inside dope: Jack Benny's diet—of rations and sentiment—is wasted. This farce never does get going.

Produced by Paramount.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the November 12 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Walter L. Liberty, Walkerville, Montana, for his review of Sweethearts.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—That Certain Age (4,—), Suez (3, 3½), You Can't Take it with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½), Marie Antoinette.

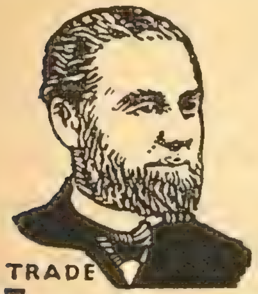
★★★½—Walt Disney's Shorts, Sweethearts, If I Were King (3½, 3½), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½,—), The Lady Vanishes, (3½,—), Four Daughters, Alexander's Ragtime Band.

★★★—Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys (3,—), Submarine Patrol (3,—), Dramatic School, Just Around the Corner, Angels with Dirty Faces (3½,—), The Shining Hour, Sixty Glamorous Years (3,—), The Cowboy and the Lady (3,—), Gangster's Boy (3,—), Brother Rat (3, 3), The Arkansas Traveler (3, 3), Mr. Wong Detective (3, 2½), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

1—Willis Van Devanter.
2—In greyhound races (occasionally, as a special attraction).
3—Tom Mooney.
4—The Battle of Belleau Wood.
5—There isn't any tuition fee. Midshipmen are paid $780 a year by the government.
6—Orson Welles.
7—Sophie Tucker.
8—A dog fox.
9—Song of Solomon 6:8—"There are three score queens."
10—Rabbit fur.
11—Vernon and Irene Castle.
12—No, she was healthy and normal at birth, becoming deaf and dumb and blind at eighteen months, following an illness.
13—Inherited (by a newborn child from a parent or grandparent).
14—The Idiot's Delight.
15—Not unless it's a crime to have attained the age of sixty.
16—Mata Hari, the German spy.
17—Italy.
18—Rudyard Kipling.
19—Ontario.
20—

Constance Bennett



BE KIND!

Be considerate! Don't cough in public places. Carry with you Smith Brothers Cough Drops. (Two kinds—Black or Menthol, 5¢.)

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.

THAT'S MY STORY

BY DOUGLAS *"WRONG-WAY"* CORRIGAN

Once East was East and West was West. Now the boy who changed all that gives you the stirring tale of how he did it!

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

SHORTLY before noon on Friday, July 8, 1938, I took off from the airport at Long Beach, California, headed for New York. In the special tanks of my Curtiss Robin were 252 gallons of gasoline and 18 gallons of oil. As there was hardly any wind blowing, I headed east and continued in that direction, climbing slowly, until at the end of two hours I was flying at 10,000 feet altitude above the Colorado River.

Three hours out I passed north of Phoenix, Arizona, and two hours later was east of Lordsburg, New Mexico. The air was very rough over the desert.

Between Deming and Las Cruces, New Mexico, I flew over the edge of a dust storm, and just north of El Paso, Texas, there were several rain squalls, with lightning bolts a hundred feet wide flashing down to the ground. After passing El Paso there was moonlight all the way to Fort Worth. Then the moon went down and it was very dark until sunrise.

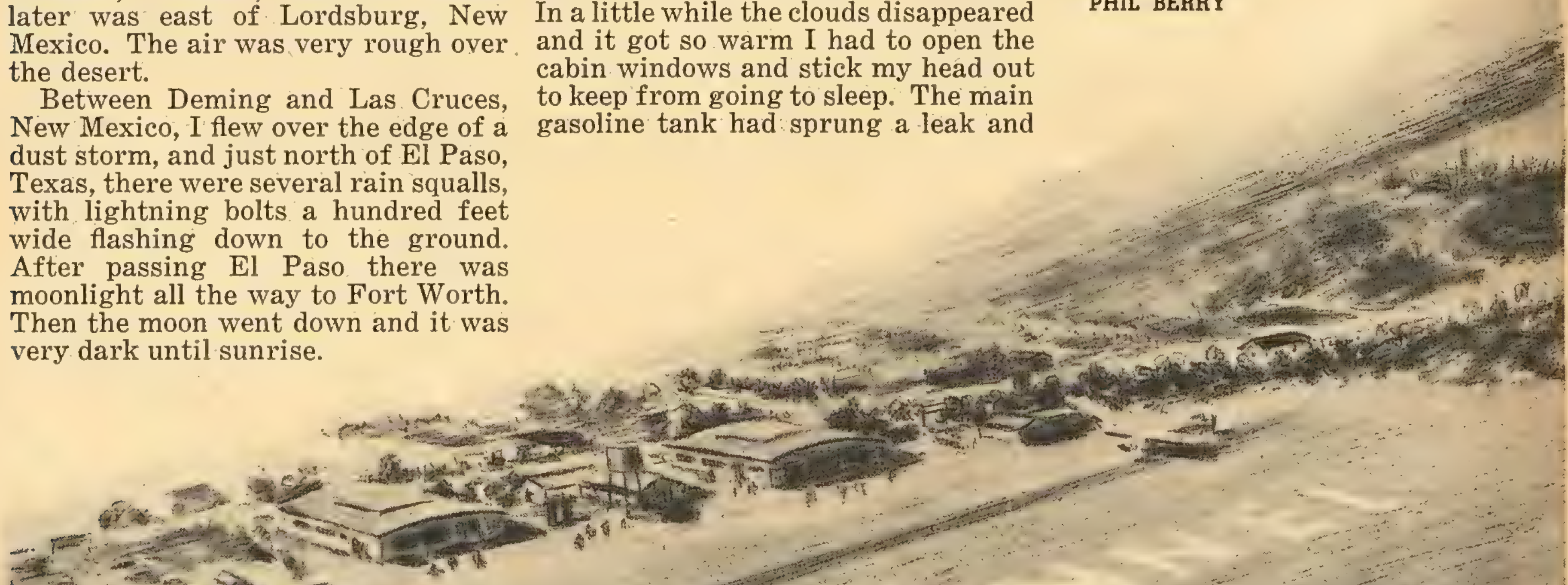
I had crossed east Texas and most of Arkansas in darkness without following the airway beacons, so now didn't know exactly where I was till an hour after sunrise, when I passed three miles north of Memphis, Tennessee. East of Nashville, Tennessee, when I was about twenty hours out of Long Beach, I ran into rain clouds in the Cumberland Mountains. For almost four hours I flew through rain and clouds, just missing treetops and hillsides. Finally I came out of the hills, and the clouds got higher and the rain stopped.

Having flown in every direction to get through the storm in the mountains, I didn't know where I was now. In a little while the clouds disappeared and it got so warm I had to open the cabin windows and stick my head out to keep from going to sleep. The main gasoline tank had sprung a leak and the fumes from the gasoline weren't doing me any good either. Also the gasoline supply was getting low, and as I didn't know my actual position I was not sure it would be possible to reach New York. But I had to reach New York nonstop or I wouldn't be allowed to attempt the nonstop flight back to California, so I determined to fly until the gasoline ran out.

Finally I flew over a place with a name on it. Then I knew where I was, because the summer before I had flown over this place on my way to Baltimore. When near Philadelphia I noticed the smoke near the ground blowing from the south, so I went down low and took advantage of the tail wind.

At sundown on Saturday, July 9, when I landed at Roosevelt Field,

ILLUSTRATED BY
PHIL BERRY



there were four gallons of gas left. I taxied up to Steve Reich's hangar just as he was getting ready to go home. I hadn't seen Steve since the year before, and he hadn't known I was coming East this year until he got a phone call from my brother Harry.

When Steve and I pushed the Robin in the hangar that Saturday night at Roosevelt Field, a fellow asked us where it had come from, and when Steve told him Long Beach, he said, "Oh," and walked off, thinking Steve meant Long Beach, New York. But the fellow, who was a newspaper reporter named Bill Lawton, had seen the big gas tanks, and he got to thinking I must have come farther than some place in New York. So he was back in a few minutes and got the story of how I had started from California the day before and made the trip nonstop in a little less than twenty-seven hours.

That day Mr. Hughes was getting ready to start on his round-the-world flight, so the papers didn't have much about my flight, for which I was thankful. Because if they didn't notice the flight to New York, they probably wouldn't notice if I failed to get back to California.

Quite a few people came around to look at the plane and talk about the flight during the next few days. One day a fellow came to the hangar and said he was with Liberty Magazine and that his boss would like to talk to me about my cross-country flight. I had heard of Mr. Macfadden's nonstop flight from New York to Miami and thought I would like to ask about his flight too; so I said: "Sure. When and where?" He set a date, and on Tuesday evening I went over to New York and met Mr. Gray and we went up to Mr. Macfadden's place.

After dinner we sat around and talked about airplanes for a couple of hours. Mr. Macfadden had a Stinson he wanted to put some extra tanks in, and he asked me if after making the flight to Los Angeles I could come back to New York and install some tanks for him.

AT Roosevelt Field one day Ruth Nichols came around and looked at the Robin. She offered to lend me her parachute. I said thanks, but there wasn't room for a parachute, and anyway the plane was all I had, and if it fell to pieces, I'd go with it.

Mr. Burgh of NBC asked me to speak over the radio, so one night I went in to New York and made a news broadcast, and that same night I was also on the Vox Pop program at the Hotel McAlpin.

About the middle of the week I had the plane all ready to go except for greasing the valve gear, which was to be done the last thing before the take-off from Floyd Bennett Field. On Saturday I noticed the weather was good all the way across the country, with easterly winds across Texas, which would help me along. That afternoon I got everything ready, which wasn't much of a job as I had only a shirt and a pair of trousers with me. For food I took along two boxes of fig-bar cookies and two chocolate bars, and a quart bottle of water. I also had a great-circle map of the United States with the course marked out to fly the southern route by way of Memphis and El Paso. There were no other maps in the plane.

Just before getting in the plane to go over to Floyd Bennett Field I said good-by to Steve Reich and asked him to tell my brother Harry that I would be back and see him in a week or two. I was coming back East for two reasons, one of which was to see Mr. Macfadden, and the other was because the American Airlines wanted me to make a return trip, landing at their stations on the southern route, if I made the flight nonstop from New York to Los Angeles.

I landed at Floyd Bennett Field that Saturday evening and taxied up to the Hoey Air Service hangar, where I put the plane in the hangar and took off the engine rocker-box covers to pack grease around the valve gear, and to check the valve clearances.

At 4 A. M., Mr. Behr, the field manager, said for me to get ready and take off at the break of dawn. So we rolled the plane out of the hangar and filled all the gasoline tanks. After the motor started I took a flashlight and looked it over carefully while it was running, to see that nothing was coming loose.

Then I walked over and thanked Mr. Behr for the service and asked, "Which way shall I take off?"

He said, "Any direction you want, except don't head toward the buildings on the west side of the field."

There wasn't much wind blowing and the long runway ran east and west, so I said, "I'll take off east," and got in the plane.

After rolling down the concrete runway for 3,000 feet the plane took to the air and was fifty feet high when it passed the eastern edge of the field. As the plane wouldn't climb very fast with the heavy load, I decided to fly straight ahead for a few miles before turning west. There had been a haze near the ground, and when I was 500 feet high there was fog below the plane, and as I started the turn to the west I noticed the top compass was not working right because the liquid had leaked out. I hadn't seen that in the dark the night before. There was another compass down on the floor that I had set to fly a westerly course, so now I turned the plane until the parallel lines matched, and flew on over the fog.

During the first two hours I saw trees occasionally through holes in the fog, and then saw a city I took to be Baltimore, Maryland, which I have since found out was Boston, of course. After passing this city the clouds became solid, both underneath the plane and above. The clouds kept getting higher, and at eight hours out of New York the altimeter showed 4,000 feet, with the clouds just below the plane.

At ten hours out I got cold feet. I mean my feet felt cold. Then I noticed why. The leak in the main gasoline tank, which I hadn't had time to fix at Roosevelt Field, had become worse and was running down on my shoes, the evaporation causing them to cool off. This didn't worry me because I figured I would be past the clouds in a few hours and could land anywhere if the gas ran out.

At fifteen hours out of New York I was just above the cloud level, with the altimeter showing 6,000 feet. And now it got dark. With clouds below and above, it was impossible to see exactly where the horizon line was, so I had to keep watching the turn indicator and the air speed pretty closely to keep the plane on an even keel. Also the gas-tank leak got worse during the night, and when I pointed the flashlight down under the floor boards I noticed there was gasoline an inch deep in the bottom of the plane. As this might have leaked out of the left-hand front corner near the exhaust pipe, with disastrous results to the plane and myself, I took a screwdriver and punched a hole in the bottom of the plane on the right side so the gasoline would run out there.

I HAD intended to run the engine slowly, as that gives more miles to the gallon, but when I discovered the gasoline-tank leak I reasoned, If I run the motor slow the gasoline will have more time to leak out, so I'll run the motor fast and use it up before it leaks out. Therefore I ran the motor at 1,900 r.p.m. all the way, when it should have been turning only 1,600. When morning came I was flying at 8,000 feet, with the clouds just below the wheels of the plane, and out ahead the clouds were piled up to an altitude of about 15,000 feet.

As I didn't want to fly that high, I went into the clouds, flying entirely by instruments for the next two hours, with the rain running off the plane in a constant stream. Then, as it was getting colder and I didn't want any ice to form on the plane, I kept coming down lower. I expected to see a mountain come poking up through the clouds any minute, but at 3,500 feet on the altimeter, when I got below the clouds, I saw nothing but water underneath. This was strange, as I had only been flying twenty-six hours and shouldn't have come to the Pacific Ocean yet, so I started to figure out just what had happened.

I looked down at the compass, and now that there was more light I noticed I had been following the wrong end of the magnetic needle on the whole flight. As the opposite of west is east, I realized that I was over the Atlantic Ocean somewhere. But where? Not knowing just where, I flew on, hoping to strike land some place if the gas held out long enough.

In a few minutes I saw a small fishing boat. I knew a small boat like that wouldn't be very far from shore, so I kept on straight ahead, and in twenty minutes I saw hills. There were no towns on the coast, so I flew on inland, and in forty-five minutes came to another coast and figured I must be in Ireland, as it is about that far across in some places.

After flying another thirty-five minutes down the coast, a fighting plane of the Irish army came alongside the Robin. But he pulled over in front of me and disappeared, so I couldn't follow him to the airport.

In a few more minutes there was a large city under me and an airport off to the right, so I flew over that way and saw the name "Baldonnel" marked in the center of the grass field. Having studied the map two years before, I knew this was Dublin. I circled around twice to make sure of the wind direction and to see that there were no obstructions on the field before I landed.

I taxied up to the line and left the motor running while I got out and walked over to talk to an army officer who was walking out from the field office. I asked him, "Is this the right field to land at?" He replied, "Yes, this is the correct field, all right."

I said to him, "My name's Corrigan. I left New York yesterday morning, headed for California. But I must have flown the wrong way."

He said, "Yes, we know."

So then I asked him, "How come? How'd you find out?"

He replied, "Oh, there was a small piece in the paper saying you might be flying over this way, and just a few minutes ago we got a phone call from Belfast saying a plane with American markings had flown over and was headed down the coast."

THEN a man in a blue uniform who had walked up said, "Is this the first place you've landed since leaving New York?" I said, "Yes."

The man said, "That makes it easier for us, then." He was the customs agent.

The army officer asked me to go into the office and sign the book. So we walked into the field office and I signed the airport register and they showed me the piece in the paper about "Unknown Pilot Disappears Over Atlantic." When I told them I had no passport or other clearance papers, they weren't surprised. The army officer said he'd call the American Minister and the customs man said he'd call the government building in town to find out what to do with the plane. Then another army officer came in and talked to the first one and the two of them asked me to go down to the barracks with them and have some tea.

I said, "Sure, and I wouldn't mind washing my face, too."

After tea we walked back to the field office, and there was a car waiting to take me to the American Legation. But the customs man asked me to wait around awhile as he hadn't heard from his superiors yet. It was 2.25 Dublin time when I landed, and now it was 5.15, so the army men said to the customs man jokingly, "What's the matter? You're not putting him under arrest, are you?" The customs man replied, "No, but this never happened before. I don't know what to do." The army men laughed and said, "Why don't you let him go? We'll be responsible for him. We've got his airplane and he isn't likely to leave without it."

The customs man said he couldn't release me to the army, but that he could release me to the American Minister. So he called up the Legation and made the arrangements. I thanked the officers for their courtesy and we drove to the American Legation near Phoenix Park, in Dublin.

At the Legation the secretary took me in and introduced me to Mr. Cudahy, the American Minister, who said, "Well, well! You seem to have arrived unexpectedly. What caused the trouble, hey?"

WE sat down and I explained as well as I could that it was very hazy the morning I left New York and that I must have got mixed up in my compass readings and flown the wrong way over the fog and finally found Dublin. Mr. Cudahy said, "It was hazy when you took off, was it? Well, your story seems a little hazy too. Now come on and tell me the real story." I replied, "I've just told you the real story. I don't know any other one." Mr. Cudahy said, "Amazing! Marvelous! Most amazing thing I ever heard of! But tell me. What are you going to do when the technical experts get to questioning you?" I replied, "It'll be easy to explain to them, especially if they've seen one of these special compasses before." He said, "So you're sticking to that story, are you, hey?" I answered, "That's my story, but I sure am ashamed of that navigation."

While I had been waiting at the airport that afternoon there had been several news reporters asking dozens of questions and one of them had offered $500 for an exclusive story, but I told him he could have the story for nothing, and so could all the other papers. Before dark that evening planes came in from London, Paris, Glasgow, and Liverpool with news reporters, photographers, and even newsreel cameramen. They were around the Legation all evening, asking questions and taking pictures and making phone calls and rushing off with their pictures. Then telephone calls and telegrams started coming in from England and Scotland and cablegrams from America. During the next few days 250 cables arrived, including messages from Steve Reich, Henry Ford, and Howard Hughes. There were plenty of business offers, and offers of large sums for personal appearances at theaters, night clubs, circuses, and stores of all kinds, but I decided not to take any of them until I got home.

The next morning Mr. Cudahy took me to the government offices to see what was going to be done with the plane and myself. We met Mr. Leighton and Mr. Walshe and then we all went in to see Mr. De Valera, the Prime Minister of Ireland. Mr. De

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(Continued from Dec. 17 issue)

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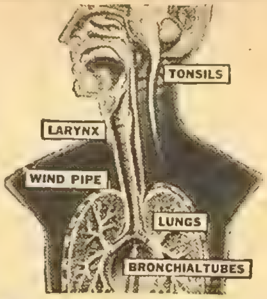
INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

COUGHS...

Here's Why
You Cough . . .
WHEN YOU CATCH COLD
1 Congestion results and the tiny glands in your throat and windpipe cease to work properly.
2 The secretions of these glands often turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.
3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.



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1 Pertussin, an herbal syrup, stimulates the glands in your throat to pour out their natural moisture.
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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Valera said he would be interested to hear me explain how I happened to be there. I told my story, and when I got to the part about making a mistake in reading the compass, every one started to laugh, and from there on everything was in my favor.

After talking about various things for several minutes, Mr. De Valera asked Mr. Walshe and Mr. Leighton, "Will it be necessary to fill out any extra papers because he came in without permission?" They answered, "We will probably have to make a special ruling in this case." So Mr. De Valera said, "All right. As he came into this country without papers of any kind, why, we'll just let him go back without any papers." I said, "Gee, Mr. De Valera, thanks a lot, and I'm sorry to have caused you so much bother." "That's all right," he said. "We're glad to help you because the flight helped to put Ireland on the map again."

ON July 21 Mr. Holliwell, the Dublin agent for the Oriole Steamship Lines, came to the Legation and said his line would carry my plane back to the States gratis and they had a boat sailing that afternoon. Mr. Cudahy and I had previously called on Dr. Douglas Hyde, the President of Ireland, and he had expressed a desire to see the airplane, so we went by his place and told him the plane was being shipped that day. So he came out to the airport with us and examined the plane while the army mechanics were getting ready to load it in the boat.

At five o'clock we reached the dock, with the wings on a trailer and the fuselage towed along behind an Irish army truck. Everything was all lashed in the hold by six o'clock, which was pretty fast time, as the Irish army mechanics had only started to tear the plane down at noon. When I offered to pay them for the work, Major Mulcahey, the officer in charge, said it was nothing. But it would have sure been something if I'd had to do all that work alone.

At Baldonnel Field on Monday morning I boarded a four-engined De Havilland plane of the Irish Airlines and rode as a passenger to London. Mr. Moore, the secretary to Ambassador Kennedy, met me at the field and we drove to the Embassy, where I had lunch with the Ambassador and two of his daughters. That afternoon Mr. Moore and I went through the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey and we even rode across London Bridge, which hasn't fallen down yet. There were a number of people at the Embassy for dinner that evening, and afterwards we were shown a preview of a new moving picture.

With Colonel Scanlon, the United States air attaché, I visited a flying field and two aircraft manufacturing plants the next day. That evening I attended a party at Colonel Scanlon's and at midnight made a radio broadcast for BBC.

The third day in London I visited the Science Museum and got up on a stepladder and actually touched the Wright brothers' original flying machine. That afternoon I flew back to Dublin with Captain Armstrong, and this time he took me up to the pilot's compartment and let me fly the plane. Although it was a large four-engined machine, it handled as easily as any plane.

On the day I left Dublin, the Lord Mayor presented me with an engraved silver cup, while a few hundred townspeople looked on and cheered.

It was necessary to go by train and motorcar from Dublin to Cobh, where I got on the boat. When I got off the train, the Lord Mayor of Cork was at the station with a large delegation and took me to a banquet. The next morning, as I boarded the U. S. liner Manhattan, I saw the only rain I'd seen during the ten days I was in Ireland and England. On board the Manhattan I met Captain Richmond and the purser, Mr. Gehrig, who handed me a cablegram. It was from J. Monroe Johnson, the Assistant Secretary of Commerce, and was about 300 words long, ending with the sentence: "Your pilot's license number 4674 is hereby suspended until August 4." The boat was due to dock in New York on August 4.

On the Manhattan were 1,000 passengers and 500 crew, so during the next few days I signed 1,500 autographs and posed for as many pictures as there were cameras.

Then came the entrance to New York harbor, past the Statue of Liberty, with the whistles blowing and the fireboats shooting up streams of water. The mayor's reception committee came on board in the harbor, and then we all rushed to the hotel, as it was late in the evening and the parade was for noon the next day.

GOING up Broadway to the City Hall came the midsummer snowstorm of paper. I could just imagine the next day when everybody looked for their phone books, only to discover they had been torn up and thrown out the window. At the City Hall there was a big crowd of people, and after the band played the Star-Spangled Banner the mayor made a speech and I tried to answer it. After that came the luncheon, which was held at the Advertising Club.

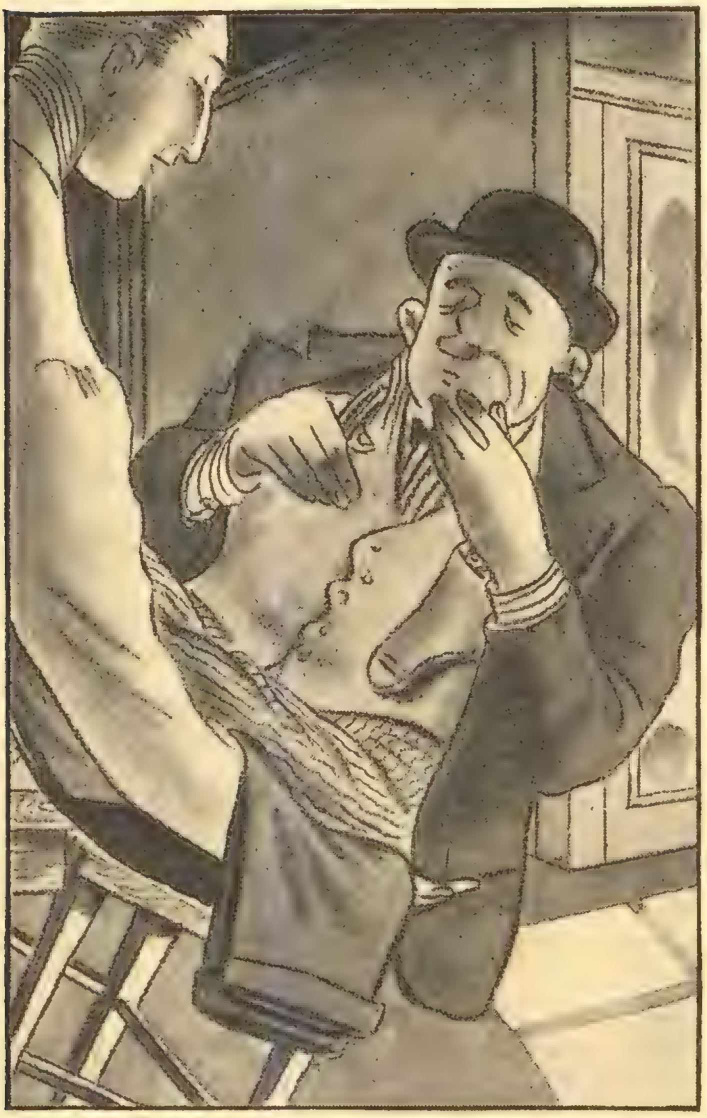
Later that afternoon was the parade in Brooklyn. Then came Boston, Newark, Baltimore, Washington—in an American airliner, as my plane had not arrived yet. Then I returned to New York, and on August 16 started out in my Robin on a tour of the United States that covered fifty-five cities in thirty-three days. On my California stops I saw many friends.

As I had decided to put my plane in the California World's Fair on Treasure Island next year, I left it in San Francisco. The next day I rode the airliner to Los Angeles and reported to Inspector Marriott that the tour had been completed. Then I rode an airliner back to New York and put in three weeks of the hardest work I have ever done—writing this story.

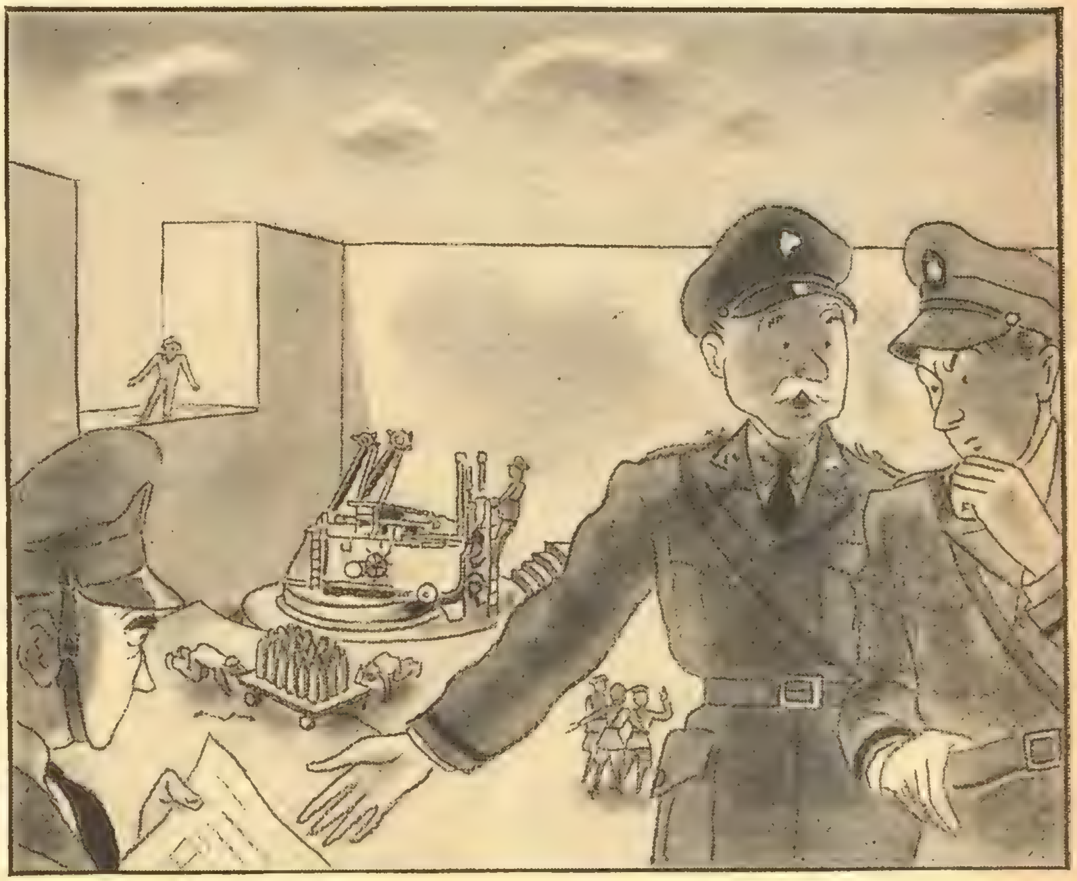
THE END

OUR VERY CANDID CAMERA

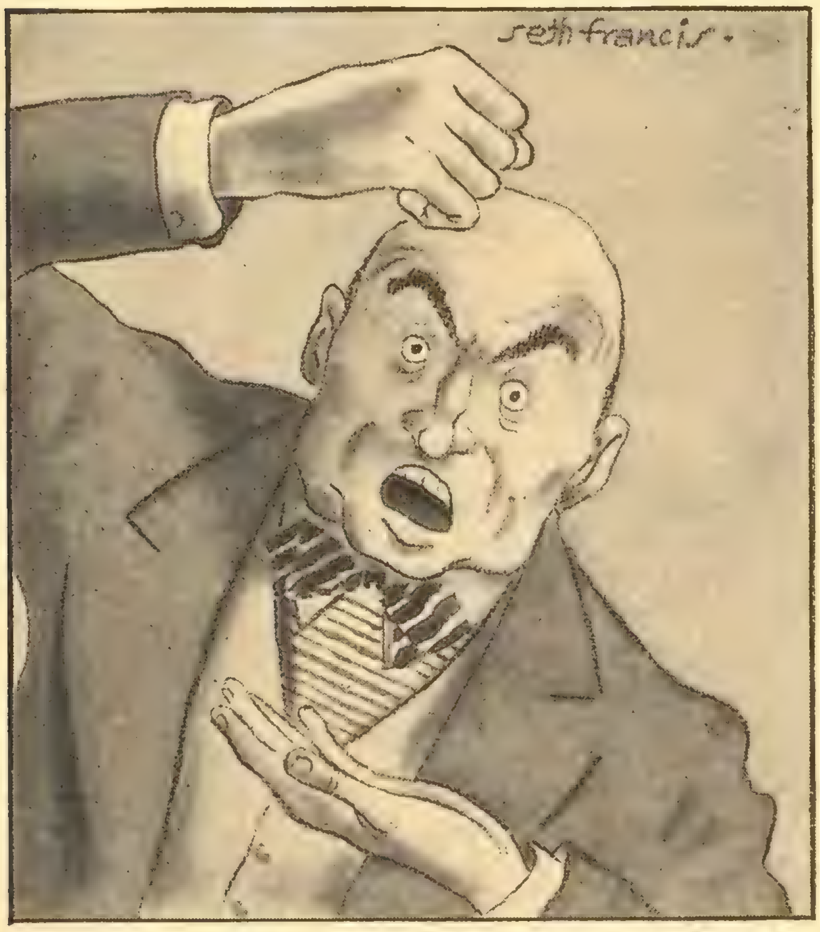
BY JACK SHUTTLEWORTH and F. E. SMITH



One result of the many new fashion magazines for men is seen in this informal snap of Butch McGloin, Chicago sportsman. Here Mr. McGloin is shown toying with the intriguing idea of getting steel-blue pants to match his bulletproof vest.

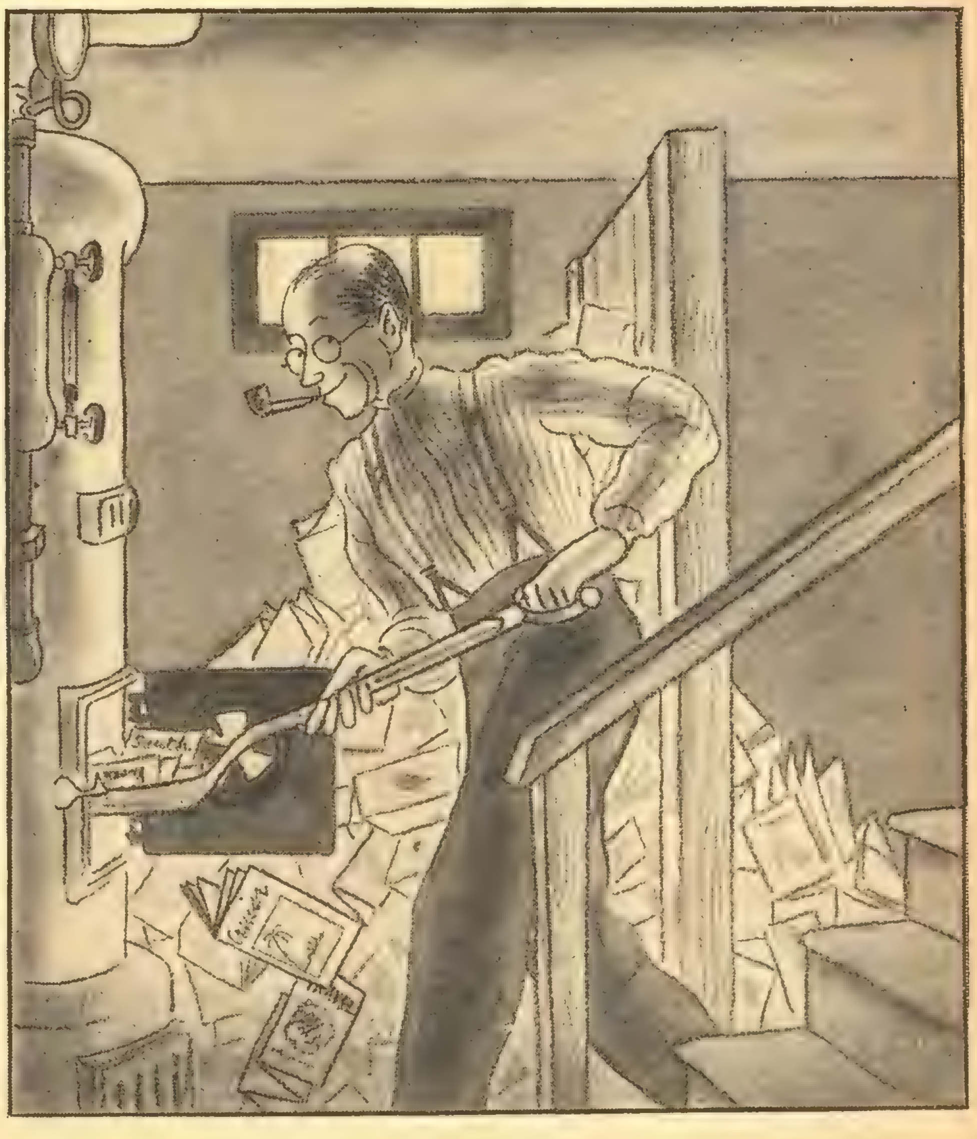


An incident that may well lead to a new spy scare is indicated in this news photo of the government's latest type disappearing gun. Which, to the utter consternation of the Army, seems to have disappeared completely.



Snapped at 1/250th of a second, this camera study shows C. J. Cuttlefish, the internationally known utility tycoon, expounding his theory that government meddling will eventually make power so cheap not a consumer will want it.

"Live at Home and Like It," is the motto of Morton Snapgrass, Canadian farmer, who each winter heats his home with the binful of Southern-cruise literature the travel agencies obligingly send him.



VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

I Lost My Precious Papers—and I Prayed

New York, N. Y.—My first Christmas in America I was invited to give a lecture on Christmas carols at the Church of the Epiphany in Dorchester, Massachusetts. This lecture had been given in Florence, Italy, at the British Institute, and also at the Santissima Annunziata in the same city before Queen Elizabeth of Belgium when she came to visit her daughter Marie José—now Crown Princess of Italy—at that time a pupil of the school. The preparation for this lecture in the first place had entailed research in libraries and museums of various countries in Europe, and I had notes and manuscript copies of music which to me were priceless because almost impossible for me to obtain a second time.

On the morning I was to leave for Dorchester, I took these precious papers out of my trunk, and was looking through them preparatory to packing them in my suitcase when I was called to the phone. Expecting to be back immediately, I dropped the papers on top of my closed valise and went to answer the call. I was kept longer than I expected. When I returned to the room, the papers had gone. I rushed out to find the colored maid, who said, when I asked her: "Oh, yes. There were some papers on top of your valise. I threw them out with the trash."

"Where are they? What did you do with them?" I asked, frantic.

"Oh! I put them on the dumb-waiter and sent them down to Joe. They're surely gone by now."

I dashed down to the basement. The janitor told me they had been taken by the garbage men.

"You can't get papers back after they have got mixed up with all the other trash of New York," Joe said.

I went up to my room. There I burst into tears. It all seemed so hopeless! But soon, remembering how often God had helped me before, I turned to Him again in complete childlike faith that He would lead me now. I dried my tears, finished packing my valise—without the precious papers—put on my coat and hat, and flew downstairs again and out into the snowy street, leaving my suitcase in the lobby ready to pick up without loss of time to make my train. I went to the place where I was told the garbage would have been taken.

I told my story to every one and any one who would listen. Most of them laughed; they all assured me it was impossible.

One man took me into a sort of vast cloister with pillars. Against the walls were standing sacks about six or eight feet tall, hundreds of them. He said: "Even if your papers were in one of those sacks, how could one ever guess which one? It's worse than looking for a needle in a haystack."

I said, "Won't you please open just one? If the papers are not in that one, I will give up and go away and not bother you any more. I promise."

He called a man over, and together they tilted the sack and emptied out the contents all over the floor.

"There they are!" I cried, kneeling down and gathering them up.

They were all there! Not one missing nor torn nor even crumpled, although I had unclipped them when looking them over in my bedroom, so that they were just a lot of loose sheets.

I helped the two men put back the rest of the stuff into the sack, gave them all the change I had in my purse—I may have kissed them, I don't know, I was too excited and happy to remember—rushed back to the house where I was staying, picked up my suitcase, shouted up the stairs to all and sundry who might hear, "I have found the papers!" and made my train just as it was about to leave. Browning's lines came to me:

Let one more attest,
I have lived, seen God's hand through
a lifetime, and all was for best.

—*Madame Z.*

"IMPEACH MADAM PERKINS!" HE CRIES

Alma Center, Wis.—Though I have not recently examined the law of impeachment, I am sure that, if Congress were petitioned in overwhelming force, Madam Perkins could be brought up for impeachment for giving aid, comfort, and sanctuary to the enemy.

Because Mr. Macfadden (October 22 Liberty) has so clearly and nobly stated the need for a shake-up and for the appointment of a strong man in the United States Department of Labor, I had hoped that he might initiate a movement to demand the removal of Madam Perkins. This could be done by impeachment or by Executive action.

But a strong petition is needed. It would spread like wildfire if Liberty inaugurated the step. Will you do it? What hinders?—*George T. Ringrose.*

BASKETBALL IS A SISSY GAME

Tacoma, Wash.—Your November 5 article about basketball, by Yankee Stade, was a scream.

Basketball is a sissy game compared to football or ice hockey.

Tell Stade that there are more basketball players simply because it is an easier game to play.

Baseball is still the national game, and will be until Yankee Stade can step on his white whiskers!—*Westerner.*

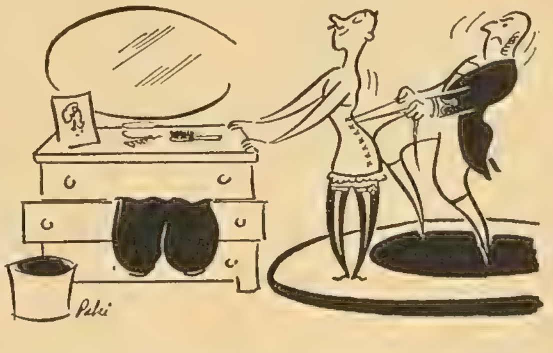
WOMEN WILL REVOLUTIONIZE MEN'S DRESS

North Hollywood, Calif.—Not only are women running many things today, but they are going to revolutionize men's dress.

Why, only yesterday one of the largest fashion designers in the studios told me that in five years men's clothes will undergo a complete change because of female influence.

Men's collars will be abolished, except for tuxedos, etc., or full-dress wear. Men will wear *short* pants, loose and *above* the knee, and they will wear *long* silk stockings, as long or longer than women's stockings.

And because women want their men streamlined, men will wear tight corsets or girdles, and fancy round garters will be fashionable again; but they will be worn by the men above the knee instead of flappers as before, and women will become leg-conscious, and woe to the man whose stockings are not tightly gartered or whose seams are not straight.—*Florence Thomas.*



PHILIP DRU KNOWN FOR MANY YEARS

Clearwater, Fla.—Mr. Frederick L. Collins has just learned that Colonel E. M. House wrote Philip Dru (November 12 Liberty).

Marvelous! The literary discovery of the age! Phooey! Hundreds of thousands have known that for many years. Every American statesman knew it as early as 1914. And Mr. Collins never saw that book until "a few weeks ago," in the fall of 1938 A. D.!

And Mr. Collins need not have looked beyond the book itself to learn the author's name (had Collins been bright), for on page 73 and 74 a mythical New York hotel is called the Mandell House, thus named to prove Colonel Edward Mandell House's authorship.—*George W. Watt.*

HAILS A REAL SHORT SHORT

Fairburn, S. D.—Finally, after a l-o-n-g last a *real* Short Short Story! Yes, it's No Pictures (October 29 Liberty). But what crimes you have committed against the triple S for months now!

Also Cameo in the same issue has outstanding merit.—*J. Ouerbo.*

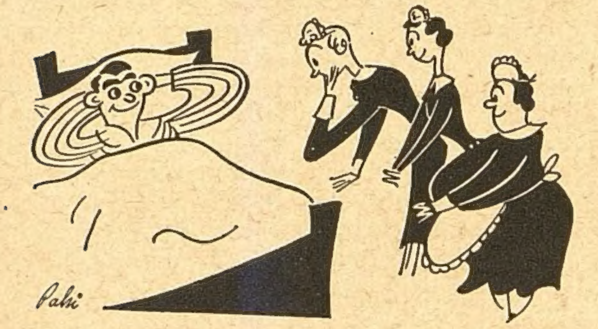
GABLE WAS NOT AMUSED!

HOLDINGFORD, MINN.—I have never read anything so silly as Why Gable Stays at the Top, by Ruth Waterbury (November 5 Liberty).

The peak of asininity is reached when she tells of the time that Mr. Gable was a guest at a New York hotel.

It seems he woke in the night to discover three chambermaids gazing adoringly down at him. Now, he didn't raise a row and get the girls fired. Oh, no! He was amused. My, my, wasn't he just too kindhearted! Those poor foolish females must have been overcome with gratitude.

Horsefeathers! More likely he'd have raised a row if those chambermaids had *failed* to get into his room. Certainly he would never have been amused.—*F. F.*



DIFFERENCE BETWEEN OXFORD GROUP AND MOVEMENT

KOKOMO, IND.—May I respectfully refer to your Question No. 17 in November 12 Liberty, "Who Founded the Oxford Movement?" Dr. Buchman founded Buchmanism, the members of which movement called themselves "Oxford *Group*." The movement has no connection with Oxford, if I am not much mistaken. Your question might have been correctly answered thus: "The Oxford Movement was started at the University of Oxford in 1833. Those first connected with it were John Keble, Hurrell Froude, and John Henry Newman." — *F. Joseph Mutch.*

QUARTER IN THE TROUSER CUFF

HOUGHTON, MICH. — At the tender age of fourteen I fell in love with Ronald Colman, the darkly handsome movie idol.

One week the debonair Mr. Colman was acting in a picture at our theater. My entire fortune totaled two bits—known in better circles as twenty-five cents.

Dawned the great day! I stood behind a tall fellow waiting to buy my ticket. And then it happened! My precious quarter fell from my hand into the tall fellow's trouser cuff just as he took his ticket and walked toward the ticket collector.

Off I dashed after him, past the ticket collector, into the theater. Inside, things became a little difficult. I found the tall fellow easily enough, but had trouble convincing him that there was twenty-five cents in good American money in his trouser cuff, and would he step out into the aisle and kindly hand it over. The ticket collector didn't seem to believe me, either.

Finally my quarter was restored to me, and back I fled to the ticket seller, more than a little abashed. Still, I just had to see that show.

The ticket seller, to this day, eyes me suspiciously every time I go to a show. I don't see why, though, because the tall fellow buys both our tickets now.—*M. T.*

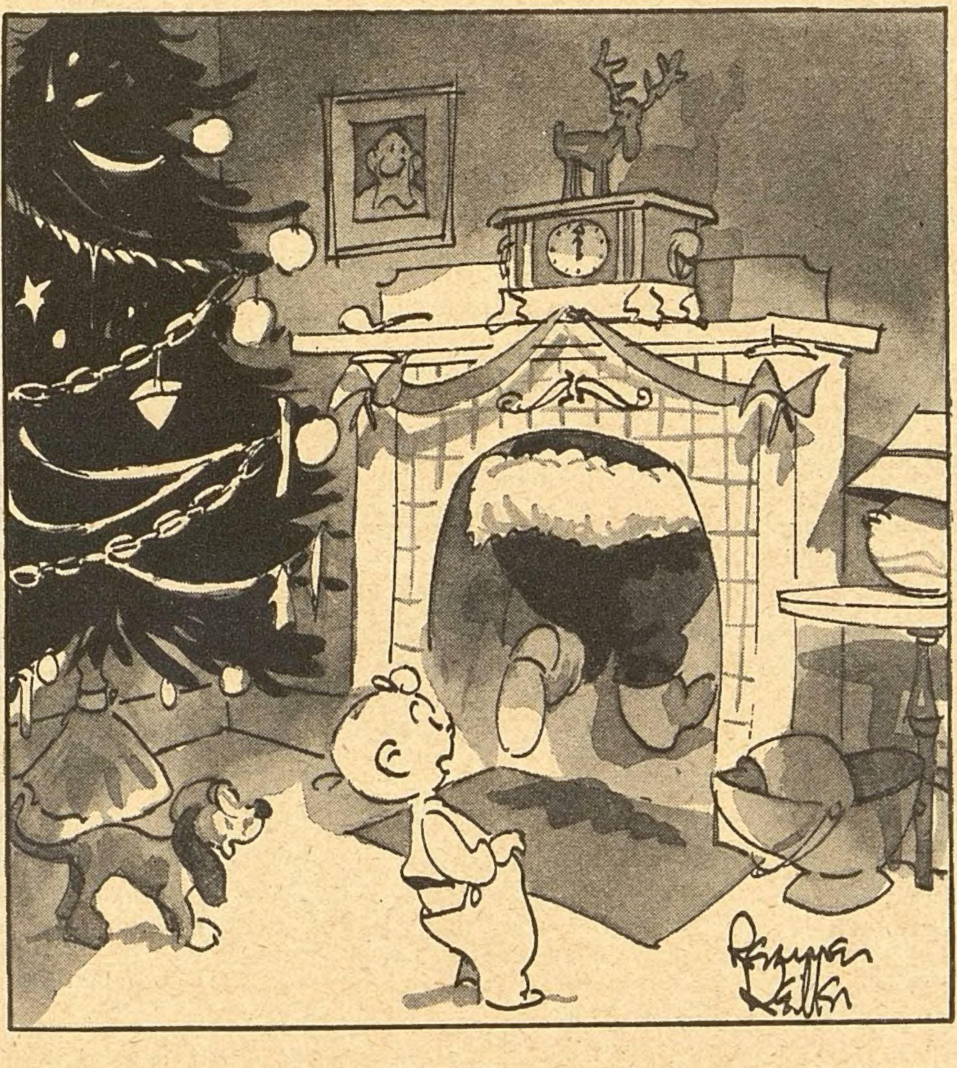
NAVAL POWER AND WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES

MOUNDVILLE, W. VA.—Mr. Osborn Marcus Curtis, Sr. (October 8 Vox Pop) may be correct when he says that there will never be another naval battle, but it is a matter of record that, in every war in which the United States has participated in the past, one of the main causes has been the belief of the enemy in the weakness of our naval power.

That this is true even today may be seen in the feverish activity of the many nations which are building naval equipment as fast as they can obtain the materials.

Does it not, then, become apparent that one of our best recipes for the peace and safety of our people would be larger and more efficient naval forces?—*James M. McCartney.*

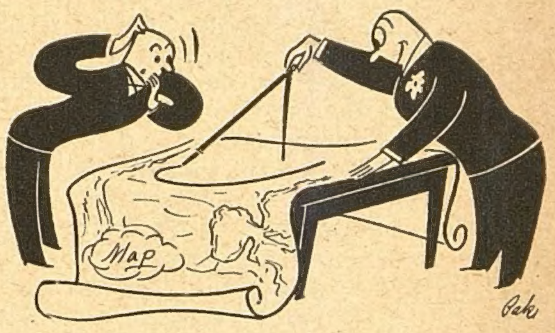
"HARDTACK"



"What's the matter, pop—lose your front door key?"

VANDERBILT'S RUBBER RULER

HOUSTON, TEX. — Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., must have a rubber ruler. He surely did "stretch" it when he wrote What the Middle West Says About Roosevelt (October 29 Liberty). *He* can draw a circle four hundred miles in circumference and get "Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, most of Iowa, Missouri, and Kentucky, part of Minnesota, and the western borders of Pennsylvania and West Virginia."



I drew that circle on a map, and just did get out of the Chicago city limits, or a little less than sixty-four miles out. I wonder if he meant a *radius* of four hundred miles.—*Bertha Allan.*

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Surely Mr. Vanderbilt is well enough versed in simple arithmetic to know the meaning of the terms "center," "diameter," and "circumference"! Isn't he?—*E. H. Weitzel.*

CAN'T BARBERTON GET SOME OF THAT DRAG?

BARBERTON, OHIO—Pages 40 and 41 of November 12 Liberty plugs Mansfield, Ohio. Now, that's all right, but I believe this is the second time within a year you've plugged Mansfield. What drag does Mansfield have with you?

I am wondering if Barberton, Ohio, couldn't get some of that drag. Some sections of Barberton can't be beaten when it comes to municipal beauty. And very few towns the size of Barberton (population, 30,000) are more industrialized. Our largest suburb, Akron, may be the Ghost City (September 24 Liberty), but Barberton has been known for thirty years as the Magic City. —*Henry Stoner.*

A NOVEL IN 4 WORDS

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—I had a novel, entitled The Yegg, all written up for Liberty, but made the mistake of having a G-man friend of mine edit it. But maybe you can still use it for a Short Short! Here 'tis:

THE YEGG.

Crime does not pay.

—*D. Williams.*

Our Navy Comes Back to the Atlantic

NEWS DISPATCHES tell of the navy games to begin next month, not in the Pacific Ocean, where the fleet has ridden for so long, but in the South Atlantic. Probably the area of mimic warfare will extend from the Cuban coast to Brazilian waters; and the maneuvers will last well into the spring. In this great playwar of our naval forces there will be five new Brooklyn-class cruisers, the answer of Uncle Sam to Japan's bid for supremacy in the light-cruiser class. America is making herself strong. Front pages of the daily newspapers tell of a vast new armament program which the Congress will be asked to provide. Where less than a year ago General Bullard was demanding four thousand airplanes, we hear that the government demands twelve thousand combat planes —nine thousand for the army and three thousand for the navy. At last Uncle Sam is waking up to his dangers. . . . IT IS STRANGE that immediately after Prime Minister Chamberlain had signed the Munich pact and proclaimed peace in our time, Great Britain redoubled her efforts at armament. So did France, and so now does the United States. Why is this? Is it not because " peace in our time " seems something too good to be true, impossible to believe in? Is it not because the American people have at last come to realize that our precious freedom, our dearly purchased democracy, can survive in a world of force only so long as it is able to defend itself against the whole world if necessary? Does any well informed person actually believe we shall have " peace in our time "? An intelligent answer to that question is contained in an article in Liberty next week. It is written by Vincent Sheean, not only author of Personal History but one of the best informed of foreign correspondents. Mr. Sheean's article, written in the very midst of the intrigue of European chancelleries, is called Peace or Breathing Spell? We commend it to all Americans interested in peace abroad and at home. . . . MR. SHEEAN'S ARTICLE leads a table of contents which we feel is packed with drama and solid interest. Frederick Collins contributes a sympathetic study of the process of American justice, in spite of all that its Communist detractors have to say against it, in his article, Rich Man in Sing Sing. He tells the story of what has happened to Richard Whitney since the Wall Street leader entered his prison. If you think, as so many of our radicals charge, that the rich man gets special favors behind bars, you will enjoy getting a true picture in this remarkable article. Robert Grayson's Football Frenzy is a timely and exciting sports article. Old-Timer is back with another true detective classic, this time called The Adventure of the Noble Bigamist. Helen Gilmore will tell you some interesting facts about the bad men who are coming to the screen, Jesse James and others. Two of our short stories we especially commend: She Wanted to Dance, by Newlin B. Wildes, and One-Night Stand, by Eustace Cockrell. These are outstanding in a long list which we think you will thoroughly enjoy. . . . SPEAKING OF MORE AIRPLANES for the United States reminds us that December 17 is here again, the anniversary of the first successful flight by the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Last year we took occasion to point out that the first plane that ever flew was in a London museum and that we thought it belonged back in America. At once we were deluged with letters in a controversy of long standing. No doubt there is merit on both sides, and yet it does seem to be, after all, a petty and childish bickering, unworthy of the greatness of achievement represented by the Wright plane. We say again, and as long as the Lord spares us we shall continue to say it, that the Wright plane should be back in the United States, where it flew first and where it belongs. . . . And speaking, as we were, of prisons, the monthly magazines being written and printed by inmates of American prisons are a startling tribute to our penal system. No editor can turn the pages of these prison publications without a glow of warm appreciation and the wish to applaud. Latest to come to our desk is the October-November number of Agenda, the sixth issue of the twenty-fourth year, published by the inmates of Washington State Penitentiary. The superintendent, J. M. McCauley, may well feel a pride in the work of Robert Geary, who designed the cover; Ralph W. Hunter, the editor; Charles E. Morris, associate editor, and their group of interesting contributors. Ladies and gentlemen, here again is democracy at work, for surely no such magazine as Agenda can be found in the prisons to which the dictators of Europe hold the keys. It sounds smug to say that our prisons have a press, where theirs know only oppression. But we shouldn't feel smug about it and we should realize that democracy is something worth dying for. . . . FROM A READER in Arlington, Virginia, comes the following: " Chalk up another ten-strike for Liberty! All the other magazines are now full of articles about skulduggery in the WPA —months behind Liberty. See Skulduggery in the WPA, by Ben Whitehurst, in the January 29 Liberty. At the time Liberty published that article, other magazines were silent on WPA crookedness. Many persons then actually doubted the truth of the statements made in the Liberty article; now, however, these statements are generally admitted as true. Read Liberty today and see what the other magazines will be taking up about six or eight months from now! "

Yes, you guessed it—Mr. Whitehurst sent us the letter.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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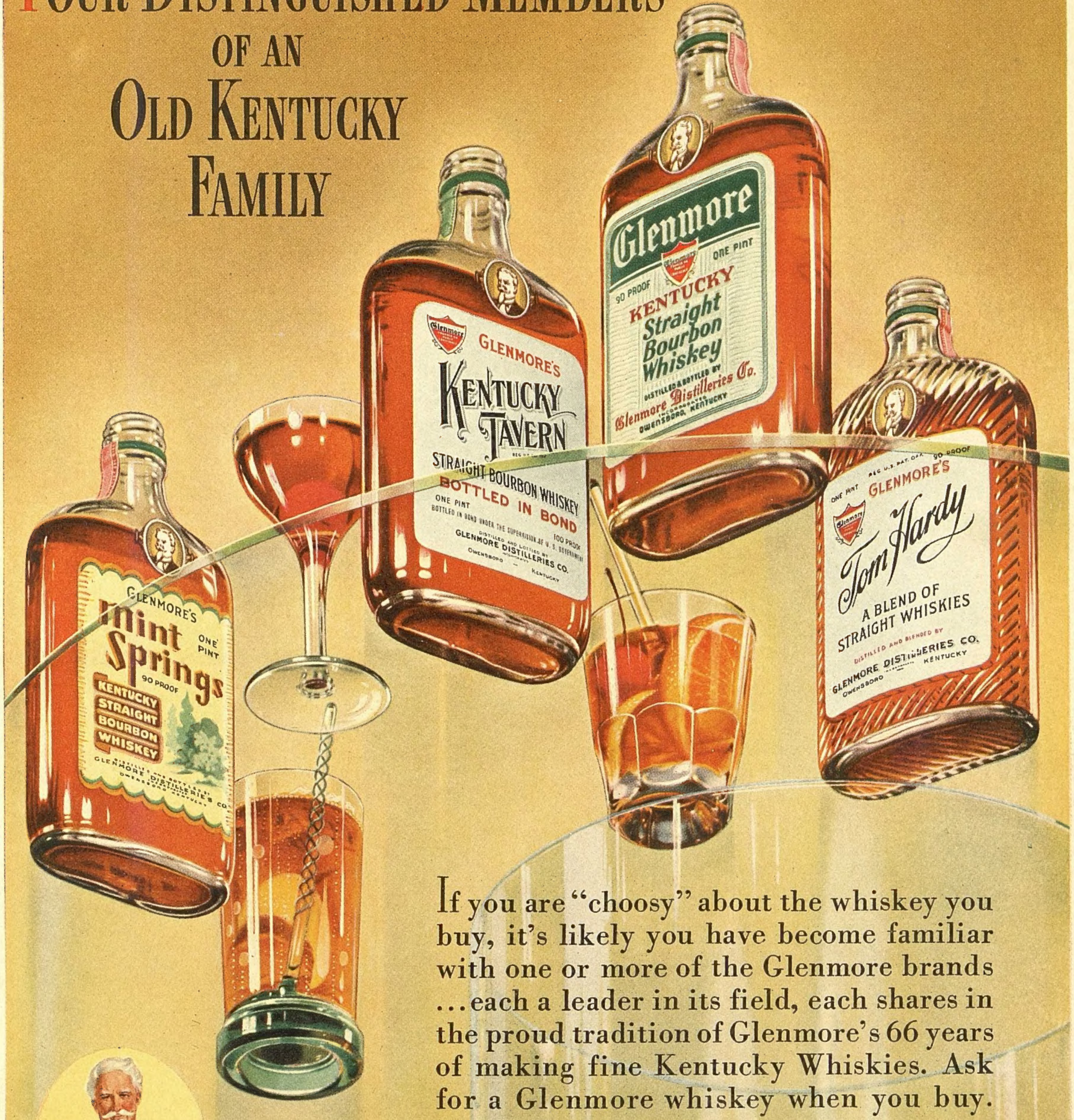
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY REVERE F. WISTEHUFF

FOUR DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF AN OLD KENTUCKY FAMILY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ONCE AGAIN...IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

We are told that this time-honored Four Roses Egg-Nog recipe has practically become a Christmas tradition. So here it is again. Just get some Four Roses Whiskey at your nearest package store, and follow these directions to the letter:

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to yolks while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Add 1 pint of Four Roses and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each cup. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-Nog.)

Be sure you use Four Roses! For it is *the* whiskey for a truly magnificent Bowl of Merry Christmas!

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